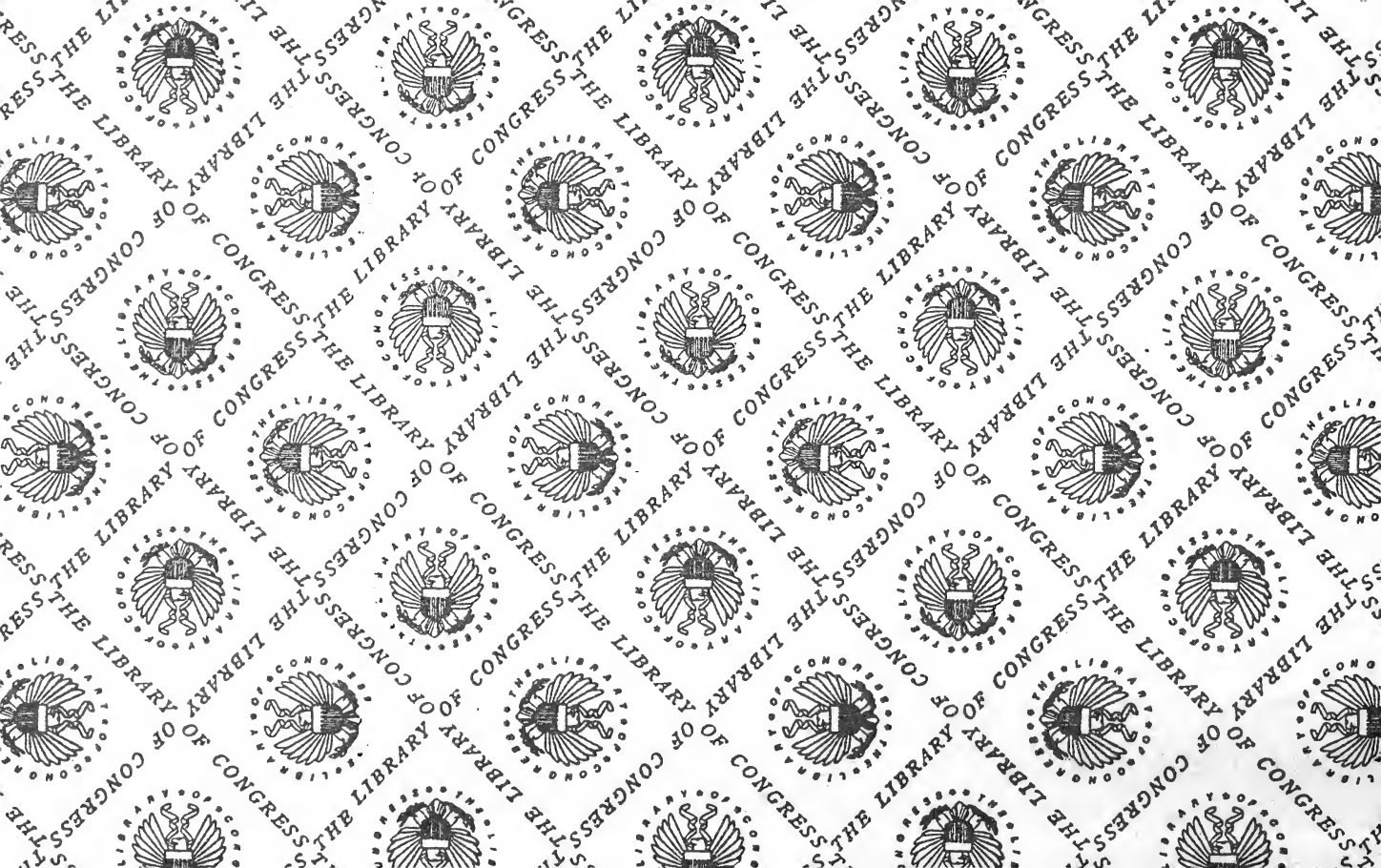
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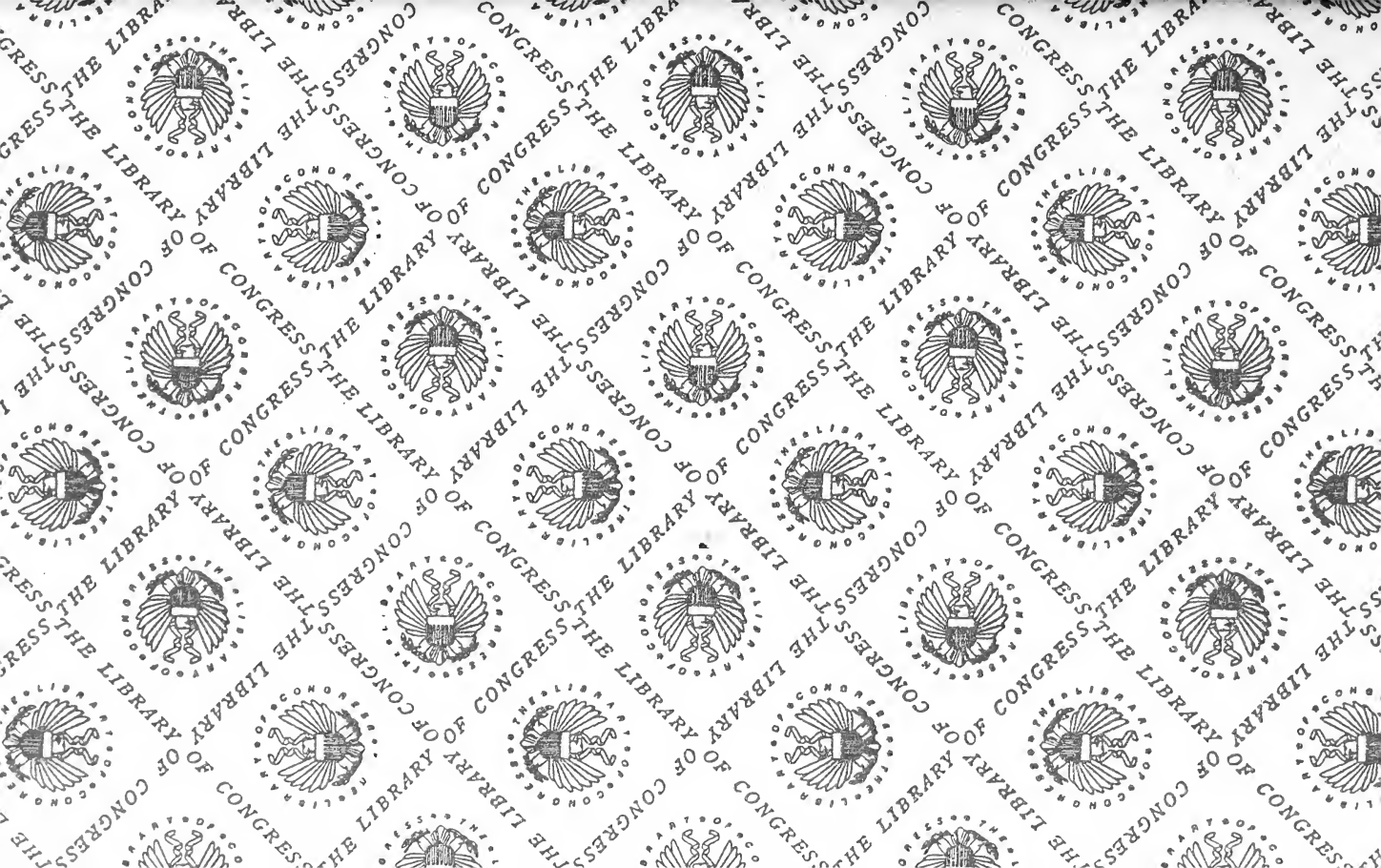
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FAMOUS DAYS AND DEEDS IN HOLLAND AND BELGIUM

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ANTWERP FROM THE DOME OF THE CATHEDRAL, SHOWING THE RIVER SCHELDT

FAMOUS DAYS AND DEEDS IN HOLLAND AND BELGIUM

BY

CHARLES MORRIS

AUTHOR OF "HISTORICAL TALES," "HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS," "TALES FROM THE DRAMATISTS." ETC.

WITH 16 ILLUSTRATIONS

PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON
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PREFACE

THERE are few countries that have attracted more attention than those low-lying lands formerly known collectively as the Netherlands, but now usually designated by the two titles of Holland and Belgium. This is especially the case just at present with Belgium, which has been swept over by the desolating flood of war, its towns and cities ruined or held by its enemies, its people made famishing fugitives, homeless, foodless and despairing.

The degree of prominence into which these countries, or Belgium at least, have recently been brought was much surpassed in former times, when they were the seats of almost incredible horrors and frightful catastrophes. It is to depict for the reader of to-day the struggles and calamities of the Netherlands in the past that this work has been prepared.

Most of the sufferings spoken of took place in the reigns of two religious zealots, the Emperor Charles V. and the merciless bigot Philip II., who converted those unhappy realms into Gehennas of awful torment and terror. We are therefore obliged to deal at length with the events of those two reigns, while passing rapidly over the preceding and subsequent periods.

The two countries named have their romances of stirring deeds on sea and shore, their records of sack and plunder, their dreadful examples of the effects of fanatical bigotry, their frightful eras of

burnings and tortures, claimed to have been done in the service of Christ. So far as Holland is concerned, this period is also one of defiance of the most powerful monarch then reigning, an era of successful defence on land and victory on the seas, an age in which this small republic grew to occupy the position of the most active in commerce and manufacture and the most enterprising in maritime adventure of the countries then existing. Those were the days of its supremacy upon the ocean, the days in which bold Van Tromp, its great admiral, defied the fleets of England and Spain and swept the British Channel with a broom at his masthead as a signal that Holland ruled the waves.

This period of prominence has long since passed away. Holland, once the victorious, has lost its supremacy, while Belgium's title of the "battleground of Europe" has become one of infinite sorrow. But the past history of these countries is on record and is one full of tales of romantic daring and interesting achievement, tales amply worthy of being again told in these days of desolation and dismay in that once flourishing region of the earth.

Such is the purpose of this book, which proposes to give, not the history, but the more notable historical tales, of the countries concerned. It is hoped these sketches of past events will prove of interest and value in the present vital epoch in European history.

C. M.

April, 1915.

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FAMOUS DAYS AND DEEDS IN HOLLAND AND BELGIUM

CHAPTER I

EARLY HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS

EUROPE is a continent made up of hills and plains, the hills mainly in the south, the plains forming one great level stretching from the Ural Mountains in the east, over Russia and Germany, to the small kingdoms of Holland and Belgium in the northwest. Here the plain dips down under the ocean, or would do so but for the many miles of dykes that rescue it from the waters of the North Sea.

This little triangle of half-wet and half-dry land, lying between France, Germany, and the salt sea, has long been known as the Netherlands, or lowlands, the northern half of it being now called Holland, the southern half forming the modern kingdom of Belgium. Here, in the southeast, the land rises into the hill country known as the Ardennes. In the northwest it sinks so low that part of it lies from sixteen to twenty feet below the level of the North Sea, nearly the whole of it being several feet below sea-level. Only its sand hills and strong dykes save it from being converted from a kingdom into a fishpond. As it stands it is a realm of water, for one is never out of sight of canals, which divide the farms and fields as fences do in our drier land.

This spongy realm, which has little need of rains to make it fertile, was born as the tribute of three rivers to the continent, or as the conquest of three rivers from the ocean. These are the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt, which make their way from the highlands of the south to the lowlands of the north, where for ages they have been dropping their fertile slime among the dunes and hills of sand heaped up by the restless ocean waves.

Around the mouths of these streams most of the Netherlands have been built up, soil from the hills being laid upon sands from the seas, until oozy islands rose from the waves upon which man at length found support for his feet, and began his long labor of walling off the ocean and rescuing from its waters the "Hollow Land."

Such was the foundation laid by nature for the kingdoms which were in time to grow up around these river beds. Lagoons and shallows, islands of mud and ooze, dense thickets and wild forests—such was the scene amid which dwelt the first wretched inhabitants of this region, living chiefly on fish, for there was little other food. There was nothing to show that here in time would grow up rich and fertile kingdoms, their inhabitants, conquerors of the ocean and daring navigators, with colonies reaching to the far ends of the earth.

Everywhere were forests, skirting the seacoast, spreading far to the east, their dense thickets holding back the sands cast up by the waves and forming the beginning of that great breastwork which the hands of busy delvers was to complete, fitting the realm of the Netherlands for the residence of civilized

man. Into two regions it grew, the low-lying Holland of the north, the higher Belgium of the south, with the Ardennes hills for its southeast border.

This low-lying land, thus built up, was the stage upon which was to be played the historical drama of Netherland history. It was long in growing into a united country, being for centuries divided up into the holdings of counts, barons, dukes and marquises. These were not brought under one strong hand until near the end of the fifteenth century, when the Duke of Burgundy became the lord of the whole array of minor provinces and the real history of the Netherlands began. As for the present kingdom of Belgium, its separate existence dates back only until 1830, though a degree of division between the two provinces had long existed.

All this is introductory to the actual history of the low countries; but there was an earlier history, reaching back to the era of the Roman empire, of which there are tales of interest to tell. We first hear of the dwellers in this region in the writings of Julius Cæsar, the first of the Romans to meet them in war, and of the historian Tacitus, who tells us of the struggle between these poor dwellers on the dunes and the armies of the mighty empire of the south. Greatly as they differed in power, the forest and island warriors held their own with sturdy courage against the armies of all-conquering Rome.

We must look upon these semi-savages in the dens in which they dwelt on the first appearance in history. On flowing into the lowlands the Rhine divides into two branches. The "two-horned Rhine" it is called by Virgil. Between these horns lay the

island of Batavia, which formed the core of the country, its people divided in origin between the Celts of Gaul and the Teutons of Germany.

In early times, a century before the Christian era, the dwellers upon this island, probably Celts, were drowned out of their huts by an overflow of the ocean, which swept away the rude dwellings of the people and even the trees of the forest. Weary of their long contest with the sea, the drowned-out people left their island and joined the Cimbri and other tribes which at that time made a furious assault upon Rome. The island did not long remain empty. It was soon peopled again, this time by part of a German tribe who had fought with their fellows and been driven out to seek a new home. This they found on the deserted island, which they called *Betaud,* or "Good Meadow." From this name they received the title of Batavi, or Batavians, by which they were afterwards known.

This brings us to the first historical stage in the annals of the Low Countries. Previously unknown, they now enter upon the stage of history. The armies of Cæsar, who had invaded Gaul, came in contact with them, and found them among the hardiest and most valorous of all with whom they had to deal. He tells us that the Belgians were the bravest of all the Celtic tribes, and Tacitus says the same of the Batavians, who in his view were the bravest of all the Germans.

While the Romans conquered the Belgians and exacted tribute from other tribes, they laid no tax upon the Batavians. Probably they had nothing with which to pay taxes. At any rate the Romans

looked upon these hardy islanders as their friends. They took them into their armies, where the Batavian cavalry won fame for hardihood and courage. It was their daring that turned the tide in Cæsar's favor at the battle of Pharsalia, and they were his favorites among all his soldiers. After his death the Batavian legion became the bodyguard of the emperors and the island of Batavia the center of the warlike movements of Rome in the west.

"Others go to battle," Tacitus says of them; "these go to war." Their young men let their hair and beards go unshorn until they had killed an enemy. On their necks they wore an iron ring, the emblem of sloth, which they threw away when they had made their mark in battle.

They were all men of giant size and strength, Gauls and Germans alike. The Romans they contemned as pigmies. Both were sturdy of body and strong of limb, and both fair of skin and blue of eyes, but they differed in other particulars. The Celt had long locks of yellow hair, the Germans manes of fiery red which they twisted into a war knob on their heads. And while the Celts were fond of fine dress and showy ornaments, the German had no thought of finery and his only ornament was his iron ring. The Gaul was of hasty temper, furious in his rage, but had less staying power than the German.

"All the Gauls are of very high stature," says a Roman writer. "They are white, golden-haired, terrible in the fierceness of their eyes, greedy of quarrels, bragging and insolent. At all ages they are apt for military service. The old man goes forth to fight with equal strength of breast, with limbs as hardened

by cold and assiduous labor, and as contemptuous of all dangers as the young. Not one of them, as in Italy is often the case, was ever known to cut off his thumbs to avoid the service of Mars."

Such is an introduction to the story of the Netherlands, the character of the country and of the two races of people, the Celts and the Germans, who inhabited it. As to their history, it begins with the story told by Cæsar, their conqueror. He found them defiant. When he invaded Belgium, its tribes hastened to form a league against him. But it fell to pieces almost as soon as formed, and the tribes which formed it were quickly subdued.

One tribe, the Nervii, of German origin, proved sturdier foes, swearing to die rather than to surrender. The story of their vigorous defence is the first notable tale of warfare that comes to us from the Netherlands.

At the head of eight Roman legions Cæsar marched upon them in their camp on the Sambre. On a steep hill that sloped down to the river he pitched his tents and opened the battle by sending a body of cavalry across the stream. Down upon these, from the wooded hill opposite, rushed the Nervii, overthrowing horse and rider, plunging into and wading across the stream, and charging up the steep slope upon the camp of the legions. As Cæsar says: "At the same time they seemed in the wood, in the river, and within our lines."

This furious onslaught caused a brief panic among the legions. But the trained soldiers soon regained their nerve. Cæsar himself plunged into the midst of the fight, his only armor being a shield seized from

a soldier. Foot to foot, hand to hand, the battle went, discipline and cool valor gradually getting the better of the barbarian fury. But there was no thought of flight or surrender in the Nervii. They had vowed to die in the field, and they fought on with savage courage until the ground was strewn thick with their dead, leaping upon the fallen bodies, we are told, and hurling their javelins upon the foe as from a hill.

They were not defeated; they died. Of their many thousands, only five hundred left the field. When Cæsar reached the place where their women and children had been left, he found only three of their senators alive. With a warrior's regard for the undaunted courage of his enemies, the victor bade his soldiers to treat with all due respect the remnant of the Nervii, than whom he had met none braver in his career.

There is another story worth telling of the conflict between Rome and the Netherlands. Cæsar had died by the hands of assassins. The empire succeeded the Roman republic, the Batavians becoming the life-guards of the emperors. In the contest for the imperial throne between Otho and Vitellius, the decision fell into the hands of the Batavians, and they declared for the latter. But the new emperor grew to fear these turbulent emperor-makers and dismissed them from his service, sending them back to their island home. From this came a long and dangerous revolt, which nearly put an end to Roman rule in the Netherlands.

The leader in this revolt was a soldier who had long been one of the Batavian guards and bore the

Roman name of Claudius Civilis. After serving for twenty-five years in the Roman army he was sent in chains to Rome, falsely charged with conspiracy. His brother, under the same charge, was executed. Civilis escaped with life and made his way north, bitter at heart and bent on freeing his people from the Roman yoke.

He was brave, eloquent and skilled in management, and in time organized a confederation of all the Netherland tribes, Celtic and German alike. His influence was aided by that of a woman oracle, who dwelt in a lofty town in a wide forest, and had great influence over the surrounding tribes. Her promise of success to Civilis and the fall of the Roman power greatly increased his influence, and large subsidies were sent him by many of the German tribes.

The story of the revolt is ably told by Tacitus. It was the struggle of a brave man and a valiant nation against the mighty power of Rome. It is made up of battles, sieges, success, failure, daring and unyielding courage and patriotic spirit. Many victories there were, many defeats, but in the end the strength of Rome triumphed and dark clouds gathered around the patriot cause.

The tribes of Gaul begged for peace. Even the Batavians grew weary of the hopeless struggle. Emissaries from the Roman camp made their way among the tribes, sapped their fidelity, and even induced the woman oracle to change her verdict and predict ruin to the hero's cause.

Had Civilis been an ordinary man his cause would have now been at an end. But he did not propose

to be sacrificed by those who had seceded from his service and sought his ruin. He agreed to hold a conference with Cerialis, the Roman general, who was ready to grant him a full pardon and eager to bring back so able a soldier to the Roman ranks.

As preparation for this conference the bridge across the Nabalia was broken in the middle, Cerialis and Civilis facing each other on the two sides. The stream flowed between the Roman and Batavian chieftains, and—there the story abruptly ends. The remainder of the narrative has been lost. Upon the broken bridge Civilis vanishes from history. Only his name survives. The final scene in the drama of a heroic life sinks into oblivion.

CHAPTER II

FROM THE RULE OF ROME TO THAT OF SPAIN

In the centuries that followed the days of Cæsar the Netherlands remained faithful subjects of Rome, and the Batavians held their old fame as warriors. When, in the fourth century, the Emperor Julian fought with the revolted Germans, the sturdy Batavian cavalry brought victory to his standard. But in the years that followed this famous tribe disappeared from history and the Netherlands became the marching ground of the hordes of bold barbarians who trampled the Roman empire under their feet. The Franks succeeded the Romans, holding Gaul and Belgium, but Holland was peopled by the "Free Frisians," absorbers of the old Batavians and near relations of the Anglo-Saxons.

We are not here dealing with Netherland history as a whole, but with episodes in the career of the Low Country heroes and people; yet a rapid survey of their story during the earlier centuries may be of interest as an introduction. This will serve as a topic for the present chapter.

While the Belgians formed part of the kingdom of the Franks, the Frisians dwelt under their own kings, defiant pagans, rugged and bold barbarians. They had the Franks to fight, but proved hard to subdue. In 692, Pepin, the Frankish "mayor of the palace," overcame Radbod, the Frisian leader, and made him change his title from king to duke. Pepin's

son, Charles the Hammer, forced the Frisian chief to submit and even to agree to exchange the worship of the pagan gods for that of the Christian deity.

But the folly of Bishop Wolfram, who was chosen to baptize him, lost to Christianity this truculent heathen.

Radbod had thrust one of his royal legs into the baptismal font, but before thrusting the other he turned to the bishop with a sudden question.

"Where are my dead forefathers?" he asked.

"In hell, with all other unbelievers," said the incautious bishop.

Radbod withdrew his leg.

"If that is so," he said, "then will I rather feast with my ancestors in the hall of Woden than dwell in heaven with your little starveling band of Christians."

They pleaded with him, threatened him, cajoled him, alike in vain. He refused to be separated from the former heroes of his race and died in the bonds of paganism. It was found much easier to make him a duke than a Christian.

But Christianity was soon forced upon the Frisians. Charles Martel, whose hammer-like blows had routed the Saracens at Tours, turned his sword upon the Frisians, and in 750 defeated them utterly in a great battle. With him came Winfred, an Anglo-Saxon bishop. When the work of invasion ended about a hundred thousand Frisians had been slain and as many more converted, the sword and crozier uniting in this work. Thus were the Netherlanders made Christians.

Charlemagne, the supreme Frankish warrior,

came next, fighting for years with the rebel Frisians and Saxons. This work of conquest ended in 785. After that date the Frisians remained peaceful subjects of the kings of France until the period of their final separation from that kingdom. The feudal system, however, took no root in their soil. "Free Frisians" they remained. In the words of their statute book, "The Frisians shall be free as long as the wind blows out of the clouds and the world stands."

In the year 922 Charles the Simple, one of the degenerate descendants of Charlemagne, presented to Count Dirk the territory of Holland, a narrow hook of land between the North Sea and the Zuyder Zee, which in the centuries to come was to be the cradle of the wide dominion of the Netherlands. He ranked as Dirk I., Count of Holland, which was long to remain the inheritance of his descendants. For century after century the Counts of Holland and the Bishop of Utrecht were to divide between them the moral and political sway over this territory. Its provinces were ruled by dukes, counts, barons, marquesses, and lords with other titles. After many years all these were to be merged into the United States of the Netherlands.

Now let us glance at another phase of Netherland history, aside from the political one. We began with these people as pagan barbarians. At the point we have reached they had become civilized Christians. Their miserable groups of huts and hovels had developed into crowded and well-built cities. From humble tillers of the soil they had become active artisans. Commerce arose and brought wealth to the Nether-

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A HARBOR IN HOLLAND
By Jacob Van Ruisdael

lands. Fishermen became sea rovers and merchant princes. Poor Flemish weavers rose to be rich manufacturers. Marts of trade and centers of manufacture grew into great and wealthy cities, and the handful of starvelings of the far past developed into numerous and thriving communities. In place of wandering barbarians, living in swamps and thickets, of the Roman period, the land now held some three millions of civilized people, noted everywhere for their industry, prosperity, and intelligence. The national industry was untiring, the splendid tapestries, silks, linens, and more common and needful fabrics of the Low Countries were widely prized. Their walled cities in time numbered more than 200, their chartered towns 150, their villages over 6000, and within these the people enjoyed a degree of liberty and self-government not elsewhere to be found in Europe, except perhaps in Switzerland. And nowhere were to be found people more ready to strike for their rights, more pugnacious and excitable, more ready to resist tyranny.

Among the matters of interest worthy of mention were their guilds, these being societies for mutual support, recreation and improvement. Such societies, under other titles, are still numerous, but nowhere else have there been seen any that equalled in certain particulars those of Germany and the Netherlands, especially the Guilds of Rhetoric, which were to be found in all the principal cities. The members of these are better known as the Mastersingers, a fantastic outgrowth of the poetical Minnesingers. These societies devoted themselves to the art of poetry, and led the muse into a labyrinth

of mechanical composition that formed one of the oddest phases in the history of literature.

Motley speaks thus of them: "To torture the Muses to madness, to wiredraw poetry through inextricable coils of difficult rhymes and impossible measures, to hammer one golden grain of wit into a sheet of infinite platitude, with frightful ingenuity to construct ponderous anagrams and preternatural acrostics, to dazzle the vulgar eye with tawdry costumes, and to tickle the vulgar ear with virulent personalities, were tendencies which perhaps smacked of the hammer, the yard-stick and the pincers, and gave sufficient proof, had proof been necessary, that literature is not one of the mechanical arts, and that poetry cannot be manufactured by joint stock companies."

This well indicates the character of one of the most fantastic and extraordinary episodes in literary development, one in which the guilds of burghers and craftsmen of the Netherlands indulged in poetry-making as one of their trades, dealing with everyday subjects and hammering them out by mechanical rules, until every trace of real poetry was squeezed out of the verbal mass. For several centuries this song business went on in Germany and the Low Countries, only one name of merit surviving from the multitude of literary artificers, that of Hans Sachs, the famous shoemaker of Nuremberg.

To return to the political history of this region, it was, in the period with which we are now concerned, made up of the petty affairs of a considerable number of provinces, each under its titled ruler and each marked by a strong regard for the principles of human liberty. In the thirteenth and fourteenth

centuries, during which the neighboring people of France were reduced to serfdom under absolute lords, the province of Friesland was in everything except name a free republic. Self-government also prevailed largely in the provinces of Holland, Flanders, and Brabant. The coming republican commonwealth was clearly foreshadowed in the free spirit and resistance to despotism on all sides displayed.

Gradually, as the years passed on, union between the several provinces took place, though quarrels and commotions were common. After the death of William the Fourth, Count of Hainault, without an heir, in 1355, contests for power and rule set all the provinces by the ears. With Hainault were combined Holland and Zealand. In these arose two great parties, which were given the uncouth names of Hook and Kabbeljaw (fish-hook and cod-fish), and the whole country was divided between their adherents, city against city, duke against baron, in some cases father against son, the squabble going on for a century and a half. The Kabbeljaws were the representatives of the people, the popular element in the cities. The Hooks comprised the caste of nobles who sought to catch and control the cod-fish class, and the source of contest was that between the rights of the people and the claims of the counts and barons.

In 1417 the rule of these three provinces descended, in fault of a male heir, to Jacqueline, daughter of William the Fifth, then a damsel of seventeen. "Unhappy lies the head which wears a crown." Such at least the hapless Jacqueline was to find. Married three times to brutes and cowards, struggling vehemently for thirteen years against her

own kinsmen, who sought to wrest from her the throne, she has become the favorite heroine of ballad and romance in the Netherlands, and the misfortunes of ill-treated Jacqueline have been watered with innumerable tears.

Finally, exhausted and despondent, she was obliged to yield her heritage to her ambitious cousin, known in history by the ill-fitting name of Philip the Good. From being sovereign, Jacqueline was thrust down in rank to lady forester of her own broad domains. Fortunately a fourth marriage proved a happy one, but the hapless queen died in 1437, after twenty years of misfortune, and Philip became unquestioned lord of her realm.

This conquest put an end to the division of the Netherlands into separate principalities, countships, and baronies. Philip had inherited the dukedom of Burgundy, was lord of Flanders and Artois, and had extended his rule over several of the Netherland provinces. His dispossession of his cousin Jacqueline made him lord of the whole land, master of so many rich cities and fruitful provinces that he ranked himself among the kings of the European nations.

Philip had some warrant for this claim. The Netherlands formed a rich prize. Nowhere else in Europe were there greater industry and activity and more rapid accumulation of wealth. The fisheries of Holland alone were of immense value, and gave rise to a class of daring mariners who in time were to extend the fame of their fatherland far and wide.

As for the freedom and political privileges of the people of the Netherlands, they suffered at the hands

of the "good" duke of Burgundy. A despot by nature, he repudiated all the promises he had made and did his best to overthrow the liberties of his new subjects. In this he succeeded in a measure. But the traditions of the country and the inherited spirit of freedom in the people were possessions not easy to abolish, and the time was sure to come when they would regain the ascendency.

Philip died in 1467. His throne was left to his son Charles, a man whose daring, turbulent spirit and meteoric career have brought him into fame under his historical title of Charles the Bold. Of fearless disposition and ambitious spirit, the master of one of the richest realms of Europe, it was his earnest desire to lift Burgundy to the rank of a kingdom. But in this he had to deal with the crafty Louis XI., the most subtle of French monarchs, against whose political artfulness the bold Duke of Burgundy was a feeble opponent.

We have little to do here with the career of Charles the Bold, the chief events of whose history lay outside the Netherlands and whose ambition led him to death in the Alpine realm of the Swiss. Mistaking courage for competence, he fancied himself a great soldier, which he was not, and set out on a career of conquest. In 1475 he conquered Lorraine and in the following year invaded Switzerland, where he met with a terrible defeat at Granson, losing his baggage and much of his treasures. Three months later, inspired by fury, he led a new army to Switzerland, and had it cut to pieces at Morat in a still more signal defeat. With redoubled fury he, in the early months of the next year, led a third army to the field,

encountered his foes at Nancy, fought them with his old boldness and recklessness, and fell on the field, a victim to his overweening ambition and self-confidence.

The great size and strength of Charles, his immense ambition and his daring audacity made him the most striking figure of his time, and the finding of his body at Nancy, half naked, sunk in mud, and almost unrecognizable, was a fitting end to his fierce and reckless career.

The death of Charles the Rash, as he is also called, changed the aspect of affairs. His dukedom went to pieces. Louis XI. seized Burgundy and added it to the kingdom of France. The people of the Netherlands regained for the time their lost liberty. The Hooks and Kabbeljaws, nobles and people, joined in claiming the old freedom of the land. The Duchess Mary, daughter of Charles, succeeded him in dominion over the Netherlands, but she was young, weak, and unfit to hold the sceptre of her strenuous father, and readily granted the demands of her subjects, yielding them the "Groot Privilegie" (Great Privilege), which ranks as the Magna Charta of Holland, the foundation of the future republic.

Here comes in an interesting episode. The Duchess Mary was ill advised or ill intentioned. The states of the Netherlands sent two envoys, Imbrecourt and Hugonet, on a mission to Louis XI. of France. The duchess secretly arranged with them to negotiate with the French king against the liberties of their country. The crafty Louis, seeing nothing for himself in their secret advices, betrayed them.

A tragedy followed. On their return to Ghent

they were seized by the enraged burghers, quickly tried, and as quickly condemned. The Lady Mary vainly endeavored to save the victims of her treachery. Dressed in mourning garments, with dishevelled hair, loosened girdle, and weeping eyes, she sought the town house and market place, humbly begging the lives of her servants. Her efforts were fruitless. The traitors were beheaded. The Belgians had struck sharply and signally for the safety of their regained rights.

These rights were soon to be overthrown. Duchess Mary married the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, afterwards Emperor of Germany. A fall from her horse led to her death, and her son Philip, four years of age, inherited her domain. Maximilian became his guardian as ruler of the provinces and put down by force and treachery all who opposed him, so that in 1493, when Philip the Fair succeeded to his mother's realm, the Great Privilege had been set aside and the rights of the people were again at an end.

Now comes the final chapter in this record of the early Netherlands. Philip married Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile and Aragon, the step being thus taken that was to bring the Low Countries under the power of Spain and lead to a central and southern Europe, and as great-grandson in history.

Ten years after his marriage Philip the Fair died, leaving his throne to his son Charles, born in 1500, a man who, as Charles I. of Spain, was to become monarch of Spain and the Netherlands, and as Charles V., Emperor of Germany, a second Charle-

magne, whose dominion extended over a vast section of the world.

With the birth of Charles was ushered in an era of despotism and desolation for the Netherlands which was to continue for more than a century, and under his son, the austere Philip II., was to be marked by a period of religious persecution such as the world has rarely known.

We have, in these two chapters, given a rapid résumé of the history of the Netherlands, or Low Countries, from the earliest known period up to the opening year of the sixteenth century, as a background for a series of stories of subsequent events, which will be told with little effort to connect them by historical links, they being given merely as the more interesting episodes in the career of the Netherlandish people.

CHAPTER III

CHARLES V. AND THE HUMILIATION OF GHENT

GREATER in power than any monarch since Charlemagne was Charles I. of Spain, ruler over the vast empire which Spain had built up in America and other parts of the world. Elected Emperor of Germany as Charles V. in 1579, he lorded it over central and southern Europe, and as great-grandson of Charles the Bold, he added the Netherlands to his great dominions.

Small as was the Netherlandish province of his empire, it gave him a share of trouble out of accord with its extent. A nest of heresy, a home of free people and liberal institutions, the devout and absolute Charles found this small corner of his dominions one that gave him constant concern. To make good Catholics and obedient subjects of the unruly people of the Low Countries was destined to prove a task beyond his power.

It is the story of the city of Ghent with which we are in this chapter concerned, this active hive of industry being one of the most obstinate in its free spirit and institutions of all those under the powerful emperor. Spain lay under his thumb, but it needed his whole hand to keep down the turbulent Ghentese.

Ghent, in those days, was a great and powerful city. Erasmus tells us that there was no town in Europe equal to it in size, power, and importance.

Others who knew it said it was rather a country than a city. Its burghers were famous for wealth, its citizens for industry. Traversed by the rivers Lys and Scheldt, which met in its confines, canals crossed it in all directions, drawbridges by the hundred enabling the people to traverse the streets. Every day, at fixed hours, the bells of the city rang loudly and the drawbridges were raised, suspending all traffic while the armies of workmen made their way to and from their workshops. In Ghent the working classes counted for their full worth. With a population of 200,000 and control over many neighboring towns, Ghent was, as early as the fourteenth century, able to bring 80,000 fighting men into the field, and sturdy soldiers these made.

Strong walls surrounded this proud city, their total circuit being about nine miles. It could boast of numerous noble buildings, including a handsome city hall and a regal belfry. In the latter for three centuries had rested the dragon sent from Constantinople by the Emperor Baldwin of Flanders. In it also hung the famous bell Roland, the pride of the people, which for many generations had called the people to arms in time of conflict, and this for foreign and domestic wars alike.

As may be seen, Ghent was a free city, and one that sturdily held its own. In all but name it was a republic, electing many of its own officials and claiming all the privileges granted in the "Great Privilege" given by the Lady Mary, daughter of Charles the Bold.

A center of turbulence, it had more than once broken into active insurrection and for many years

had vigorously resisted the Dukes of Burgundy. Its final effort in this direction was in 1540, when it made the fatal mistake of breaking into rebellion against Charles V.

It was a money question that led to this insurrection. Charles had demanded from the states of the Netherlands 1,200,000 florins, to aid him in his foreign wars. Of this 400,000 was demanded of Flanders. Ghent, which had little sympathy with the Emperor's wars in foreign realms, refused to pay its share of this subsidy, and when payment was insisted upon broke into open insurrection.

The citizens were willing to pay troops enlisted by themselves and marching under their own banner, but, when asked to hand over an enormous sum to be used in a war in which they had no concern, they refused and went so far as to put to death the agent who had ventured to promise the money in their name.

Excited by these events, the wrath of the people swelled beyond control, the tongue of the great bell Roland pealed forth from its belfry, and the streets swarmed with thousands of rebellious artisans, who left their workshops to demand their rights. The liberties of the city had previously been threatened by a celebrated document known as the "calf skin," and this was now seized, cut in two, and torn into shreds, pieces of it being stuck into the caps of the angry citizens as they paraded the streets.

Thus far they had it their own way, but the imperial Charles was yet to be dealt with, and he was a stern and capable ruler. For a city to defy an empire was a serious matter, and the rebels, finding that

they had let indignation run away with reason, sought to gain support by intrigues with Francis I., King of France, a bitter enemy of the Emperor Charles, at whose hands he had suffered defeat and imprisonment.

Just then, however, King Francis was in no mood for a fresh war with his powerful foe and he sent word to Charles of the overtures of the rebellious citizens. The turbulent Ghentese had signed their death warrant. Charles resolved to punish them for their temerity and set forth with an army much beyond their power to oppose, marching through France on invitation of Francis I. This march has been looked upon by historians as an act of dangerous folly on the part of the Emperor. Louis XI. had in the previous century trusted himself to the honor of Charles the Bold, and barely escaped with his life. It was deemed that Francis, who, captured in battle, had for a year been held prisoner by Charles, would take this opportunity to retaliate. But Charles knew his rival to be a chivalrous foe and trusted without hesitation to his word of honor, marching to Paris, where, as we are told, "the Emperor was received as if the God of Paradise had descended."

This is the story of an unworthy son of Ghent, who wrote a full description of the event, telling of the honorable reception of Charles by his old enemy, the march onward to Brussels, and the further march to Ghent, which was reached on the 14th of February, 1540.

Where now were the defiant rebels who had so boldly risen against their distant monarch? Not

ENTRY OF CHARLES V. INTO GHENT

the glint of a sword was now seen, not a tone of defiance heard. The gates of the city stood open to its powerful invader, who marched in, followed as bodyguard by four thousand lancers, one thousand archers, and five thousand musketeers, all armed to the teeth. For six hours the warlike procession continued, the Emperor in the midst of his army, surrounded by "cardinals, archbishops, bishops and other great ecclesiastical lords" and attended by a brilliant train of "dukes, princes, earls, barons, grand masters, and seignors, together with most of the Knights of the Fleece." There were so many "grand lords, members of sovereign houses, bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries going about the streets that there was nobody else to be met with."

Evidently the truculent artisans and burghers whose acts of rebellion had led to this demonstration kept well out of sight during the occupation of their city by this army of Spanish worthies. Too late they realized the doom they had invited. The annalist we have quoted from was especially dazzled by the fine clothes of the invaders. He speaks eloquently of "the nobility and great richness of the princes and seignors, displayed as well in their beautiful furs, martins and sables, as in the great chains of fine gold which they wore twisted around their necks, and the pearls and precious stones in their bonnets and otherwise, which they displayed in great abundance. It was a very triumphant thing to see them thus richly dressed and accoutred."

Such was the pomp and show of this threatening arrival. And such were the size and wealth of the city that it was able to accommodate its sixty thou-

sand visitors, with their fifteen thousand horses, during the months of the Emperor's stay within its walls.

This visit was one of terror and despair to the citizens, mingled with occasional glimpses of hope as time passed without action being taken. For a month they were kept in suspense before Charles gave them a hint of his intentions. Then, on the 17th of March, he began his work of vengeance by the execution of nineteen persons who had been arrested as ringleaders in the revolt. Another interval passed, until the 29th of April, before he pronounced his final sentence upon the rebellious city.

On that day, in the great public hall of the city, the Emperor and Mary, Queen Regnant of the Netherlands, with the great functionaries of church and state, seated themselves before a throng that filled the hall to its capacity, and the decree of the despot was read.

All the older charters and rights of the city were abolished *en masse*. All the public property of the community and everything possessed in common by the guilds and corporations were confiscated. The great bell Roland, the emblem of liberty, the pride of the city, was ordered to be removed from its lofty perch. As for the 400,000 florins tax, which had led to the insurrection, it was ordered to be paid, with 150,000 additional, and 6000 a year forever afterward. And against this severe sentence no man dared raise his voice, though rage and despair filled all souls.

This was not all. The ancient free institutions

of the city were destroyed by a blow, all political power was taken from the citizens, every vestige of self-government abolished. And to add insult and bitter humiliation to injury a select number of the highest officials and chief burghers of the city, with the great and second dean of the weavers, all dressed in black robes, with a hundred of lesser estate, *in their shirts and with halters upon their necks,* were to fall on their knees before the Emperor, and, by the voice of one of their clerks, express sorrow for their disloyalty, promise never to do the like again, and humbly implore their imperial master, for the sake of the Passion of Jesus Christ, to grant them mercy and forgiveness.

On the day appointed for the execution of this humiliating decree the streets were lined with armed troops, cavalry and infantry keeping guard in great numbers at every notable point. Such a precaution was necessary, for the indignation of the citizens was deadly and the least lack of display of force might have led to a bloody outbreak.

Nothing of the kind took place. The precaution against it had been too complete. At the appointed hour the senators and others in their black robes, the chosen citizens in linen sheets and with halters on their necks, mournfully proceeded from the senate house to the residence of the Emperor.

Here, on a high throne, sat Charles, the Queen Regnant by his side, his crown on his head and sceptre in hand, princes, prelates and nobles surrounding, and soldiers on guard against possible disorder.

Before them the senators and burghers knelt in

bitter shame while the chosen clerk read the words of contrition and supplication. Meanwhile the Emperor, with a dramatic show of struggling between anger and forgiveness, sat in silence.

At this point Queen Mary, the Emperor's sister and his representative in the Netherlands, took part in the humiliating show. Turning towards his Majesty, "with all reverence, honor and humility she begged that he would concede forgiveness, in honor of his nativity, which had occurred in that city." Charles, in fact, forty years before had been born in Ghent, which he now so signally dishonored.

The Emperor now, "with a fine show of benignity," replied, that from his "fraternal love for her, by reason of his being a gentle and virtuous prince, who preferred mercy to the rigor of justice, and in view of their repentance, he would accord his pardon to the citizens."

And all this because they had declined to supply money in support of a war that in no way concerned them or their country. Its severe punishment proved disastrous to Ghent. From that time it began to decay. In later years it suffered severely in the various wars in the Netherlands, and it never regained its old supremacy among the cities of that land. To-day it is a busy and populous city, with a deep canal connecting it with the sea and a harbor capable of containing 400 vessels, but its supremacy received a fatal check on that memorable day.

CHAPTER IV

HOW AN EMPEROR RETIRED FROM BUSINESS

THE 25th of October, 1555, witnessed an event that has very rarely occurred in the history of the world, that of the withdrawal of a great and powerful monarch from the glories and cares of the throne to the quiet enjoyments of private life. On that day Charles I., King of Spain, who for thirty-six years had been head of the Holy Roman Empire and the most powerful monarch that Europe had known for centuries, threw aside of his own free will the robes and privileges of his great estate and elected to spend the remainder of his life in the seclusion of a monastery—possibly to pray for forgiveness for the evils he had done and the cruelties he had committed.

History yields us but one other notable instance of such a voluntary abdication, that of Diocletian, Emperor of Rome, who in the year 305 A.D. withdrew from his great office and devoted the remainder of his life to the cultivation of a vegetable garden. Of the two duties of his life he seemed to much prefer the latter. When Galerius, his colleague and successor, condoled with him on the splendors he had lost, Diocletian replied, "But you ought to come and see the fine cabbages I have raised."

As for Charles V., he is said to have spent much time in his retirement in seeking to make the clocks of the monastery keep the same exact time, and found this a more difficult duty than that of governing an empire.

It had been ill health that caused Diocletian to withdraw. It was the same in the case of Charles V. Though only fifty-five years of age, he was worn out with cares and duties, especially with his trencher activities, for he had long been a gourmand of the most pronounced type and had made himself a victim of gout that cost him many a nerve-racking twinge.

This by way of introduction. Let us now return to the memorable event of the abdication of our emperor. A son of Belgium, Charles selected that land as the scene of his withdrawal from imperial dignity, but did not have the effrontery to choose Ghent, his birthplace, for the ceremony. He could not well forget the nature of his last appearance in Ghent and the severe doom which he had laid upon that flourishing city.

The place selected was the city of Brussels, now the capital of Belgium, then the capital of the province of Brabant and a gay and prosperous municipality of about 100,000 population. At that time and for two hundred years earlier it had been surrounded with walls six miles in circumference and stood in the midst of a highly fertile district, marked by shady groves, with rich gardens and fields for miles around. Near by was the great forest of Soignies, which, while containing many monasteries and convents, swarmed with wild game and formed a favorite hunting ground for the sportsmen of the city.

Brussels, like most of the cities of the Netherlands, had its noble examples of architecture, chief among them being the lofty tower of its town hall, three hundred and sixty-six feet in height, it having thus a foot for every day in the year, with one addi-

tional for leap year, while all these numerous feet of stone were carved in the most elaborate manner.

The place chosen for the important ceremony of the abdication was the residence of the Dukes of Brabant, a spacious building dating back to some two and a half centuries earlier. In its front was a large open space, in its rear a broad and beautiful park, while the main entrance opened upon a hall that was celebrated for its size and rich decorations, its walls being hung with magnificent tapestry.

In this grand hall had long been held the meetings of the famous order of the Golden Fleece, and it was chosen as an appropriate place for the important ceremony now to be performed. For this had been erected a wide platform, reached by a flight of six or seven steps and containing rows of seats, covered with tapestry, for the use of the dignitaries who were to witness the remarkable ceremony. On the floor below was a range of benches for the use of the deputies of the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands. In the center of the stage was a splendid canopy, bearing the arms of Burgundy, and covering three gilded arm-chairs.

As the fixed hour approached, the great hall gradually filled, the seats on the stage being the last to be occupied. All the doors were guarded by archers and halberdiers, who kept careful watch over the multitude as they entered. As the clock struck three the hero of the scene—Cæsar, as the Emperor was in those days designated—entered the hall, leaning on the shoulder of a young man who was in later years to play a great part in the history of the Netherlands, William, Prince of Orange. Following them

came Philip, the Emperor's son, who was to succeed him, and Queen Mary of Hungary, sister of the Emperor and Regent of the Netherlands. After them came the great personages who were to occupy the remainder of the stage, including Archduke Maximilian, the Duke of Savoy, and a glittering array of warriors, governors, and Knights of the Fleece.

In years Charles V. had reached only middle age. In appearance he was a decrepit old man. Of medium height and athletic build, he had once been able to perform ably all the duties of leader and soldier, bear fatigue and exposure equally with his followers, in sports to hold his own with competitors in the tourney, and in the bull-ring to vanquish the bull with his own imperial hand.

But all these powers were gone. He now appeared crippled in hands and legs, walking with difficulty by the aid of a crutch and of the shoulder of an attendant. Always of very ugly face, he was now painfully so. His upper lip was heavy and hanging and his lower lip protruded so far that his fragments of teeth failed to meet and his speech had grown in a measure unintelligible. For a man who had been specially addicted alike to eating and speaking these were serious deprivations.

His son, who was to succeed him as the famous—or rather infamous—Philip II., resembled him closely in face, having the same heavy upper lip and highly protruding lower jaw, hereditary in the Burgundian family. But in form he presented none of his father's athletic proportions. He was, on the contrary, a small, meager man, much below middle height, with narrow chest and a timid, shrinking air.

Of few words and embarrassed manner, he had the habit of looking downward when he spoke, and was habitually inclined to silence. As to his mental character, history has sufficiently portrayed it. In all history, in fact, it would be difficult to find a less estimable personage,—at least, one of his high estate.

The three royal personages being duly seated on the gilded chairs provided for them, the ceremonies began with a long oration by Philibert de Bruxelles, a member of the council of the Netherlands. In this he spoke of the Emperor's warm affection for the land of his birth and his deep regret that his failing powers, of body and mind, forced him to relinquish the sovereignty. He eloquently depicted the tortures which he suffered from the gout, "a most truculent executioner which invades the whole body from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, leaving nothing untouched." Struggling with such a mortal enemy, Cæsar felt obliged to change the scene of the contest with the internal foe from the humid air of Flanders to the warmer atmosphere of Spain, and to yield his labors to his son, a man of vigor and experience, well fitted to take up the sceptre which he was obliged to lay down.

As the orator ceased after reading the deed of cession to Philip, there was a buzz of comment throughout the assembly, with expressions of regret that the provinces should be left without their able defender.

The Emperor now rose, calling to his side the handsome youth on whose shoulder he had leaned on entering the hall, the Prince of Orange. Young as the Prince then was, only twenty-two, he had already

shown such ability in the field that he had been appointed by the Emperor commander-in-chief of the army against such capable soldiers as the Admiral Coligny and the Duke of Nevers.

Resting on his crutch and on the strong shoulder of the Prince, the Emperor addressed the audience, reading from a paper in which he rapidly reviewed the events of his reign. It had been an active and notable one. But now that his strength was vanishing and life fast ebbing, his affection for his subjects and regard for their interests required his withdrawal from the too weighty task. Instead of a decrepit man, with one foot in the grave, he was glad to present them with a sovereign in the prime of life and the vigor of health.

Turning towards Philip, he concluded with a peroration in which he voiced his trust that his son would prove worthy of the high office given over to him, and begging pardon of those present for all errors or offences he had committed towards them during his reign, assuring them that he would always gratefully remember their obedience and affection.

These words, and the appeal for sympathy which they conveyed, greatly affected the hearers, sobs being heard from all parts of the hall, while tears were freely shed. As for the Emperor, he grew ashy pale as he concluded, and sank almost fainting upon his chair. Even the cold Philip was partly softened, as he fell upon his knees and reverently kissed his father's hand. Charles placed his hands solemnly on his son's head, made the sign of the cross, and blessed him in the name of the Holy Trinity. Then he lifted and tenderly embraced him, with words

expressive of concern for the heavy weight which he would have to bear.

As Philip could speak neither Flemish nor French, he left his reply to the Bishop of Arras, whose fluent commonplaces were followed by a long harangue from Jacob Maas, a member of the Council of Brabant, who gracefully accepted the abdication in Philip's name.

The final phase of the ceremonies was the resignation of Queen Mary of Hungary, who had been Regent of the Netherlands for the past twenty-five years, and who in a brief address expressed her affection for the people and her hope that all errors she might have committed would be forgiven.

One might think from all this that the people of the Netherlands had much to thank their late ruler for and great reason to regret his resignation of the throne. In truth, his reign over them had been one of oppression and frightful cruelty. A rigid Catholic, he had introduced the Inquisition into their country, with the result that an enormous number of so-called heretics had been put to death—burned, strangled, beheaded, or buried alive—often for such slight offences as reading the Bible, looking askance at a graven image, or ridiculing the doctrine that the wafer of the communion held the flesh and blood of Christ. The number of victims to this horrible persecution are estimated as at least 50,000, while excellent authorities give it at 100,000. It is only the greater horrors that took place under the reign of Philip II. that have thrown these terrible acts of cruelty and fanaticism into the shade.

In view of this one cannot but view the Emperor's sufferings as a partial retribution for these frightful

excesses of bigotry. Certainly one cannot pity him when aware that his gout was really due to his excesses in eating. Rarely have we heard of a man of such monstrous powers in this respect. It was his habit to breakfast at five in the morning on a fowl seethed in milk. He dined at twelve, eating of not less than twenty dishes. He supped twice, once after vespers, the second time at midnight. The latter was the most solid of his four meals. The meat was followed by pastry and sweetmeats in profusion, while great draughts of beer and wine followed each meal.

It is not surprising that the stomach of the imperial gourmand failed after many years of such excess, or that gout assailed his limbs in all its fury. A celebrated answer is that of his cook, to whom he complained that all his food was insipid. The cook replied that he could do no more unless he served him a pasty of watches. The humor in this, at which Charles "laughed longer than he was ever known to laugh before and all the courtiers (of course) laughed as long as his Majesty," lay in the fact that he was known to have a passion for timepieces.

He lived three years in retirement, the wonder being that he survived so long, as his monstrous appetite for food was still fully indulged. When we survey him as feasting on "surfeits of sardine omelettes, Estramadura sausages, eel pies, pickled partridges, fat capons, quince syrups, iced beer and flagons of Rhenish, relieved by copious draughts of senna and rhubarb to which his horror-stricken doctor doomed him as he ate," we can only be surprised that one poor stomach could bear it all so long.

CHARTER V

THE SIEGE OF ST. QUENTIN

THE first notable event in the history of Philip II. of Spain occurred in 1557, two years after the abdication of his father. This was the assault on and capture of the French city of St. Quentin, a memorable exploit, well worthy the telling.

The army of Henry II. of France was at that date engaged in Italy, but at the same time the famous Gaspard Coligny, Admiral of France, was ordered to make a foray upon the frontier of Flanders. This uncalled-for act led to events disastrous to France. Coligny's first enterprise was an attack on the Flemish city of Donay, under the lead of a spy familiar with the weak spots in its defences.

The attempt was made on the night of Epiphany, January 6, 1557, when the people, utterly unsuspecting the presence of an enemy, were quietly at rest after a day of merrymaking and wassail. The plot was well devised and the sleeping city in imminent peril. It was saved by an old woman, perhaps the only one awake. She saw the approaching troops, and ran shrieking through the town. The people, aroused by her clamor, ran to their defences and the assailants deemed it wise to withdraw. The disappointed French then turned upon Lens, a town of Artois, sacked it, and levelled it with the ground. Such was the opening affair in a disastrous war.

Philip II. hastened to retaliate upon the invaders.

The husband of Queen Mary of England, he induced that queen to declare war against France and then hastened to Belgium, where he gave orders for the organizing of an army. This, nearly 50,000 strong, was put under the command of the Duke of Savoy; the Count of Egmont, one of the leading nobles and the most capable soldier of his country, being chosen to lead the cavalry. Young, wealthy, handsome, valiant, this was a splendid opportunity for the ambitious young noble. The dark clouds which were to roll over his future had not appeared on this horizon of his career.

The French army was put under the command of Montmorency, Constable of France, who was accompanied by the Admiral Coligny and the Marshal Saint André, with other Frenchmen of high rank in their train. The city of St. Quentin, to which Philip's army had laid siege, and the fall of which would endanger Paris, was the point upon which the march of the French was directed.

St. Quentin, a wealthy and prosperous city, stood on an elevation above the Somme River, in the vicinity of the Belgian frontier. It was surrounded by extensive suburbs and had a lake extending around three of its sides. This was thirty yards wide, deep in parts, a morass in others, and extended on the Flemish side half a mile from the city.

St. Quentin was in no condition to stand a siege, and Admiral Coligny was sent forward with all speed to the aid of its garrison before it should be fully invested. His movement was too late. Stirred by anxiety, he outstripped his troops and reached the city almost alone. As the gates were closed behind

him the road was blocked by the advancing enemy and the entrance of his battalions cut off.

Coligny now had an almost impossible task. He did all in his power to strengthen the defences of the city and keep up the courage of its inhabitants, sending away all useless consumers and locking up the women in the churches lest their terror should infest the defenders. Yet he had few capable men and with all he could do affairs soon grew desperate.

Reinforcements were badly needed, and at length he discovered a route by which they might be introduced. There was a morass on one side of the city which could be crossed by some narrow paths, mostly under water, though in its center was a running stream that needed boats for its crossing.

For this enterprise a force of four thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry was forwarded by Montmorency, Cologny gathering what boats he could obtain. The point selected for crossing was in full view of the enemy, but those near by were dispersed by a sudden cannonade and the Constable at once began the transfer of his troops across the morass. But the boats provided were few and small, several were overturned and their inmates drowned, and the opposite bank was steep and dangerous. As a result few reached the town, but among these was Andelot, brother of Coligny, with five hundred men.

Meanwhile the remainder of the French army, about sixteen thousand strong, had reached the place of crossing. In doing so they had passed through a narrow ravine, three miles away, between steep hills, a point which, if occupied by the enemy, might

leave them in a serious predicament. While passing through this declivity in the morning the Constable had noticed its dangerous character, and had left a company of mounted carabineers to hold it.

This weak point in the position of the enemy was perceived by Egmont, and with fiery energy he insisted upon taking advantage of it. Here was the great Constable Montmorency, one of the leading soldiers of the age; with him were princes of the royal blood and proud members of the chivalry of France, with an army of its bravest troops. Here was a chance for victory and glory. Savoy and others of the Flemish leaders doubted the expediency of an attack, but the vehemence of Egmont caried all before it, and it was finally decided to try and cut off the Constable's retreat.

Meanwhile Montmorency, having done his utmost to garrison the city, prepared to leave his perilous situation, sending the Duc de Nevers, with four companies of cavalry, to strengthen the garrison of the pass. His precaution was too late. As Nevers neared the danger point, to his dismay he saw a body of two thousand of the Flemish cavalry riding into the defile. They outnumbered the force under him four to one, but he proposed to attack them and was restrained with difficulty from doing so, his officers pointing out that the Constable had given strict orders not to hazard an engagement until sustained by the body of the army.

Hesitation in such a dilemma was fatal. Other bodies of Spanish and Flemish cavalry made the place impassable, and Nevers reluctantly fell back upon the main army, which was moving toward the

pass. It was soon evident that the French had placed themselves within a deadly trap. The ravine, their only open avenue of escape, was now in full possession of the enemy, and as they drew near Count Egmont gave the signal of assault, he leading in a charge on the left flank of the French at the head of two thousand men. As many more rode upon the right flank, while the front was vigorously assailed.

These furious attacks proved irresistible. The camp followers, terror-stricken, fled in wild panic, spreading confusion throughout the army. The day was lost, terror everywhere prevailed, the rout was sudden and total. Nevers rode through a hollow with some companies of cavalry in the hope of presenting a new front to the enemy, but he was overwhelmed by the fleeing French and their pursuers. Nevers, with a handful of followers, cut his way through and effected his escape, but the remainder of the army was entrapped.

The cavalry had been nearly destroyed at the first onset. Some of the infantry held firm, retreating in order, but they were opened upon by artillery and before they could reach Essigny the army, as an organized body, had ceased to exist.

It was an absolute defeat. Half the French troops engaged lost their lives. The remainder were captured or fled in utter disorder. When Nevers reviewed the wreck of the army at Laon only six thousand remained out of over twenty thousand. The Constable was a wounded captive. The Duke of Enghien, after brilliant efforts, had been mortally wounded. Many other French notables had been

taken, the Duke de Nevers, the Prince de Condé, and a few others alone escaping.

As for the victorious army, only fifty men had lost their lives, two or three of those being men of distinction. When, the next day, King Philip entered the camp, a long procession of distinguished captives was marshalled before him, the Constable among them. Count Egmont had won a triumph for Philip such as few monarchs of Spain had ever enjoyed. So brilliant was the victory that it has been held worthy to be placed in the list with the famous British triumphs at Crecy and Agincourt. In honor of his signal success Philip soon after erected the magnificent palace of the Escorial, dedicated to the saint on whose day the battle had been fought. It was built in the form of the gridiron on which that martyred saint had lost his life.

While the King was inspecting the spoils of the battlefield a horseman approached and presented him with a sword.

"I am the man, may it please your Majesty," said the soldier, "who took the Constable; here is his sword. May your Majesty be pleased to give me something to eat in my house?"

"I promise it," said Philip, presenting his hand to be kissed by the victor.

Ten thousand ducats was the prize always awarded for such a feat. But the soldier's claim was disputed. Captain Valenzuela, a Spaniard, made a like demand. The trooper at once advanced to the Constable, who stood in the group of titled captives.

"Your Excellency is a Christian," he said; "please to declare upon your conscience and the

faith of a cavalier, whether it was I that took you prisoner. It need not surprise your Excellency that I am but a soldier, since with soldiers his Majesty must wage his wars."

"Certainly," replied the Constable. "You took me and my horse and I gave you my sword. My *word,* however, I pledged to Captain Valenzuela."

The matter was finally adjusted by the soldier giving the captain two thousand of his ducats.

Such was the brilliant affair of St. Quentin. This, with some others that followed, won also by Egmont, compelled the signing of the most disastrous treaty ever made in the history of France.

Our story, however, is not yet ended. St. Quentin still held out. Though Coligny had but eight hundred soldiers and Paris lay undefended except by the few men under the Duke of Nevers, Philip, a king notable for lack of enterprise, could not be induced to advance until the city had been taken. And Coligny held bravely out, knowing that every day thus gained would be of advantage to his country.

A period of mining and countermining succeeded, followed by a week of cannonading, and then by a furious assault through the breaches made in the walls. Resistance was soon at an end. Coligny and his brother Andelot were taken and St. Quentin fell into the hands of the victors.

The scene that followed was one of almost unmentionable horror. A frightful carnage followed the victory, with a sack of the city which continued until the close of the following day, every house being entered and plundered and every man and woman found in them murdered. In the end the women

who had been confined in the cathedral and other churches were driven from the town, half naked, half starved, many of them maimed, all on foot except the young children, leaving their native city in terror and despair. No city was left for them to return to, the place being set on fire and burned to the ground. And all this took place at the command, or in the presence, of the devout Philip II. It was, however, but the beginning of his sanguinary career, in which the people of the Netherlands were to suffer still greater and more protracted horrors.

One event of considerable interest followed. Of the two distinguished prisoners taken in the city, Coligny and Andelot, the latter made his escape during the night. The Admiral was taken to Antwerp, where he was attacked by fever and for weeks lay sick. On recovering, finding nothing better to do, he occupied himself with reading the Scriptures. It proved a dangerous pastime, his reading opening his mind to new religious views and converting him from Catholicism to Calvinism. What followed is familiar history. He became the leader of the Protestant party in France, and in 1572 became the most distinguished victim in the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

CHAPTER VI

THE INQUISITION IN THE NETHERLANDS

THE era with which we are now dealing was one unequalled in atrocities committed in the name of religion, especially in Spain, where the Inquisition long ruled supreme, and later in the Netherlands, in which it was introduced by Charles V. and his bigoted and soulless son Philip II.

These were the days in which the mental gloom of the Dark Ages was being dissipated by the increasing glow of civilization. Education was spreading. People had begun to think on such abstruse subjects as human rights in politics and religion. The multitude began to have opinions and entertain views. And those extended to the tabooed subject of religious belief. No longer content to have the priesthood do their thinking, men proposed to think for themselves, and heresy—disbelief in the creed of the Catholic hierarchy—spread far and wide.

All over northern Europe these views spread. Luther boldly flung forth the seeds of heresy and they widely took root. They grew up freely in the Netherlands, and little less freely in southern Europe, for the Inquisition found victims for its frightful crusade by thousands in Spain. Introduced by Charles V. and his son Philip II. into the Netherlands, its victims were still more multitudinous. The subject is a revolting one, but the history of that country is full of it.

The frightful edict of 1551, enacted by Charles

V., and re-enacted by Philip II., on coming to the throne, was the law concerning heresy in the Netherlands during many years of the reigns of these crowned bigots.

It forbade any one to possess any book or writing made by Martin Luther, John Calvin, or other prominent Protestants, to injure in any way the images of the holy virgin or the saints, to hold heretical assemblies, even to converse or dispute concerning the Holy Scriptures, or for any person to read, teach, or expound the Scriptures, except those who had studied theology in some orthodox university, or to entertain any of the opinions of Luther and other Protestant leaders.

How were those who practised such *crimes* to be punished? By fine or imprisonment, or other mild form of legal control? On the contrary, they were to be *burned alive* and their property confiscated to the crown. Even if they proved repentant and agreed to come back to the bosom of the Church, their doom was little mitigated. Even in such cases they were to be executed, the men by the sword, the women by being *buried alive,* their property still being confiscated.

Those who knew and failed to betray a heretic, or in any way entertained them, were to be dealt with in the same way. And treachery or false accusation was encouraged by giving the informer half the property of the victim where not over one hundred pounds Flemish, and ten per cent. of all property above this amount.

Shall we give some of the particulars of the operation of this frightful edict? Re-enacted by

PHILIP II. RECEIVING AN EMBASSY

Philip in the first month of his reign, little was done with it during the French war, but in 1561 and later persecution was carried out with terrible vigor. We have spoken of the army of victims who suffered during the reign of Charles. Under Philip the horrors went on in monstrous excess.

Among the inquisitors appointed to harry the Netherlands the name of Peter Titelmann stands first for atrocity. Traversing the most populous portion of the country with incessant activity, this arch inquisitor subjected to torture and burning all whom he found the least reason to suspect.

The chronicles of the time give a lurid picture of this demon of cruelty, who carried out his frightful functions with a degree of jocularity, indulging in jests as he tore suspected persons from their firesides or their beds, thrust them into dungeons, strangled, tortured, burnt without mercy, and often with scarcely a shadow of evidence against them.

His security against retribution on the part of his victims excited the curiosity of Red-Rod, as the secular sheriff was familiarly called. Meeting him one day on the road, Red-Rod asked:

"How can you venture to go about alone, or at most with an attendant or two, arresting people on every side, while I do not attempt to execute my office except at the head of a strong force in armor of proof; and then only at the peril of my life?"

"Ah, Red-Rod," answered Peter, "you deal with bad people. I have nothing to fear, for I seize only the innocent and virtuous, who make no resistance, and let themselves be taken like lambs."

"Very well," answered Red-Rod, "but if you

arrest all the good people and I all the bad, it is hard to tell who in the world is to escape chastisement."

Here are some examples given by Motley. Hearing that a certain schoolmaster was *addicted to reading the Bible,* Titelmann summoned the culprit and accused him of heresy. The schoolmaster claimed, if he had committed any sins, to be tried before the judges of his town.

"You are my prisoner," said Titelmann, "and are to answer to me and none other."

Questioning the prisoner, he soon learned that he had really committed the atrocious crime of reading the Bible, and had even gone so far as to think about what he had read. The inquisitor bade him recant. The schoolmaster refused.

"Do you not love your wife and children?" asked Titelmann.

"God knows," he replied, "that if the whole world were of gold, and my own, I would give it all only to have them with me, even if I had to live on bread and water and in bondage."

"You have, then, only to renounce the crime of your opinions."

"Neither for wife, children, nor all the world can I renounce my God and religious truth," was the reply.

As a result Titelmann sentenced him to the stake. He was strangled and his body thrown into the flames.

Another, a tapestry weaver, was found to have copied some hymns from a book printed in Geneva and for this act of wickedness was burned alive.

A third was hacked to death with seven blows of a rusty sword, in the presence of his wife, who died with horror at the sight.

One Walter Kapell, who was burned for heresy, had won the love of the poor people of Dixmude, where he resided, by his kind acts of charity. A poor idiot, whom he had helped, called out to the men who were binding his benefactor to the stake: "Ye are bloody murderers; that man has done no wrong, but has given me bread to eat."

When the flames were kindled the idiot flung himself into them and was rescued with difficulty. A day or two later he took the half-burned body from the stake and carried it on his shoulders to the house in which the burgomaster and other magistrates were in session. Forcing his way in, he threw the skeleton at their feet, crying:

"There, murderers! Ye have eaten his flesh; now eat his bones."

One fanatical heretic, bent on martyrdom, forced his way into the church when the priest was holding up the consecrated host, seized it from his hands, broke it in two, and cried out:

"Misguided men, do you take this thing to be Jesus Christ, your Lord and Saviour?"

This said, he threw the fragments on the floor and trampled them under foot. For this he was tortured to discover his accomplices, if he had any. Then his right hand and foot were burned and twisted off between red-hot irons, his tongue was torn out, and he was burned to death over a slow fire in a manner that the American savages could not have surpassed.

Such are a few examples of that reign of terror,

which continued in Belgium for years, its victims being numbered by thousands and tens of thousands. Many other instances might be added, but a recital of all these atrocities would be simply to heap horrors upon horrors.

At a later date, by order of Philip, the inquisitors were directed to punish heretics by executing them at midnight in their dungeons, binding their hands between their knees and slowly suffocating them in tubs of water. This method of secret drowning was used instead of public burning, not in fear of public reprobation, but in order that the heretic might not be consoled by the crown of vain-glory desired by the fanatical enthusiast.

That the cruelty of the agents of the Inquisition aroused wide-spread indignation need scarcely be said. Its operations were abhorrent to many of every system of faith. But objection to these outrages was dangerous, opposition more so, and the reign of terror long continued unopposed. The first marked act of resistance occurred in October, 1564.

Christopher Smith, a Carmelite monk, known usually as Fabricius, an inmate of a monastery of Bruges, had left his seclusion, become a Protestant, taken a wife, and went to England, where for a time he preached the doctrines of the Reformation. Invited by friends, he returned to the Netherlands and became secretly a teacher of the Gospel at Antwerp.

He was betrayed to the authorities by a woman, who, to gain the informer's fee, pretended to be a convert to his doctrines. He was at once arrested and put to the torture, but refused to betray any

members of his congregation or to desert his faith. He was then condemned to the stake, and while awaiting execution wrote comforting letters to his friends, and sent a letter to the woman who had betrayed him, forgiving her and exhorting her to repent. His calmness and gentleness excited general admiration, and when he was led through the streets of the city to the stake much public feeling was manifested.

He begged the people, who crowded threateningly around the procession, not to create a tumult in his cause, but bade them to be faithful to the great truth for which he was to die. The crowd, as they followed, sang in full chorus the hundred and thirtieth psalm.

When the market place was reached the victim fell upon his knees to pray. But the executioner rudely forced him to rise and chained him to the stake, fastening a leathern strap around his throat. This was more than the indignant populace could bear. They broke into a sudden tumult, flung a shower of stones at the soldiers and magistrates, and surged in upon the enclosed area to rescue the prisoner, the officials and soldiers being put to flight.

The effort at rescue came too late. The executioner, as he fled, had crushed in the head of the victim with a heavy hammer and pierced his body with a poniard. The fire had been kindled before this outbreak, and, as it mounted, the dead body fell into the flames. The charred remains were in the end bound to a stone and cast into the Scheldt.

Among the numerous similar scenes of outrage none had excited so much indignation, and that

night a placard, written in blood, was affixed to the walls of the town-house, threatening revenge for the murder. This threat, however, was not carried out. As for the authorities, they arrested and hanged one of the rioters, but the others escaped.

But the King, the *devout* Philip, boiled over with indignation on learning that any one had been bold enough to resist his decrees. A foul riot he called it, and wrote savage letters to his sister, the Duchess Margaret, then reigning in his name over the Netherlands, commanding instant vengeance to be taken on the rioters. But who they were no one knew and the despot's anger had no effect.

So horrible became the executions that Catholics and Protestants alike were roused to indignation, the barbarities being inflicted chiefly upon people noted for blameless lives. The methods pursued by Peter Titelmann, who utterly ignored legal methods in his campaign of persecution, were especially repugnant, and the authorities of Bruges humbly requested the Duchess Regnant to check him in his lawless activities. The four estates of Flanders addressed the king with a similar remonstrance, calling upon him to suppress the horrible enormities of Titelmann, which violated the ancient charters of popular rights which he had sworn to maintain.

All such remonstrances were without effect. In the Privy Council they were "found to be in extremely bad taste." The Duchess, indeed, charged Titelmann to conduct himself in his office "with discretion and modesty." But to this he paid little heed, and continued his infamous proceedings, without check, until his death, several years later.

Far from yielding to the requests of cities and provinces, the King redoubled his efforts to repress heresy. It was ordered that the edicts and the inquisition should be published in every town and village of the Netherlands, and repeated every six months thereafter.

This terrible decree led to a storm of indignation. The Prince of Orange whispered to his neighbor on the council board that they were about to witness the most extraordinary tragedy that had ever been enacted. His judgment was seen in the results. The effect on business was paralyzing. A wave of fury ran through the land. Foreign merchants and artisans fled from Antwerp as from a visit of the plague. The principle of the Reformation had spread widely throughout the land, and life and liberty were everywhere threatened.

The tide of indignation affected men of all creeds and beliefs. Citizens of the highest standing counselled disobedience to the outrageous decree. A formal denouncement came from the chief cities of Brabant. Pamphlets, handbills, and other forms of protest "snowed in the streets." Lampoons, invectives, remonstrances were issued and read avidly. In a striking letter to the King, the character of the sufferers was thus epitomized: "It is a common saying, 'He swears not; he is a Protestant: he is neither a fornicator nor a drunkard: he is of the new sect.'"

This expressed the truth. The Protestants were mainly of the middle classes, industrious artisans of religious aspiration, men of rigid creeds and pure lives. Nobles and officials of high position pro-

tected them, and many of those eventually adopted the creeds of which they had at first only defended the advocates.

One important result of the persecutions was the emigration of large numbers of the people to alien lands. Protestant England offered a safe refuge, and more than thirty thousand Netherland artisans had already sought its shores. The result was disastrous to the Netherlands. The arts of cloth-making, silk-making, and dyeing declined in that country and became active in England.

"For a long time," we are told, "the Netherlands have been the Indies to England; and as long as she has them she needs no others. The French try to surprise our fortresses and cities; the English make war upon our wealth and upon the purses of our people."

In truth, the tide of trade was turned, as a consequence of the edicts of Philip the bigot. "Vessels now went every week from Sandwich to Antwerp, laden with silk, satin, and cloth, manufactured in England; while as many but a few years before had borne the Flemish fabrics of the same nature from Antwerp to England."

Such was one result of the persecutions, under which, by 1566, the execution of 50,000 persons in the provinces of the Netherlands, as stated by the Prince of Orange, is considered a moderate estimate.

It had another result threatening the dominion of Spain in the Netherlands, the formation of a league pledged to oppose the Inquisition, the first step in the insurrection against Spanish rule that was soon to follow.

CHAPTER VII

THE COMPROMISE AND THE BEGGARS' LEAGUE

THE King and his inquisitors had gone too far. Rebellion was in the air. It was not alone the Protestants who objected to the frightful persecutions; many Catholics joined them in protest. Nor was it alone the common people; the nobles shared their indignation. The earliest evidence of this was in the issue of the famous Compromise and the formation of the Beggars' League.

The Compromise was a covenant of nobles, directed against the Inquisition and the control of the Netherlands by a council of foreign law-makers sitting at Madrid. It declined the Inquisition as "iniquitous, contrary to all laws, human and divine, surpassing the greatest barbarism which was ever practised by tyrants, and as redounding to the dishonor of God and to the total desolation of the country."

The signers protested before God and man that they would attempt nothing opposed to the grandeur, majesty or dominion of the King, but declared that they had bound themselves by holy covenant and solemn oath to resist the Inquisition, and would oppose it in every shape it might assume, and to extirpate and eradicate the thing in any form, as the mother of all iniquity and dishonor.

Such was the character of this first open protest against tyranny and torture in the Netherlands. It

was said to have been written by Philip de Marnix, Lord of Sainte Aldegonde, one of the ancient nobility and a man of the highest accomplishments. The first to sign it were three men of prominence, Count Louis of Nassau, a man of knightly soul and chivalrous nature, Charles de Mansfield, and Count Brederode.

Nicholas de Hammes, "Golden Fleece" as he was everywhere called, was the most active of the early members of the League, keeping the list of signers and seeking new ones in all quarters, until within two months it had received some two thousand signatures.

There was nothing in the language of the Compromise that would hinder Catholic patriots from signing it. It spoke bitterly of the tyranny of "a heap of strangers" who were seeking to persuade the King to violate his oaths, and denounced the refusal to mitigate the frightful severity of the royal edicts.

Its signers were not the great nobles, such as the Prince of Orange, Counts Egmont and Horn, and others of high eminence. But among them were many sincere Catholics, all of them were young, and many lacked prudence and self-control. This does not apply to such leaders as Louis of Nassau and Sainte Aldegonde, but it does to Brederode and many others of the prominent leaguers.

Early in March, 1566, an important step was decided upon by the confederates. This took the form of a petition—"Request," it was entitled—to be presented to the Duchess Regent by a large number of members of the League.

This purpose got abroad and the wildest exaggerations were set afloat. At a meeting of the council of the Duchess Margaret the Count de Meghen declared that an extensive conspiracy of heretics had been formed, an army of 35,000 men being organized, ready to plunder the country, and that within a week 1,500 men-at-arms would appear before her Highness. As it proved, this dreaded invasion was made by a deputation of about three hundred gentlemen, Count Brederode at their head.

Brederode was a nobleman descended from the ancient monarchs of Holland, a brave, generous, kind-hearted, high-spirited cavalier, but in habits headlong and debauched, and a fitting representative of his deep-drinking and hard-hitting ancestors.

The cavalcade headed by this modern berserker rode into Brussels in the evening of April 3. They were on horseback, about two hundred in number, armed with pistols, at their head the tall and martial Brederode, whose handsome features and long curling locks won the approval of the thousands who crowded the streets through which they rode. There were many demonstrations of applause as the cavalcade passed onward through the avenues until it reached the mansion of Nassau, where Counts Louis and Brederode dismounted, leaving the rest of the company to seek quarters elsewhere.

"They thought I should not come to Brussels," said Brederode. "Very well, here I am. Perhaps I shall depart in a different manner."

During the next day a hundred more appeared, and on the morning of April 5 they set forth, marching two by two along a straight and hand-

some street, which led to the splendid mansion of the ancient dukes of Brabant, then occupied by the Duchess Margaret. Last of all came Brederode and Louis, walking arm in arm.

An immense throng had gathered to greet the men whom the populace looked upon as their deliverers from Spain and the Inquisition. Deafening cheers and loud hand-clappings told the sentiments of the multitude as the leaguers walked sturdily onward and entered the great hall, in which ten years before Charles V. had resigned the crown to his son. His daughter now awaited this significant delegation, seated in the chair of state in the council chamber and surrounded by the highest dignitaries of the land.

When all had entered Brederode advanced to the seat of the Duchess, made a low obeisance, and said that he had come with his colleagues to present a humble petition to her Highness. He denounced the statements that they contemplated sedition and tumult as foul calumnies and called upon her to punish the slanderers of the loyal men for whom he spoke. With these remarks he presented the petition.

As read aloud it proved to be loyal and devoted to the King and the Duchess, but stated in very plain language that the recent edicts relating to the Inquisition might result in a general insurrection. The danger of sedition was near at hand; they had waited in vain for some step to be taken to remedy the evil. As none had appeared they felt it necessary to come forward as their country's advocates; and begged the Duchess Regent to send

an envoy who should humbly implore his Majesty to withdraw the edicts. And they begged her Highness, while awaiting the King's pleasure, to order a cessation of all executions until his Majesty had acted on their humble request.

The Duchess listened to this paper with much agitation and emotion, tears flowing from her eyes as it closed. For a few minutes she could not speak. Then she briefly answered that she would advise with her council and give the petitioners such answer as appeared suitable.

This said, the petitioners passed from the chamber into the great hall, each, on passing the Duchess, making the "caracole," or token of reverence then prevalent.

An earnest debate followed in the council, the Prince of Orange remarking that the delegation were not seditious rebels, but loyal and well-born gentlemen, moved by an honest desire for the good of their country. Count Egmont, with a shrug of his shoulders, said that he would have to leave the court for a season, an inflammation in the leg rendering it necessary to visit the baths at Aix.

After this irrelevant remark Signor Berlamont broke out angrily with a gibe which was quickly to bear notable fruit.

"What, Madam," he passionately exclaimed, "is it possible that your Highness can entertain fears of these beggars (*gueux*)? Is it not obvious what manner of men they are? By the living God, if my advice were taken, their petition should have a cudgel for a commentary, and we would make them

go down the steps of the palace a great deal faster than they came up."

Others spoke as violently, and it is very likely that their noisy comments may have reached the ears of some of the gentlemen who lingered in the hall. It seems evident that they had heard Berlamont's insulting words. Later, as some of them passed his house, he repeated his gibe.

"There go our fine beggars again," he said to a companion. "Look, I pray you, with what bravado they are passing before us."

On the following day the confederates received the answer to their petition. The Duchess promised to send an envoy to the King, desiring him to grant the request. They might, in her opinion, look for a favorable reply. She had no power to suspend the action of the edict, but would give orders to all inquisitors to proceed "modestly" and "discreetly" in their office, so that no one would have cause to complain. Meanwhile she requested them to comport themselves loyally and avoid any effort to interfere with the ancient religion of the land.

The next important step, under Brederode's idea of the proper succession of events, was a dinner to his associates. This was given to the three hundred confederates at the mansion of the Count of Culemburg, where a magnificent repast was prepared. This luxurious banquet, given on the 8th of April, is of importance, as it led to results of historical interest.

Gold and silver were profuse on the banqueting board, wine flowed like water, the healths of Brederode, Orange and Egmont were a dozen times

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FESTIVAL OF LEAGUE OF "BEGGARS"
By Frans Hals

drunk with loud acclaim, and the wine-heated banqueters actively discussed the problem of giving an appropriate name to their brotherhood.

In the midst of their oratory Brederode rose. He told the company that they had already been given a name. Master Berlamont had designated them as beggars. This statement was news to most of those present and he was interrupted by outcries of indignation. But Brederode bade them be quiet and listen to him.

"They call us beggars," he said; "let us adopt the name. We will contend with the Inquisition, but remain loyal to the King, even till compelled to wear the beggar's sack."

He beckoned to a page, who brought him a leather wallet such as professional beggars then used, and also a large wooden bowl of the kind carried by that fraternity. Hanging the wallet around his neck, he filled the bowl with wine, lifted it to his lips, and drained it with a mighty draught.

"*Vivent les gueux*" ("Long live the beggars"), he cried, and his words were echoed around the hall. It was a cry destined to be heard thereafter on land and sea, on many a hard-fought field and many a blood-stained deck.

Brederode now threw the wallet around the neck of his next neighbor and handed him the bowl to drain it to the toast. Round the board these emblems of the mendicant craft passed, from neck to neck and lip to lip, while roars of laughter and shouts of "*Vivent les gueux*" made the ancient walls quiver. They had a name that was to grow famous in after-times, in the deeds of the "wild

beggars," "the wood beggars," and more potently still, "the beggars of the sea."

After the wallet and bowl had made their round, they were hung to a pillar in the hall, while each guest threw some salt into his goblet, stood beneath them, and repeated the following impromptu strain:

"By this salt, by this bread, by this wallet we swear
These beggars ne'er will change, though all the world should stare."

This by no means ended the banquet. It simply gave zest to it. The wine-drinking and uproar grew in quantity and vehemence. They shouted, quaffed huge beakers, danced on chairs and tables, swore fidelity to their cause, grew half frantic with drunken enthusiasm.

In the height of the tumult the Prince of Orange, accompanied by Counts Egmont and Horn, entered the room, their purpose being to endeavor to bring the wild saturnalia to an end. So soon as they appeared they were surrounded by the revellers, who compelled them to drink a cup, amid shouts of "*Vivent le roi et les gueux,*" a cry whose significance they did not understand. Yet the brief presence of Count Horn at this banquet, to which he had been brought against his will, was afterwards made a deadly charge against him.

Orange and his companions remained but a few minutes, refusing to be seated, and by their entreaties succeeded in bringing the wild revel to an end. When they arrived at the council chamber,

the Duchess thanked them warmly for what they had done.

As for the "beggars," they were not content with the name they had adopted. A costume consistent with the new title seemed expedient. Discarding their gold lace and velvet, they decided on wearing doublets and short cloaks of ashen gray and of the coarsest material, with common felt hats, and with the wallets and bowls of mendicants at their sides. Medals of lead and copper were struck, the head of King Philip on one side, on the other two hands clasped within a wallet and the inscription: "Faithful to the King, even to wearing the beggar's sack."

These they wore as hat buttons or suspended from their necks. Also they shaved their beards except their mustaches, which they wore long and hanging, this being a custom, in those days, of the craft of beggars.

Very soon after Brederode and his cavalier companions rode out of Brussels, saluting the admiring throng with a discharge of their pistols. Forty-three of them went with their leader to Antwerp, where they passed the night. Here a throng gathered around the hotel, and Brederode addressed them from a window, his wooden bowl, filled with wine, in his hand, his wallet by his side.

He assured them that he was ready to die in the defence of the good people of Antwerp and the Netherlands against the edicts and the Inquisition, and drank their health, calling on all who were with him in his crusade to hold up their hands in evidence. This they all did, and clapped them loudly,

after which Brederode drained his bowl in honor of the occasion.

All these wild proceedings were duly chronicled and sent to the King at Madrid, with various embellishments. Thus it was reported and put on record that Brederode had eaten capons and other meat at Antwerp on Good Friday, which was the day of his visit to that city. He vehemently denied the charge.

"They who have told Madame that we ate meat at Antwerp," he wrote to Count Louis, "have lied wickedly and miserably, twenty-four feet down in their throats."

He added that his nephew, Charles de Mansfield, had ordered a capon, but that he had countermanded the order.

"They told me afterwards," he said, "that my nephew had broiled a sausage in his chamber. I suppose that he thought himself in Spain, where they allow themselves such dainties."

Such was the origin of the beggars' fraternity, which was to fight Spain and its armies for many years to come and to win fame and fortune in many fierce combats on land and sea.

CHAPTER VIII

THE AVALANCHE OF THE IMAGE BREAKERS

Bitterness against the edicts of persecution and the terrible excesses of the Inquisition was not confined to the nobles. It was felt by all classes. The Protestant reform had won converts in all sections of the community, and led in August, 1566, to an outbreak of church desecration and image-breaking such as the world has rarely seen. For about a week the tumult continued, passing like a whirlwind throughout the country, until there was scarcely a church in the Netherlands that had not been visited and its precious contents destroyed. The people had long been growing ripe for mischief, and the formation of the fraternity of the Beggars gave point to the growing discontent.

The Netherlands was a country of churches, many of them of splendid Gothic architecture and elaborate decoration. Hundreds of them existed, many filled with paintings and statues of the best type of Holland and Belgium art. When the week of outrage ended hardly a vestige of those treasures remained. Nearly every church in the land had been rifled of its choice possessions, taken not for plunder but for destruction, for these objects represented to the people not gems of art, but emblems of the ruthless persecution which had long desolated the country.

Antwerp was the central point in this riotous out-

break, and its splendid cathedral—dating back to 1124, but only recently completed, and enormously rich in penitential gifts and offerings of devotion—its central spot. All reverence for this magnificent church had died out in the minds of the multitude, who had grown to hate Catholicism and its temples and rites. The spirit of insurrection was rife in the land and it was here that it burst its bonds.

On August 18 the great Papal ceremony of the Ommegang took place. It began with a procession in which a colossal image of the Virgin was borne through the streets, the guilds, the religious societies, the rhetoricians, and other associations following in procession to sound of trumpet and beat of drum. The showy pageant was irritating to the Protestants, who were very numerous among the onlookers, and they showed their sentiment by insulting gestures and cries.

"*Mayken! Mayken* (little Mary)! Your time has come. This is your last journey. The city is tired of you."

This is a type of the greetings that were heard, and missiles were at times thrown at the paraders. No damage was done, however, and the image was restored in safety to the cathedral, the procession ending in a somewhat hurried manner. Instead of standing in the center of the chamber, as usual on such occasions, the image was placed behind an iron railing within the choir, a precaution which called forth derisive utterances from the multitude.

A huge crowd gathered in front of the cathedral on the following morning, including many vagabonds, idle apprentices and others of the rabble,

who laughed and jeered on seeing the caged-in image.

"Is Mayken terrified?" they cried. "Hast thou flown to thy nest? Beware, Mayken, thy hour is coming fast."

"*Vivent les gueux!*" was the appeal of others some of whom bade the image to join in the beggars' cry.

As these outrageous proceedings were allowed to go on unchecked, the dangerous element in the rabble soon passed all bounds. One ragged fellow mounted the pulpit, opened a sacred volume, and began to deliver a caricature of a monk's address.

Some of the audience laughed at and applauded him, some cried "shame" and tried to pull him down. He vigorously resisted and went on with his scurrilous harangue, until a young sailor, of the Catholic faith, sprang up behind him and flung him down the steps. They grappled and fought and a tumult followed in which pistols were fired and cudgels used, most of the crowd taking part against the sailor, whose friends finally conveyed him from the church.

News of this tumult soon reached the council at the Hôtel de Ville, and threw the members into a state of wild perturbation. A dozen measures of precaution were debated, but nothing was decided on, and that night the burgomaster and magistrates went home to their beds, in the vain hope that the trouble would die out of itself.

This absolute lack of common-sense on the part of the city fathers led to its natural effect. Seeing that no precaution against violence was taken, the reformers grew bolder. The next morning a great

crowd of the dangerous element filled the cathedral, indulging in the same taunts as before. But some trifling incidents showed their temper. The stock in trade of an old woman, who sold wax-tapers and wafers on the cathedral steps, was destroyed and a fight ensued which soon spread to those within the cathedral.

On hearing of this tumult the senators proceeded to the cathedral in a body, hoping by their presence and the dignity of their positions to quell the mob. A day of excitement followed, but as night approached the church was emptied of most of its occupants, the senators leading the way. All the doors were closed but one, which was left open that those within the church might find their way out. It apparently did not occur to the worthy magistrates that others might find their way in.

Yet this was what occurred. The outer rabble forced their way through this open doorway, overcoming the opposition of the church officials, and soon all the doors were thrown wide open and a stream of rioters flowed in. The warders and treasurers fled, abandoning the valuable objects in their charge. The senators, informed of this new danger, made a futile effort to check the invasion and then fled in terror to the town-house, which they hastened to prepare to resist an attack.

The whole affair had been conducted in the most insensate fashion. The town authorities had proved utterly destitute of fitness to meet an emergency, and they now left the stately cathedral to its fate. It was not long before the rioters, left free to act, began a work of ravage. Evening mass was replaced by a

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INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ANTWERP
From the Painting by Peter Neefs

psalm, fiercely sung by a roar of hoarse voices. As it ended, the attack began.

The image of the Virgin was dragged out into the aisle by a wild band, its jewelled garments were torn off, the body was broken into a thousand pieces and its fragments were strewn over the floor. Then a wild carnival of devastation commenced. Every statue was hurled down, every picture torn from the wall, every painted window smashed, every monument shattered. In a remarkably brief time the gathered treasures of the ancient church, some of them centuries old, were utterly destroyed.

A colossal statue of Christ crucified between two thieves was torn down from the altar which it adorned, the images of the thieves being left in derision of its sacredness. Other splendid works of art were utterly ruined, axes, hammers and cudgels being used to break them into shreds. Nothing escaped. Seventy chapels were desecrated. Golden chalices were employed in drinking draughts of the sacramental wine to the beggars' health. All the splendid missals and manuscripts were burned. And this frightful work of destruction is said to have been done by not more than a hundred marauders, the remaining crowd looking on but not taking part.

Thus was the interior of the most splendid church in the Netherlands reduced to ruin in a few hours of that midsummer night, treasures which it had taken centuries to gather being in that brief space converted into heaps of rubbish. Their work done in this quarter, the rioters ran howling through the streets, each bearing a blazing torch and hurling to

the earth every sacred image found upon their path. From one church to another they went, until before morning thirty churches had been sacked and all their altars, statues, pictures, and other objects of value ruined. The monasteries and nunneries were invaded, and monks and nuns filled the streets, seeking safety wherever to be found. As for the people of wealth, they waited in trembling apprehension, thinking that their homes would next be attacked and robbed, and rape and murder follow.

They had no reason to fear. In all this night of terror no insult or injury was offered to man or woman. It was against the graven image, not against the living person, that the fury of the rioters was directed. And no thought of robbery appeared to exist. So far as is known, not a farthing's worth of the treasures assailed was kept as plunder. All were destroyed. It was a sudden and irresistible outbreak arising from the persecution of the inquisitors, which had aroused the reformers to a pitch of fanatical fury no longer to be restrained.

For two days and nights longer this work went on in the churches of Antwerp and its vicinity. When it had ended hardly a statue and picture remained intact. Many of these were doubtless of minor value as works of art, the great Dutch artists, Rubens in particular, not having as yet appeared to adorn the city with their noble work. But of such treasures as existed the destruction was complete, and the end of that carnival of iconoclasm left the churches of the city in a state of indescribable ruin. Yet not a man or woman was injured,

and prisoners, whose captivity seemed hopeless, were set free, one of these a monk who for twelve years had languished in the prison of the Barefoot Monastery.

This outbreak, which a little preliminary precaution would have averted, did not stop in Antwerp. It spread everywhere as news of it extended. The feeling of exasperation was universal and, as news of the Antwerp outbreak widened, it led in every quarter to similar attacks on the churches. No one knows how many of these sacred edifices were broken into and sacked, there being not less than four hundred in one province, that of Flanders. In Mechlin the work of destruction was done by seventy or eighty persons, the magistrates looking on in helpless dismay.

In Tournay, a city of great ecclesiastical splendor, but in which the religious hostility was intense, the work of the iconoclasts was thorough. The existing irritation was indicated a few days in advance by a trifling but significant incident. A Jesuit, preaching in the church of Notre Dame, told his hearers that his ardent wish was that he were good enough to die for them. He declared that no man should shrink from martyrdom in the service of the ancient faith.

In the midst of his fervid oration three sharp, sudden blows, of peculiar character, were made on the door of the church. On hearing them the would-be martyr grew ashy pale and dropped under the pulpit. From there he fled to the vestry and hastily locked and barred the door. A similar panic ran through the audience, and with cries of "The beggars are coming" they rushed wildly out of the

cathedral and through the streets, the whole city being thrown into a sudden tumult.

Nothing could have shown more clearly the excited state of public feeling, for when the cause of this wild flight became known it proved to be ridiculously trivial. A little urchin, who had been bathing in the river, had returned with a couple of swimming bladders under his arm. On passing the cathedral the spirit of mischief led him to strike the door with his swollen bladders. It was this bit of boyish playfulness that led to an uproar in which the frightened congregation fancied that the whole city was doomed to destruction.

This incident showed that Tournay was resting above a mine of explosive feeling. The existing apprehension proved to be well founded, the peril becoming frightfully evident when, a few days later, on the 22d of August, the tidings of the sacking of the churches in Antwerp and other cities arrived. The news was like a match applied to an explosive mine. A disorderly movement at once began which was quieted with difficulty. A "guard of terror" was set and the magistrates went to bed as in Antwerp with the hope that the excitement might blow over.

It was a vain hope. At daybreak of the next day the mob was in the street, bent upon mischief. In a brief period the churches were broken open and were being stripped of their valued contents. Pictures, statues, chalices of silver and gold, lamps, censers, all the rich furniture, much of it glittering with precious stones, were torn from their receptacles and flung in heaps upon the floor, to be trodden under foot by the maddened mob.

Throughout the city they went, and then spread to the country, armed with such weapons as they could seize, and bent on utter ruin of ecclesiastical objects. The convent of Marchennes, the most beautiful abbey in the Netherlands, was attacked, and within an hour's time all its treasures of art were destroyed. Other churches were ruined. How far this ravage might have spread it is not easy to say, for at Andun the rioters were met by the Seigneur de la Tour with a small band of armed peasants, and utterly routed. Five or six hundred of them were killed, others were drowned in the river and swamps, and the rest dispersed.

Such was the character of the mad outbreak which in a few August days spread terror throughout the cities and ruin in the churches of the country. The incident just narrated shows how easily it might have been prevented had there been a few more De la Tours among the authorities.

This wild foray indicated the general sympathy of the people with the doctrines of the Reformation. In the beginning of the summer this had led forth Calvinists and Lutherans, twenty thousand strong, to worship God in the open fields. Now it held the authorities in awe while a few of the populace committed their acts of ruthless destruction. In the words of the Prince of Orange, "a mere handful of rabble" did the deed. Sir Richard Clough saw ten or twelve rioters sack church after church while thousands of spectators looked on, no one lifting a hand to stop the work. There was no robbery, no bloodshed, the fury of the rioters was directed solely against the ecclesiastical symbols, and the scattered

relics were left for the priests to gather up again when the madness ended.

The outbreak filled the Duchess Regent with utter consternation, and she was with difficulty persuaded from taking to flight. Egmont denounced the outrages and busied himself with punishing the criminals. Many lukewarm friends of the reform withdrew from it in consequence of the outrage. As for the King, news of the iconoclastic outbreak threw him into a paroxysm of frenzy.

"It shall cost them dear!" he cried in fury; "it shall cost them dear! I swear it by the soul of my father!"

Cost them dear it did, this and other results of the reform crusade, as later events showed.

CHAPTER IX

WILLIAM THE SILENT, PRINCE OF ORANGE

In the period with which we are now dealing there is one name that comes ever into prominence, that of William, Prince of Orange, who was a leading spirit in all events of note and who was yet to play the greatest part in his country's history. We have seen him in his youthful days, offering his shoulder for the support of the Emperor, at the time of the famous abdication. We shall see him again in later years engaged in winning the freedom of his country from foreign dominion. A brief review of the earlier life of this great prince is here in place.

William the Silent is the title which he bears in history, but, as will be seen, this is a misnomer, arising solely from his discretion on one famous occasion.

The family of the Nassaus, from which he descended, had long been prominent in the Netherlands and had of old held sovereign power. One of its members, Adolph of Nassau, had occupied the imperial throne. Born in 1533, son of William, Count of Nassau, our hero inherited from his cousin René, who died in 1544, princely estates in Brabant, Flanders, and Holland, and the small principality of Orange, in southeast France, from which his title came.

Educated in the Protestant faith by his parents, at about the age of fifteen he became a page of the Emperor Charles V., who, discerning his native powers, admitted him into his most secret councils.

In 1554, when twenty-one years of age, Charles appointed him general-in-chief of the army, in the absence of the Duke of Savoy, giving him a post that was coveted by many able soldiers. The young commander proved himself worthy of the honor, and in the following year, on the abdication of the Emperor, it was he whom the enfeebled monarch selected as his support in the abdication ceremony.

Regarded as the greatest Flemish subject of Spain, the young Prince of Orange played a prominent part in the events that succeeded, took part in the war in Picardy, and was chosen as the secret negotiator of a peace with France. He conducted this diplomatic mission with such skill and sagacity that the treaty which followed was highly favorable to Spain and a monument to his diplomatic powers. Philip gave hostages for the due execution of this treaty, William being one of these. As such the young diplomat made a vital discovery which was to have a great influence over his later career.

While hunting with King Henry of France in the forest of Vincennes, the Prince and King became separated from the rest of the company and rode on alone. During this ride Henry, supposing his companion to be a Catholic, indiscreetly took him into his confidence in a matter of the highest moment.

He told the Prince that the public treaty recently signed was preliminary to a secret convention between himself and Philip of Spain, in which they were to bind themselves to massacre all the converts to the Protestant faith in France and the Netherlands. Knowing how deeply the Prince had been in councils of Charles V., and supposing him to hold a

like relation to Philip, Henry told him the whole story of this terrible project.

The Prince, while listening with horror and indignation to this frightful revelation, wisely kept his peace, and gave no indication by word or look that he was not in full sympathy with the horrible plot to murder all those whom the King designated as "that accursed vermin."

It was from his reticence on this occasion that William earned the surname of "the Silent." In truth, he was ordinarily talkative enough, but he could be discreet upon occasion, and this was an occasion for the utmost discretion.

From that hour the life work of the young noble was fixed. Visiting the Netherlands shortly afterwards, he made earnest efforts to excite strong opposition to the presence there of Spanish troops. While he had no religious sympathy for the reformers, or for the theological opinion of the people in general, he could not, he said, "but feel compassion for so many virtuous men and women thus devoted to death," and set himself to hinder, by all the means in his power, the kingly plot of massacre.

Philip soon after left the Netherlands for Spain, never to return. But before going he gave William, as stadtholder of Holland, Friesland, and Utrecht, strict orders to see that the judges should carry out the edicts of persecution against the reformers, "without infraction, alteration, or moderation, and with absolute rigor." He expressly gave him the names of certain "excellent persons suspected of the new religion," and ordered him to have them put to death. What William did, however, was to warn

them to escape, "thinking it more necessary to obey God than man."

The Prince of Orange was still youthful and is not to be considered in the sense in which he was regarded in later years, when he was looked upon as the "father of his country." In outward observance he had become a Catholic, but he gave little heed to creed or doctrine. Theology did not trouble his mind, and if the Protestant instruction he had received from his parents remained with him, he gave no evidence of it. It was not religious fervor that moved him in his actions, but detestation of murder and determination to do what he could to save the harmless reformers from horrible deaths.

In fact, he occupied himself largely in these days in enjoyments suited to his age and position, such as banquets, tournaments and the chase, the duties of a free hospitality, and the routine of official functions, civil and military. His establishment was conducted on almost a regal scale, there being twenty-four nobles and eighteen pages of high birth officially in his household, while his profuse table was served by a multitude of cooks and kitchen aids.

Personally he was ever gentle and kindly. "Never," we are told by a Catholic historian, "did an arrogant or indiscreet word fall from his lips. He on no occasion manifested anger to his servants, however much they might be in fault, but contented himself with admonishing them graciously, without menace or insult. He had a gentle and agreeable tongue, with which he could turn all the gentlemen at court any way he liked. He was beloved and honored by the whole community."

This free-handed and amiable personage was not likely to be graciously regarded by a man of the morose disposition of Philip II. In fact, a mutual enmity existed between the two, dissembled, but ever present.

In 1566, when the attempt of Philip to establish the Inquisition in its full enormity in the Netherlands provoked the insurrection, some phases of which we have seen, William refused to take a new oath of absolute obedience, and in 1567 he offered to resign all his offices.

Meanwhile the beggars' league was growing rapidly in members and as rapidly in audacity. Their banquets were as wild as the one we have described, and their language as hot as the wine they quaffed. With all this the Prince was out of accord. He well knew that Spaniards in the King's pay were present at most of these revels and that Philip was kept informed of their foolish demonstrations. He knew also that Philip was resolute in his purpose of massacring the heretics, and was merely biding his time till matters were ripe to carry out his edicts.

In fact, William of Orange knew far more than Philip of Spain dreamed of, and was more than his match in strategy. He was well aware that an army would soon be sent to put down the rebellious nobles and people. But two can practise the art of espionage as well as one, and the Prince was more clever than the King in this work. He organized a system of secret agents who kept him constantly informed of Philip's secret purposes. These penetrated to the inmost recesses of the royal palace

and discovered its most secret plots and plans. The King at night might carefully lock up important letters in his desk, but before morning these would be copied and the copies on their way to the Netherlands. If the monarch left memoranda in his pocket before retiring to bed, even these would be copied while he slept and their contents sent to William the Silent. This secret post kept the Prince well informed of Philip's hidden intentions and enabled him to circumvent many of the deep-laid plans of the cunning despot.

The events that succeeded may be briefly summarized. The city of Valenciennes, a hot-bed of heresy and sedition, was besieged and taken by the troops under Egmont and its people were treated with the frightful cruelty so common in captured cities in that era of barbarity.

Antwerp was another headquarters of Protestantism and, but for the valor and influence of Orange, might have met with a similar fate. The trouble there began when a force of some three thousand raw levies, with a commander as raw as his followers, marched upon the city. These were met by a body of eight hundred trained soldiers, and so utterly beaten that scarcely a man escaped.

This combat took place within sight of Antwerp, whose people could behold the bloody struggle from roofs and steeples. A furious tumult followed. There were forty thousand of the reformed sects in that city, Calvinists and Lutherans, and the excitement among the former became uncontrollable. Armed with weapons of every archaic sort, a body of ten thousand, inspired by bitter enmity,

and bent on the rescue of their friends outside the town, marched in fury through the streets.

It was at this point that the Prince of Orange showed his wisdom and decision. Knowing that this act exposed the great population of Antwerp, and all its wealth, which had been left under his charge, to massacre and destruction, he hastened to face the mad movement.

Leaping upon his horse, he rode with all speed to the Red Gate, where, almost alone, he confronted the furious and formidable armed mob. His life was in imminent danger. Derisive epithets were showered upon him. He was called the "Pope's servant," the "Minister of Antichrist," and similar titles, and a musket was levelled point-blank at his breast. Only that it was struck up by another hand, his career would have ended there and then.

Yet despite all these demonstrations of enmity he continued earnestly and imperatively to harangue the multitude. They had already broken open the Red Gate, but he told them they were too late, that their friends had been cut to pieces and the enemy was retiring, and that a disorderly and half-armed mob would be of no avail against the triumphant troops.

His arguments at length prevailed and most of the crowd withdrew, only about five hundred insisting on going forward. This outbreak was disastrous to the men they came to rescue, three hundred of whom had been taken prisoners. De Beauvoir, commander of the victorious troops, fearing that he could not hold so many captives with his small force, had them all shot down in cold

blood; and then advanced upon the over-eager five hundred. These, their valor suddenly evaporating, hastily retreated within the gates. De Beauvoir marched his men to the city moat and sounded his trumpets in defiance. No one came through the gates to face him and, thinking that the desire for fight had fled from the citizens, he led his men away.

But all was far from being at rest within the city. The retiring Calvinists had retired to the Mere, a large thoroughfare or open space within the city, bordered by stately buildings. Here there gathered a body of from twelve to fifteen thousand Calvinists, armed and full of martial rage and passion. They barricaded the place and planted upon the barricades many field pieces which they had taken from the arsenal. They had also broken open the city jail and freed the prisoners, who joined their ranks.

Mischief was afoot and an intense alarm prevailed throughout the city. But the Prince faced this new danger as resolutely as the other. Eight companies of guards, enrolled for the defence of the public buildings, were mustered in the square fronting the city hall, and all the magistracy, guild-masters and other leaders of the municipality were assembled for consultation in the council chamber. The Prince again faced the incensed mob, despite their threats and their weapons, and insisted upon their appointing eight deputies to consult with him and the magistrates. With all haste he drew up six articles of settlement, which were offered to and accepted by the deputies and the officials. These provided that the Prince and Hoogstraaten, the two governors of the city, should have charge of

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THE NIGHT WATCH
By Rembrandt

the city keys, the watch should be held by soldiers and burghers, no garrison should be admitted to the city, and citizens should have care of the charters.

When these articles were submitted to the Calvinists at the Mere they positively rejected them, and demanded that the keys of the city should be in their keeping, and also that burghers alone, without distinction of religion, should be placed on guard.

Night fell with no agreement, all the parties engaged took part in the night guard, Calvinists being posted on the ramparts and at the gates. The following day passed quietly but ominously, the Prince and city officials occupying themselves in framing a new set of articles, with provisions adding to the prominence of the Reformed sections in city affairs.

The Calvinists, however, continued in a frame of mind that no compact could quiet, and another night of deep anxiety passed. The Antwerp Protestants embraced many Lutherans as well as Calvinists, and the enmity between these Protestant sects was as fierce as that between Reformers and Romanists. The Calvinists, however, invited the Lutherans to join them, threatening them, if they should refuse, with the same fate as they designed for the Catholics.

During that night the Prince of Orange, whose training had been in the Lutheran faith, interviewed the ministers and leading members of that sect and induced them to join with the Catholics and with all friends of order against the crew of outlaws who were threatening to sack and burn the city. In consequence some three or four thousand armed Lutherans collected during the night,

camping on the river side near St. Michael's cloister. The aid of the various mercantile associations was also enlisted in aid of the city authorities.

On the morning of March 15, 1567, the city of Antwerp presented an alarming spectacle. Within its walls were three distinct armies, the Calvinists, the Lutherans, and the Catholics, numbering in all about forty thousand men, all armed, all inspired by sectarian enmity, and all breathing fire and slaughter. "Never were men so desperate and so willing to fight," we are told. The Prince of Orange knew well the horrible consequences which would follow an appeal to arms, and he knew as well that all hope of arresting a frightful conflict rested upon himself.

The Articles prepared the day before had been accepted by the Lutheran and Catholic leaders. At ten o'clock Prince William, attended by Hoogstraaten, his colleague in the governorship, and a committee of city officials, and followed by a hundred troopers, rode to the Mere. The Calvinists faced them, fierce and threatening. The Prince, however, was allowed by them to ride into the square. Here he had the Articles read, made some remarks upon them, and pointed out that they contained every concession to the Reformers that could reasonably be asked. He also told them that a combat would be hopeless to them, since their opponents outnumbered them two to one. He earnestly advised them to accept the peace he offered and testify to it by repeating the words with which he should conclude. Then, in a ringing voice, he exclaimed, "God save the King!"

For a moment the Calvinists hesitated, then, won to reason by his words, they roared out in one tremendous shout, *" Vive le Roi."*

The deed was done, the articles of peace were accepted, battle and outrage averted, Antwerp saved. Rarely has a city passed through so critical interval as Antwerp experienced during those three days.

The Prince of Orange was never to use those words again. The long-growing enmity between him and Philip II. was soon to bear fruit. Philip had devised a new oath to the effect that those in authority should obey every order he might receive, against every person and in every place, without restriction or limitation. This was accepted by Egmont and others, but Orange utterly refused to subscribe to it, and no persuasion could induce him to accept such an unlimited obligation.

He knew very well what this refusal would mean, that his doom was sealed if he remained within reach of the gloomy tyrant at Madrid. He knew also that Egmont and Horn, despite their services to the King, were similarly doomed. They were too prominent and influential to be left free to act. But he could not convince them of their danger. Wiser than they, Orange wrote to Philip, resigning all his offices, and then left the country, seeking safety in Germany, from which he was not to return except at the head of an army.

As for Egmont and Horn, they allowed themselves to be cajoled with soft words until the despot was ready to act. The result was as the Prince had predicted. Their arrest came soon after, and they eventually paid for their credulity with their lives.

CHAPTER X

THE DUKE OF ALVA AND THE COUNCIL OF BLOOD

THE departure of William of Orange came at a time of great depression for the cause of reform. The confederacy organized by Brederode had fallen to pieces. Of its chieftains, some were in exile, some in prison, some had gone back to the government side. Brederode, their organizer and leader, who paid more heed to the wine-cup than to patriotic duty, sought safety in Germany, and soon after died there of chagrin and hard drinking.

As for the popular cause in the Netherlands, it had practically ceased to exist. Apprehension everywhere prevailed. The soldiers of the confederacy were put to flight, pursued, cut to pieces, hanged, drowned or burned. Of the artisan class, the most industrious portion left the land in droves. The Reformers were driven from the cities to their old secret hiding places, their meeting houses burned, their ministers and leaders hanged, their disciples treated with shameful inhumanity, their property confiscated, multitudes of them sent to the scaffold. Under a newly issued proclamation every person who in any way showed affiliation with the Reformers was sentenced to the gallows. This was the work of the Duchess Regent, but, severe as it was, it appeared so mild to the King as to excite his wrath. He was furious that heretics should be suffered to hang when they ought to be burned. It

is not surprising, under these conditions, that great numbers of the people suddenly became ardent Catholics, and other numbers, who were not ready to abandon their faith, deserted their native land.

How numerous were the heretics is evident from the great number shown to dwell in Antwerp during the outbreak in that city. So abundant were they, in fact, that, on the 16th of February, 1568, the Inquisition issued the most extraordinary and inhuman edict ever recorded in the history of mankind. The Roman emperor who wished that all his foes had but one neck that he might strike off their heads at a single blow, contented himself with a wish, but Philip II. and the Inquisition sought to put this fell purpose into effect. A sentence of the Holy Office condemned *all the inhabitants* of the Netherlands to death as heretics, only a few persons, specially named, being excepted. This decision of the Inquisition was confirmed ten days afterward by the King, who ordered it to be carried into instant execution, without regard to sex, age, or condition. Nothing resembling this frightful decree can be found elsewhere in the pages of history. That it might be put into execution a Spanish army was send to the Netherlands, led by a man in whose soul no instinct of pity had ever been felt. The story of this invasion comes here in place.

Ferdinando Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, the leader of this army, a man then sixty years of age, was at that time the most successful general of Spain, if not of all Europe. He had fought in all the campaigns of Charles V., never losing a battle, had signally defeated the infidel Turks, and was

now sent to deal with the heretics of the Netherlands.

The army led by this doughty leader consisted of about ten thousand picked and veteran soldiers, capable of dealing with ten times their number of Netherland recruits. They comprised nearly nine thousand of the best foot-soldiers of Europe, and about twelve hundred cavalry of equal skill and training.

For twelve days this small army made its way through Burgundy, twelve through Lorraine, trailing along through mountain passes and intricate forest. During this difficult journey they were closely watched, by a Swiss force on one side, a French force on the other. But no opposition was offered to their march. Those in the Netherlands who had reasons to fear them were equally supine, and they finally reached the soil of that country without a hand being raised to hinder their march. Egmont, who might have struck a blow for his country had he been the traitor to the King he was accused of being, rode out to welcome Alva to his native soil, while Orange was at that date a helpless fugitive in Germany.

The whole of the Netherlands lay supinely at the feet of the new Captain-General, who proceeded to take possession of all its strongholds, distributing his soldiers through the principal cities, the keys of which he demanded and the fortifications of which he proceeded to strengthen.

The Duchess Regent was furious at this invasion, which robbed her of all her authority over the land which she had been chosen to rule. As for the

people themselves, universal consternation prevailed. Those who could flee from the fatal land hastened to cross the borders. All foreign merchants left the great marts of commerce. The cities, centers of busy industry, became silent as cemeteries. Hopeless dismay filled all hearts. The sword had descended upon them and none could foresee what fate awaited their land. Few or none recognized that a step had been taken that would in time rouse the country in opposition, drive the invaders from the soil, and put an end to Spanish dominion in the Netherlands.

To put the inhabitants of this country under the practically absolute rule of a relentless and avaricious bigot like the Duke of Alva was one of the worst acts in the life of the Spanish tyrant. Alva began his career of ruthless persecution with the arrest of Counts Egmont and Horn, whom he deceived with a show of friendly interest until ready to seize these trusting dupes. This act was in accordance with the orders of Philip, whose method was to cut off the heads of the heaviest stalks of wheat, and who doubtless was enraged at the escape of William of Orange to a realm beyond his jurisdiction.

Alva, in fact, lost no time in carrying out all the orders of the despotic king. In announcing, September 9, 1567, to Philip the capture of Egmont and Horn, he told him that he intended to establish a new court for the trial of crimes committed during the period of trouble. This tribunal was immediately created, under the title of the Council of Troubles. The people, however, soon gave it

a more fitting and terrible title, when they named it the Council of Blood, the name by which it became known to history.

This frightful tribunal replaced all other courts or councils. It defined and punished the crime of treason, but announced as treason any evidence of free thought, any claim to liberty, or any assertion that its decisions were subject to the laws or charters of the land. All these were denounced as high treason, and for this wide-embracing crime there was but one punishment, that of instant death.

As regards the operation of the Council of Blood, we are told that in less than three months after its institution it had condemned eighteen hundred persons to execution, among them some of the noblest, highest and most virtuous in the land. And yet this monstrous tribunal had no charter or formal warrant for existence. It was no more than a judicial club, its members appointed by the Duke of Alva, its self-appointed president. Of its members only two were given the right of voting, and their votes were subject to his will.

There was more than murder, or massacre under a fiction of law, involved in this. Plunder was included. Alva, according to his own vaunt, had promised that a golden river, a yard in depth, should be sent to irrigate the thirsty soil of Spain, and among the chief crimes of those condemned was the possession of wealth. Confiscation followed death, and the flow of the golden river quickly began.

As for describing the harvest of death that followed, it is beyond our scope and too monstrous to be detailed. We read of eighty-four citizens of

THE DUKE OF ALVA IN BRUSSELS

Valenciennes being sentenced in one day, forty-six at another place, and similar examples elsewhere. On the eve of Shrovetide five hundred were arrested at once, and all quickly executed. That no crime could be charged against them did not matter. Innocence was no valid plea.

"No matter for that," said Vargas, the most cruel of the councillors; "if the man has died innocent, it will be the better for him when he takes his trial in the next world."

Peter de Witt of Amsterdam was executed because during a tumult in that city he had persuaded a rioter *not to fire* upon a magistrate. This was held to be proof that he was a man in authority among the rebels and therefore subject to death for high treason.

Thus was the Netherlands crushed. Innocence, like all false charges of crime, was of no avail. A man arrested on any plea, or even absence of plea, could hope for no escape—especially if he was possessed of money or estate. Everywhere human beings were hung, burned, beheaded. Everywhere evidences of the work of the Council of Blood might be seen. In the streets, on the door-posts of houses, even on the trees of orchards in the fields, this harvest of death was constantly evident. Grass began to grow in the streets of depopulated towns. In the marts of trade and industry the hammer had ceased to sound, the ship to take on freight.

Such were the opening stages in the career in the Netherlands of the infamous Duke of Alva. There is much more to be said of this career, for it continued for five years, during which, as he after-

wards boasted, he executed eighteen thousand men, while during his term of office one hundred thousand deserted their native country, carrying their arts and industries to England. His executioners shed more blood than his soldiers, none of the provinces holding their own against his veterans except Holland and Zealand. As for the Blood Council, it executed all whose opinions were open to question and whose wealth was open to confiscation; the present and absent, the living and dead, being subjected alike to trial and their property to plunder if the vestige of a charge could be adduced against them.

All this did not go on without opposition. There were generals in the field—William and his brother Louis of Orange. There were fighters afloat—the Beggars of the Sea. The story of their exploits is still to come. But it may here be said that the war kindled by Alva burned for nearly seventy years, costing Spain untold treasure, her finest troops, and the loss of seven of the richest provinces of the Netherlands.

CHAPTER XI

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE TO THE RESCUE

The Netherlands were not fully abandoned to the ruthless and avaricious Duke of Alva. The Prince of Orange, proscribed, outlawed, forced to flee for his life, his Netherland property seized, beheld with bitter indignation the merciless harrying of his country, and issued a declaration in which he appealed to the world for the justice of his cause, and denounced the King, who, he said, had broken all his royal oaths and obligations.

The Prince did not stop with this. His country lay bleeding at the feet of the infamous Governor-General and there was none but him to come to its rescue. This he hastened to do, making strenuous efforts to raise funds and troops to invade the provinces. He was in league with the Protestant princes of Germany and the exiled nobles of the Netherlands, who were anxious to aid him. Recruits were daily enlisted and put under the command of his brother Louis, one of the most skilful and daring soldiers of the age. Money was contributed freely by the nobles and himself, he selling all his jewels, plate, tapestry and other valuables for the cause, being ready to beggar himself for the freedom of his country.

His plan was to invade the provinces from three different points, while he held an army in reserve at Cleves. Of these ventures two proved unsuc-

cessful, the invading forces being easily defeated by the Spanish veterans. The third, under the lead of Louis of Nassau, crossed the frontier of Friesland on the 2d of April, 1568, and made active efforts to gather recruits in that province, among those gained being a small troop of horse led by his younger brother Adolphus. "Freedom for fatherland and conscience," the inscription on his standard, brought men in numbers to his banners.

Meanwhile Alva was not idle. Count Aremberg, just returned from the war with the Huguenots of France, was ordered in all haste to the threatened province, with a force of nearly twenty-five hundred men, while Count Meghem, with about fifteen hundred, was hurried forward to coöperate with him. It seemed to the astute Alva that the horde of raw recruits under Louis could not stand for a moment before four thousand of the able and well-armed Spanish veterans.

It was the 18th of May before the army of Aremberg reached Vollenhove, to which he had hastened with an advance force and where he had been laid up for a week with the gout. Despite this affliction he immediately ordered a march upon the enemy, he being carried on a litter with the advancing troops. On his way through Groningen he received six pieces of artillery, which had oddly been christened with the notes of the musical gamut: *ut, re, mé, fa, sol, la.* These later acquired historical celebrity, though on the present occasion the Spaniards were not to dance to their music.

Louis of Nassau was then at the city of Dam, which the enemy reached on May 22, a skirmish

following with a body of arquebusiers sent out by Louis, who were repulsed with a loss of twenty or thirty men. Meghem was still fifty miles distant, but wrote to Aremberg that he would join him on the 23d.

While this was going on Louis withdrew from Dam, marching at midnight and falling back along the Woldweg ("forest road"), a narrow passage through a wide swamp. Heiligar Lee ("Holy Lion"), where he drew up his line, was a wooded eminence, the only high ground in a vast spread of swampy lowlands. The ground was used as pastures, but was crossed in all directions by impassable ditches, which made the country almost impregnable.

Aremberg did not wait for Meghem, but led his soldiers along the causeway, in hot pursuit of what he deemed a mere rabble, who had fled at sight of his men and would not stand for a moment against them. He did not give proper credit to the skill of his opponent. Louis awaited him near the abbey of the Holy Lion, behind him a wood, before him the causeway traversed by the Spaniards. Here the "beggars" were drawn up in two squadrons, flanked by musketeers, while on the brow of the hill was a large body of light armed troops. The cavalry, three hundred strong, were posted in front, on the wooded side of the road traversed by the Spaniards.

Aremberg was well aware of the character of the country, knowing that it was filled with pitfalls, deep pools from which peat had been dug and which were covered by a turf-like green scum. He

proposed to wait here for the reinforcements which Meghem was bringing up. But his soldiers and captains were eager to advance, sure that the enemy, whom they had seen hastily leaving the city of Dam the previous day, would fall to pieces at a touch.

Such was their eagerness that Aremberg, much against his will and judgment, at length gave way. The light troops on the brow of the hill were fired upon by the musical cannon brought from Groningen and after a few shots were seen to scamper hastily from their position. Ignorant that this was a pre-arranged stratagem, the eager Spaniards followed, charging upon the stationary squares.

In a moment the whole vanguard plunged into the morass, where they hopelessly struggled in the deep pools, while the musketeers of the enemy poured a deadly fire upon them. Those who succeeded in reaching solid ground were charged by the pikemen of the squadrons and driven back into the strangling mud. At the same time the smaller of the two squadrons, as yet concealed by the hill flank, made a detour around its base and enveloped the rear-guard of the Spaniards, before they could come to the aid of their comrades, and broke their ranks to pieces.

The rout was sudden and complete. Aremberg saw that the day was lost and that only a heroic death could retrieve his honor. Putting himself at the head of his small body of cavalry, he charged hotly forward. Adolphus of Nassau, at the head of an equal number of horse, met the onset. The leaders singled out each other, each firing pistol shots and Aremberg striking fiercely with his sabre.

Adolphus, with a bullet through his body and a sabre-cut in his head, fell dead, and two soldiers near him were slain by the same potent blade.

But soon after a musket ball wounded the horse of Aremberg, which fell with its rider, also wounded. A few followers raised the horse and bleeding rider and sought to lead him from the field. But his hour had come. After staggering a few paces, the horse fell dead. The rider managed to walk to the edge of a meadow near the road. Here, wounded, crippled with gout, and burdened with the weight of his armor, he calmly awaited death. It came soon. An advancing troop rode upon him and cut him down, as, like a Homeric champion, he fought single-handed against a battalion of the foe.

Hardly had this struggle ended when a trumpet sound was heard. It came from Meghem's advance, which was now near at hand. Seeing that all was hopelessly lost he took the best course remaining, returning upon his track and making his way back to the city of Groningen, the key of Friesland, which he thus secured.

The tidings of this disaster to his trusty troops was received by the Duke of Alva with dismay and with a wrath greater than his dismay. He determined to take the field in person and annihilate this doughty antagonist. But first he exhausted his fury upon the unfortunates within his power. He issued an edict banishing the Prince of Orange and the other emigrant nobles and confiscating all their estates. He razed to the ground the Culemberg Palace, in which the Beggar fraternity had been formed. On June 1 eighteen prisoners of dis-

tinction were executed on the Brussels horse-market, their heads being fixed upon stakes, to which their bodies were fastened. Others suffered on the following day, and on the 3d his prisoners of highest distinction, Counts Egmont and Horn, were brought to Brussels under a strong guard. Their trials, which had taken place at Ghent, were of the kind used for captives already doomed and against whom the slightest misdoing is tortured into evidence of guilt.

The documents in the case were examined before the Blood Council, and the bloodthirsty Duke declared that they were full of evidence of guilt and that these illustrious personages were guilty of high treason. They were therefore sentenced to immediate execution, and this sentence was carried out despite all the influence that could be brought to bear upon the unrelenting Governor-General. In this, however, he was simply carrying out the orders of the Spanish King.

The deed of blood took place on the 5th of June, in the great square of Brussels, the condemned nobles being beheaded and their heads exposed upon iron stakes. Thus they remained for two days, before the bodies were delivered to their friends for burial. Thus died Philip Montmorency, Count of Horn, and Lamoral of Egmont, Prince of Gavre, the most illustrious victims that fell before the cruel will of Philip II. of Spain and his ruthless agent. Noble statues have been erected on the scene of their legalized murder.

Having thus taken vengeance upon the doomed victims of the despot of Spain, Alva took the field

THE LAST MOMENTS OF COUNT EGMONT

in person against Louis of Nassau at the head of an army of 15,000 trained troops and a large number of less-disciplined soldiers.

Louis, on the contrary, while he had under him 10,000 to 12,000 men, was badly handicapped by lack of funds, his only revenue being such sums as he could obtain by levying upon the people. As a result his unpaid men were in a state of mutiny, and could with difficulty be brought to face the foe.

The result of the engagement that followed, in the vicinity of Groningen, was disastrous to the patriots, who were put to flight, with large loss, and forced to seek refuge in the swampy ground surrounding.

Battle was renewed on the 21st of July, a few days later, Louis being now helplessly fettered by his mutinous troops, who swore to disband if they were not immediately paid—and this on the very verge of battle. They were, however, in a place in which retreat was impossible, in an enclosed place between the Spanish army and the river Ems. Louis told them that they must conquer or die. Only in their own swords lay any chance of escape from destruction.

The battle that followed, with troops like those pitted against an army of the best troops in Europe and led by one of the ablest commanders, could have but one termination. The coward troops quickly broke and fled, throwing down their arms and being slaughtered like sheep, hundreds who escaped the swords of the Spaniards being driven to drown in the river. It is said that in this massacre *seven* Spaniards were killed and *seven thousand* rebels. The work of death lasted two

days, very few escaping. Count Louis finally made his escape by swimming across the Ems, and with the small remnant of his troops took refuge in Germany.

Thus ended the first effort to wrest the Netherlands from the hand of Spain. On the return of the triumphant Spaniards they treated the province like a conquered country, killing and burning all before them, the outrages being so gross and terrible that even the Duke of Alva felt it necessary to hang some of the men who had been most prominent in this foul work. Thus did the iron duke vindicate the supremacy of Spain upon the soil of the Netherlands.

The failure of the Prince of Orange in this campaign did not discourage his resolute soul. His friends in Germany thought his case hopeless and advised him to sit still. The Emperor went further and forbade him to "move hand or foot in the cause of the perishing provinces." If he should do anything to violate the peace of the realm it would be at his own peril.

All this had little effect on the mind of William of Orange. His people were being slaughtered in multitudes and he stood ready to devote all his life and strength to their cause. With enormous effort he collected at his own expense an army of nearly 30,000 men, and on the 31st of August, 1568, he hurled defiance at the infamous Duke of Alva in an open declaration of war. With political astuteness he did not direct this against Philip of Spain, whom he affected to be ignorant of the acts of his bloodthirsty Captain-General. He was obliged to

wear this transparent mask to solace the susceptibilities of the German princes and emperor, though with no thought that it would deceive any one as to the real significance of his declaration.

The first step in the new campaign was a brilliant one. On the night of October 4, under the light of a brilliant moon, he led his army across the Meuse, which by chance was then unusually low. The men marched in water that reached to their necks, while the cavalry, stationed in midstream, protected their crossing.

This feat attracted wide attention. It had seemed impossible and was flatly contradicted, the Duke of Alva, on being told of it, saying scornfully:

"Is the army of the Prince of Orange a flock of wild geese, that it can fly over rivers like the Meuse?"

A burgher of Amsterdam, who spoke of it as a matter of common report, was scourged at the whipping post for his credulity. Yet it was true. Orange and his men stood on the soil of Brabant, ready to fight again in his country's cause.

Unfortunately, his first success in this campaign was destined to be his last. The Duke of Alva, knowing the difficulty with which the army of his opponent had been raised and his lack of means to keep such a force in the field, adopted the shrewd policy of refusing to fight. His own army was to be kept in the field, but constantly beyond the reach of the invaders. He proposed to wear out the Prince's army by marches and counter-marches, at the same time destroying all food in its line of movement. The cunning Spaniard knew that delay

would fight for him more effectively than his own men could do.

As a result of this shrewd plan the campaign lasted little more than a month. At every movement of the Prince the Duke kept close at hand, ready to strike if opportunity offered, but taking care not to be struck. The expected consequence followed. The Prince's troops, without pay or plunder, and with little food, grew mutinous. In one demonstration the Prince's sword was shot from his side. To keep the men together within sight of an enemy whom they could not reach was bitterly tantalizing and annoying and was sure to prove impossible.

Only on one occasion did Alva show fight. The army of the Prince had crossed the Geta River, leaving a rear guard to protect the crossing. On this force, three thousand strong, Alva threw a body of seven thousand troops, dealing with them so shrewdly that scarce a man remained. So successful was this movement that Vitelli, in command of the advance, sent a messenger to the Duke, begging him to march the main body across the stream and annihilate the rebels in a general battle.

This message threw the Duke into a rage. He was furious to find that his leading officers failed to comprehend his well-devised plan of campaign.

"Go back to Vitelli!" he furiously exclaimed. "Is he, or am I, to command in this campaign? Tell him not to suffer a single man to cross the river. Warn him against sending any more envoys to advise a battle. Should you or any other man dare to bring me another such message, I swear to

you, by the head of the King, that you go not hence alive."

This was the only engagement in that campaign of disaster. Of the 30,000 of the Prince's army, 8,000 had been lost in the fight described and other petty encounters. All the funds he could raise had been wasted without result. He was practically penniless and utterly outgeneralled. Nothing remained but to retreat to Germany, and that was no easy enterprise. He led his army back to the Meuse, but it was now too high to be crossed. Then he turned south, and finally crossed the border of France.

He had it in view to take part in the war between the Catholics and Huguenots of France, but in this his men, enlisted in Germany for war in the Netherlands, refused to take part. Thus, in the end, nothing remained but to return to Germany and disband his army. He paid them as well as he could by pawning his camp equipage, his plate and furniture, promising faithfully to pay in the future all that remained. Thus ended the first effort of the gallant Prince of Orange to rescue his country. Years were to pass before he could return to the field.

CHAPTER XII

THE OCEAN OVERWHELMS THE LAND

THE Netherlands, and especially Holland, are a domain rescued from the sea. In effect these Low Lands belong to the Atlantic, and man owns them only by conquest, not by original possession. Only by strenuous labor have they been won, and only by similar labor have they been kept. To the sand dunes flung up by the ocean man has added a series of strong battlements, sea-walls built and held by vast labor, with great water-gates to let the ocean waves in when necessity should demand. This necessity has arisen more than once, as will appear in future chapters. And more than once the ocean has forced its way in and reconquered in part its lost domain.

One of the greatest of these eruptions of the sea took place near the end of the year 1570, adding to the terrors brought upon the land at the hand of the Duke of Alva a still greater terror due to the waters of the broad Atlantic.

Floods in this low-lying corner of Europe have not been infrequent. One of the greatest was that of 1282, when the ocean waves broke through the sand barrier at the mouth of the Scheldt, the overflowing waters forming the great gulf known as the Zuyder Zee, which has recently been in part reconquered by the strenuous labors of the busy Hollanders. There have been other disasters of similar kind, but none so destructive as that of 1570.

On that occasion the waters of the Atlantic were

poured into the North Sea by a furious and long-continued northwest gale. The dykes, assailed by the heaping billows, gave way on all sides and the triumphant waters poured in floods over the land. While the cities of Flanders were inundated, the low and narrow peninsula of North Holland was in the greatest danger of being utterly swept away.

The great Diemer dyke, between Amsterdam and Mayden, was broken in twelve places. The strong bulwark of the Hand-bos, a structure of stout, oaken piles, moored with great anchors, fastened with strong clamps, and strengthened by granite and gravel, snapped asunder before the thundering waves. Of all the various dykes only the Sleeper, one built for great emergencies, held firm and saved the peninsula from utter ruin.

Through the breaks poured the heaping billows. Rotterdam, Dort, and other cities were deeply inundated. Fishing vessels and even larger ships were driven inland and came to rest amid groves and orchards or were hurled upon dwellings in their path.

Throughout this region the loss of life and property was enormous. But the destruction was still greater in Friesland, on the opposite side of the Zuyder Zee, where all the dykes gave way and the whole land was converted into a raging sea. Above the water only the church towers and high peaked roofs of inland cities rose, like scattered islands telling of man's former occupancy. Whole districts, with their villages and farm buildings, were engulfed, the floating dwellings borne along by the waves, while men, women and children, horses, cattle and sheep were drowned in helpless multitudes.

Everything that would float was seized and utilized by the fugitives. People gathered on the roofs and steeples of churches and in the tops of trees, praying for aid and mercy. In a few hours thousands of human beings were swept into the watery grave and it seemed as if the whole population would be submerged.

When the storm at length subsided, boats began to ply in every direction, rescuing those on roofs and tree-tops and those afloat on supports in the water, and also collecting the bodies of the drowned. While many lives were saved by these exertions, it is estimated that not less than twenty thousand persons were drowned in the one province of Friesland, and in all the Netherlands fully one hundred thousand persons lost their lives. As for the value of the property destroyed and the animals drowned no estimate could be made, the loss being enormous.

The storm continued throughout the 1st and 2d of November, and as the former was the day of All Saints, the Spaniards declared that the affliction was sent by Heaven upon the Netherlands as a punishment of the heretics. As for the people themselves, they were overwhelmed by the disaster. God and man alike seemed against them, dooming them to destruction. The fierce hand of bigotry had put multitudes of the innocent to death, and now, in a few hours, the cruel hand of nature had brought more havoc than human tyranny had been able to accomplish in years. It is not surprising that despair lay heavy upon the land thus assailed on all sides, and it took long to recover from the disaster.

CHAPTER XIII

AN ACT OF PATRIOTIC DARING

Among the varied incidents that took place in the Netherlands during the domination of the Duke of Alva there was none more striking as an act of desperate courage than the one we propose to narrate. While it was hopeless of any successful outcome, it illustrates well the desperation of the inhabitants and the ferocious daring that grows from the horrors of civil war.

The narrow territory lying between the Meuse and the Waal Rivers forms an island known by the name of the Isle of Bommel. It is a region of military and naval importance. On it, in a slender hook at the junction of the two streams, stood in past times the castle of Lowestein, occupying its western verge and commanding the two cities of Gorcum and Dorcum and the navigation of the intervening waters. A small garrison held the castle, which no one dreamed of as a place open to assault.

One evening, near the end of December, 1570, four persons in the dress of monks, their cowls and robes being those of the mendicant order of Grey Friars, appeared at the castle gates and requested shelter for the night. They were at once admitted and taken to the commandant, who, as they entered, was standing by the fire, talking with his wife.

The foremost of the visitors, on coming near, asked him if he held the castle for the Duke of Alva or the Prince of Orange. He replied that he recognized

no prince and no superior except Philip, King of Spain. On hearing these words the seeming monk drew a pistol from under his robe and shot the commandant through the head. The others, taking advantage of the panic into which this act threw the feeble garrison, fiercely attacked the soldiers and quickly made themselves masters of the place.

The leader of the assailants was really a drover, named Herman de Ruyter, an ardent partisan of the Prince of Orange. During the next day the captors introduced into the castle some twenty-five men, who at once set to work to strengthen the defences of the place. The reinforcement intended was much stronger than this, but floods and frost had made the roads impassable, and the remainder of the party failed to reach the place, leaving the weak vanguard to hold it alone.

This daring deed soon became known, and the governor of the region of Bois le Duc at once dispatched a body of two hundred men, under Captain Perez, to recover the captured fortress. This would not have been an easy matter if the garrison had been of any strength. On its outward walls the castle was bathed by the waters of the two streams, and on its inward side it was defended by two redoubts, with a double interior fosse.

But a garrison of less than thirty men could not hold out long against two hundred well-armed soldiers. On the first day the Spaniards cannonaded the walls until a breach was made. On the second they gallantly carried the inner works and made themselves masters of the place, most of the defenders being killed or captured in the onset.

In a brief time De Ruyter remained alone, standing at bay on the threshold of an inner room. Here he fought with astonishing courage and skill, wielding his sword with the strength of a giant, while Spaniard after Spaniard fell to the floor before his trenchant blade.

At length, pressed by assailants and weakened from loss of blood, he retreated slowly backward into the hall, followed hotly by the throng of enemies. A moment later a terrific explosion took place. The stalwart drover had applied a match to a train of powder he had previously laid and the hall in which they stood was blown to fragments, De Ruyter and his assailants sharing a common death.

Thus ended this remarkable deed of daring. Those of the defenders who were taken were executed and De Ruyter's remains nailed upon the gallows at Bois le Duc. But the gallant drover had taught his countrymen a useful lesson in gallantry and patriotism.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BEGGARS OF THE SEA

The story of the Netherlands embraces many other tales of war and devastation, battles by land and sea, siege and capture of cities, massacre of innocent populations, slaughter of so-called heretics, a carnival of blood and cruelty such as the world has rarely seen. Yet instead of putting down the spirit of rebellion and heresy by these means, Alva only augmented it; the insurrection, fomented and sustained by the Prince of Orange, steadily growing, while Protestantism made rapid progress. This was especially the case in the northern provinces, those of Holland and Friesland, where Catholicism practically disappeared.

Even in the Belgian provinces, where the Catholic faith was widely held, the spirit of insurrection grew. It became more and more evident to the people that the infamous Governor-General was more concerned in filling his pockets with the wealth of his murdered victims than in furthering the cause of the Church of Rome, and that Catholics were little safer than Protestants if so unfortunate as to possess wealth. Even death by natural causes did not suffice. The bodies of persons against whom the shadow of a charge could be made were dug from the grave and bound to the gallows as an excuse for confiscating their estates.

Thus was kept up the flow of the river of gold

to Spain promised by Alva, much of it apparently making its way into his private coffers. When the yellow flood began to fail at its source new expedients were adopted to restore it. A law was passed requiring the tenth and the twentieth of all products to be paid into the public funds, and on July 3, 1571, Alva issued an edict to the effect that this tax should be summarily collected.

This edict precipitated what was practically an insurrection. The law had been bitterly opposed by the people and the attempt to enforce it was widely and effectively resisted. Every province, every city, remonstrated. The people gathered in masses and protested vehemently against the illegal and cruel impost. They went further, the merchants and petty dealers closing their places of business. Not a farthing was paid, there being no tenth or twentieth to pay. The authority of the Duke of Alva was openly defied, no man saluted him as he passed through the streets, and the hatred of the people could scarcely be concealed.

Everything stopped. "The brewers refused to brew, the bakers to bake, the tapsters to tap." Multitudes suffered from lack of employment and general starvation seemed imminent. Articles of everyday necessity could not be had. Even in the capital bread, meat, and other provisions vanished from sight. The country was in insurrection—quietly but effectively.

This silent rebellion threw the tyrant Duke into paroxysms of rage. Months passed and no money was forthcoming. In the end he determined to cow the traders by a terrible example. This was to hang

eighteen of the leading tradesmen of the city at the doors of their own shops, without delay, without charge, and without trial. Master Carl, public executioner, was sent for and ordered to prepare eighteen hangman's cords and eighteen ladders twelve feet long. These were to be used the next day in putting his project into execution. He thought that the sight of a dozen and a half of butchers and bakers hanging before their shop doors would stimulate trade more than any argument or proclamation.

Fortunately for the condemned traders news came in during that night that caused the irate governor to delay his purpose. The "Beggars of the Sea" had shown their daring and audacity. They had landed in Holland and the town of Brill was in their hands. The situation was a critical one, and forced the Duke for the time to postpone his plans of private vengeance.

The story of the origin of the "Beggars" has been told. In the years that had intervened since the Brederode banquet this clan of rebels had spread throughout the Netherlands. The "Wild Beggars" and "Forest Beggars" had made their force felt, pursuing the vocation of common brigands. More terrible still became the "Beggars of the Sea," fierce corsairs who, while protesting patriotism, made their demands at times upon friends and foes alike.

Life on the ocean waves was native to the Hollanders, as it had been to the Scandinavians of old, and among those who now took to the waters were vikings as bold and ruthless as those of the older Northland. William of Orange perceived the useful aid these ocean rovers could give to his cause and

sought to organize and control them, but found this a difficult task. Banished lords, ruined merchants, daring seamen who could get vessels and crews, put to sea in numbers, the Prince of Orange, in his capacity as a sovereign prince, supplying them with letters of marque as privateers.

One of these daring seamen, William de la Marck, a savage and licentious noble, had been appointed admiral by the Prince. He was a relative of the murdered Egmont, and had sworn never to cut his hair and beard until he had taken vengeance for the death of his noble relative. Alva and popery were his foes and against their cruelties he vowed deep revenge.

At the period under review this fierce corsair was lying, with a well-armed fleet, on the southern coast of England. But friendly negotiations were now going on between the English Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Alva, in consequence of which Elizabeth forbade any of her subjects to supply the Dutch corsairs with food. Thus reduced to a state of semi-starvation, the fleet, twenty-four vessels of varied sizes, put to sea from Dover, near the end of March, 1572, bent upon a foray for food and spoil upon the coast of North Holland. On their way they captured two Spanish merchantmen, which partly supplied them.

Their goal was the rich seaport of Enkhuizen, but contrary winds forced a change of plan, and on April 1 they dropped down toward Zealand, entering the broad mouth of the Meuse. Here they suddenly appeared between the towns of Brill and Maasland-sluis, to the astonishment of the people, who could

not imagine what vessels these were. When it was learned that they were the dreaded "Sea Beggars," dismay followed surprise, the ill-fame of these worthies being wide-spread.

Peter Koppelstock, a fisherman, was the first to visit them, hailing the ship of William de Blois, lord of Treslong, one of the most famous of the ocean rebels. Treslong knew Koppelstock, took him to the Admiral's ship, and sent him ashore to Brill, with a message demanding its surrender.

This was a bold message to come from a few hundred men. But they were driven by desperation, being now utterly destitute of food. Brill was a small place, but it was walled and fortified and could readily have held out. But when the magistrates asked Koppelstock how large a force was in the fleet, he, a partisan of the Prince of Orange, coolly replied that there might be some five thousand in all.

This falsehood settled the question. Such a force could not be resisted. It became a problem whether to treat with them or flee. In the end both steps were taken. Envoys were sent to the fleet to parley with the Beggars, and meanwhile the magistrates and most of the people of the place took to flight with their portable treasures. When the invaders, after the two hours fixed for negotiation had passed, came up to the city walls, they found only a few of the lower class looking down upon them, with no trace of anyone in authority.

No attempt at defence was made. De la Marck built a bonfire at the northern gate, and battered it down, when half burned, by the end of an old mast. Treslong forced the southern gate, and captured the

governor of the city, who had too long delayed his escape. Thus was the first successful siege of the Netherlands accomplished, the two landing parties, about two hundred and fifty in all, meeting in the center of the town before sunset and taking quiet possession.

The place was almost deserted. Scarcely fifty of the citizens remained. The Admiral, in the name of the Prince of Orange, took formal possession. But this was not a Spanish capture. There was no outrage, no looting of the people's houses. The only plunder was in the churches, of which the altars and images were destroyed, the rich furniture and vestments appropriated. Unfortunately thirteen priests and monks remained, and these, a few days later, were made to atone in a measure for Alva's barbarities, they being put to death in the most cruel way by the ferocious Admiral.

We have seen the effect of this important exploit upon the mind of the Duke of Alva. News of it spread throughout the country and was everywhere hailed with acclamation. The wits of Brussels availed themselves of it in a couplet that grew widely popular, based upon the fact that the capture was made on April Fool's Day and that the word Brill, in Flemish, means *spectacles*. The couplet ran:

"On April Fool's Day
Duke Alva's spectacles were stolen away."

A caricature was also circulated showing De la Marck stealing the Duke's spectacles from his face.

Alva lost no time in seeking to retake the cap-

tured city. Count Bossu, stadtholder of Holland and Zealand, was sent with a force much larger than that of the Beggars to recover the lost seaport. The effort failed. A carpenter of Brill, a partisan of the Prince of Orange, swam, axe in hand, to the Netherland sluice and hacked it open, letting the sea-water in. This made approach from the north impossible. Bossu then attacked the southern gate, but was met there with a staggering volley of artillery. While this went on Treslong and a companion had rowed out to the ships by which the enemy had reached the island, cutting some of these adrift and setting others on fire.

This was too much for the Spaniards. The sight of their blazing vessels on the one hand and the inflowing sea on the other filled them with terror, and they fled in all haste to the vessels that still remained, glad to escape from the triumphant Beggars. In the meantime many of the fugitive citizens of the town had returned to their homes and De la Marck obliged all these to take an oath of allegiance to the Prince of Orange as stadtholder for his Majesty.

The Prince was not well satisfied on hearing of this exploit. He had no confidence in De la Marck and doubted if the place could be held. The Admiral, indeed, had no thought of doing so, but Treslong insisted on its being retained, and his arguments prevailed. To him, then, was due the first step in founding the Dutch Republic, which was to be the later work of the Prince.

Brill was the first, but not the only place now put under the control of the Prince. Flushing, an important seaport on the Isle of Walcheren, was quickly

added. The Seigneur de Herpt, an ardent partisan of Orange, roused the burghers to arms and drove out the small Spanish garrison. A reinforcement was just then at hand, but the gates were closed against them and the city held. In the crowd of rebel citizens was a half-drunken fool who proposed, for a pot of beer, to mount the ramparts and fire at the Spanish ships. His offer was accepted and he climbed the wall and discharged the two guns he found there. This bravado scared the Spanish, who fled in panic to the ships in which they had come and sailed in all haste away. Treslong soon after arrived, leading a small force sent from Brill, and took command of the place in the name of the Prince of Orange, who thus gained another stronghold in the Commonwealth.

CHAPTER XV

THE CAPTURE AND EVACUATION OF MONS

THE year 1572 was one that began with triumph and ended with disaster for the Prince of Orange and the cause of liberty in the Netherlands. The capture of Brill and Flushing was followed by a general insurrection in the north, city after city rising against the Spaniards until nearly all the important cities in Holland and Zealand had raised the standard of the Prince. Haarlem, Leyden and numbers of other cities placed themselves under the government of Orange, the nation throwing off its fetters with a bound of enthusiasm that sadly shook the Spanish hold.

The fiction of fealty to the King of Spain was kept up, the Prince of Orange being chosen by the cities as his stadtholder. The revolt was against Alva, not against Philip. The idea of national freedom was not yet publicly set afloat. While this went on the Prince remained in Germany, gathering troops and seeking for funds. Suddenly, near the end of May, the popular cause was strengthened by a brilliant and successful exploit, performed by Louis of Nassau, the Prince's gallant brother, "the Bayard of the Netherlands." This was the capture of the city of Mons, in southern Belgium, near the borders of France, the first city to be won in the south. The exploit was one so full of romantic incident and bold daring that it is amply worth telling.

It begins with the story of Antony Oliver, a native of Mons, and a map maker, in which line of work he had been employed by Alva and had won his confidence. As Oliver had occasion to visit France, the Duke engaged him to watch Louis of Nassau, then in Paris and seeking aid from the French court. Oliver, however, was really an earnest patriot, and a correspondent of the Prince of Orange. His secret purpose was to induce Louis to attempt the capture of Mons, in which were many adherents of the Prince.

A plan having been devised with Louis and several of the Huguenot chiefs, Oliver took the first step towards its accomplishment. He appeared at the gates of Mons on May 23, with three wagons laden with merchandise—but this merchandise was really a freight of arquebuses. Being brought safely through the gates they were secretly distributed among the confederates of Oliver in the city.

While this was being done Count Louis reached the vicinity of the city, bringing five hundred horsemen and a thousand foot-soldiers, whom he concealed in the thick forests near by. As evening approached he sent twelve of his most trusty followers into the city, in the guise of wine merchants. These men went to a public house, ordered their supper, and while eating talked with the landlord. In a careless tone he was asked at what hour in the morning the city gates were opened, they saying that they had some wine-casks that they would like to smuggle into the city before sunrise. Their host replied that four o'clock was the usual hour, but that by a trifling present they would get the keeper to open earlier.

The next morning at a very early hour the seeming merchants appeared at the gate, where they bribed the keeper with the promise of a liberal "drink penny." But he had no sooner drawn the bolts than he was struck dead, and a body of about fifty dragoons, who had gathered outside, rode into the streets. These, led by Count Louis, galloped wildly through the city, crying:

"France! Liberty! The town is ours! The Prince is coming! Down with the tenth penny! Down with Alva, the murderer!"

Wherever a burgher looked with surprise from his window a musket shot warned him to draw back, and from the noise made by the troops and their boldness they might well have been a thousand strong.

But the streets remained empty. Not a man among their confederates appeared. They had lost courage at the last minute. While fifty men might surprise they could not hold a city, and the impetuous Count had far outridden his army. The position of the little troop was critical. When the day should fully open and the alarm become general they would find themselves caught in a trap.

Count Louis, in a state approaching consternation, now rode hastily back in quest of the missing troops and found them wandering wildly in the woods. They had lost their way among the thick shrubbery. Bidding each horseman to take a foot-soldier on the crupper behind him, he led them rapidly towards Mons. They reached the city in the nick of time. The authorities had taken the alarm and had ordered the closing of the gates.

All but one of these were closed. At this the keeper was quarrelling with a French soldier about an arquebuse. Others were at the drawbridge across the moat, which had begun to rise.

At this critical moment Guitry de Chaumont, a French officer, urged his horse forward and sprang upon the bridge as it rose. The weight of the horse brought it down again, he rode forward, the gate was forced, and Louis and his men rode headlong into the town, their force being sufficient to give them command of the place.

The bells were rung; the people assembled in the market place; Louis made a brief address, saying that he was no enemy to the King or the Catholic religion, but only to the Duke of Alva, and calling upon them to declare Alva a traitor to the King, an enemy to the country, an executioner of the people.

This bold act was too much for the magistrates to take, and they refused to support the movement of Count Louis or to supply money to pay his troops. His position would soon have been serious but for the stand taken by the citizens, who largely favored the cause of the Prince of Orange. Mons was noted for its great cloth and silk manufactories, and many of the proprietors of these offered their support to the Count, raising and arming companies at their own expense. Many volunteer companies were also organized, the fortifications were put in order, and Mons came into line among the patriot cities. A large collection of money and valuables, which had been sent to the city for safe keeping by neighboring churches and convents, supplied funds, and important reinforcements from France and elsewhere

soon reached the town. In this way the capture of the place was secured.

To see the Netherlands thus slipping from his control was a bitter dose for the Duke of Alva, as was also the hatred which the people felt for him and did not hesitate to show. He had requested Philip to remove him and appoint a successor, but now he made vigorous efforts to regain control of the captured cities. His son, Don Frederic, was sent with an army to besiege Mons, and reinforcements were despatched from Spain to his aid.

Unluckily for the Spanish reinforcements, they were not aware of the changes that had taken place. A large fleet, under the Duke of Medina-Cœli, put into Flushing, not knowing of its recent capture by the Sea Beggars. The fleet was attacked and scattered, with considerable loss of ships and troops. A large Lisbon mercantile fleet that followed, equally ignorant, was captured, only three or four vessels escaping.

This proved a rich prize for the rebels. The ships were laden with money, jewelry, spices and rich merchandise, the money alone totalling five hundred thousand gold crowns. Here was plunder enough to supply the rebels with funds for two years, while a thousand Spanish soldiers and a supply of ammunition were also taken.

Meanwhile the Prince had raised another army in Germany, consisting of fifteen thousand foot and seven thousand horse, together with nearly three thousand Netherlanders. He had no money with which to pay them, and subscriptions were asked for his aid. This produced a quick and liberal response,

the people showing an enthusiastic spirit in favor of their great leader, upon whom they conferred dictatorial and practically regal power.

On the 7th of July the Prince led his army across the Rhine, and in the period that followed he marched in triumph through the country, city after city opening its gates to him. It seemed like the triumphal march of a conqueror returning to his native land. With support from the Huguenots of France, promise of aid from the French King, and an agreement of Admiral Coligny to join him with a force of fifteen thousand troops, all seemed hopeful for the Netherlands, and Spanish rule was in serious jeopardy.

Such was the state of affairs in late August, 1572. Coligny wrote to the Prince on August 11, promising to come to his assistance with the sanction and aid of his King. Yet at that very moment the French court was secretly planning one of the most frightful deeds of perfidy ever performed by man, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. This infamous act of slaughter took place two weeks later and its consummation dashed the hopes of the Prince and his followers to the ground.

From that time forward disaster succeeded to triumph. One incident of the later campaign was the following. While of no special military importance, it has a strong personal interest. While the Prince was encamped at Hermigny a party from Don Frederic's army made a night attack upon his camp, taking it so completely by surprise that for some two hours the Spaniards cut down their foes almost without resistance.

The Spanish leader led the way to the Prince's tent, with the hope of capturing or killing him. He and his guards, with no thought of danger, were fast asleep and the enterprise of the Spaniard was highly promising. Fortunately there was one sentinel awake, a little spaniel, which always passed the night upon its master's bed. Hearing footsteps outside it began to bark furiously and to scratch the Prince's face with its paws. Roused by his little friend, the imperilled leader sprang from his couch, leaped to the back of a horse which stood ready saddled, and rode hastily away just in time to escape his nearby foes. It is said that to his dying day the Prince kept a spaniel of the same race in his bed-chamber.

The remaining incidents of the campaign may be briefly told. The soldiers led by the Prince, whom he was unable to pay, became mutinous, and refused to follow him to the relief of Mons or to remain in the field. The news of the massacre of the Huguenots in France had struck the camp like a boomerang and the Prince was forced to disband his army and leave Mons to its fate. He returned to Holland almost alone and sadly discouraged. At the same time Count Louis lay sick with a violent fever, and affairs at Mons soon reached so desperate a stage that nothing remained but capitulation.

An agreement was made under which the soldiers were to march out with their weapons and property, and also the townspeople who had aided them. They were to pledge themselves never to serve against the kings of France and Spain. The rest of the people were not to be molested in person and property.

The latter was an unusual arrangement for the Duke of Alva and his leaders to make. As it proved, there was little thought of keeping it. After the departure of Louis and his troops the usual orgie of massacre and pillage quickly began, no heed whatever being paid to the terms of the capitulation. Hundreds of people were hanged, burned, and beheaded for no other crime than the possession of some share of wealth. Thus ended the hopes which had been entertained of freedom in the Netherlands, the frightful act of perfidy in France making itself thus felt in utter discouragement in the neighboring kingdom.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SIEGE OF HAARLEM

THE Prince of Orange, when the Massacre of St. Bartholomew took place, was at the head of twenty thousand soldiers and had good reason to hope for the complete conquest of the Netherlands. When he rode back to the province of Holland, after that dire event, he had only seventy horsemen at his back and all his high hopes had flown. The capture of Mons by the Spaniards had been followed by that of several other towns, the inhabitants of which had been slaughtered with all the excesses of cruelty which the Duke of Alva and his army could imagine or invent.

Of the northern provinces only Holland stood out sturdily for the Prince of Orange, and this Alva now sent his son Don Frederic to subdue. The Prince had come to Holland, deserted, discouraged, but not despairing, and resolved to share its fate if he could not accomplish its liberation. He called at Haarlem an assembly of the States of the Provinces, laid before them his plans, and made all the preparations he could for the death-struggle that impended.

Amsterdam was the only place in Holland then held by Alva, and thither the Duke proceeded, that he might oversee the campaign for its general conquest. The Prince of Orange was then in the south of the province. Diedrich Sonay, his lieutenant, was in the north, both very weak in men and munitions. Between them lay the important city of Haarlem, at

a point where the peninsula is so narrow that it is practically less than five miles from sea to sea. If this city could be taken the province would be cut in two, in which case it was thought that further resistance by the rebels would be out of the question. A siege of this city, then, was the logical enterprise for the Duke to undertake.

While so near the North Sea, from which it was separated by a width of meadow land and a bulwark of sand-dunes cast up by the waves, Haarlem lay on a body of water known as the Haarlem Lake, which communicated with the Zuyder Zee by the channel known as the Y. On this also lay Amsterdam, ten miles to the east, a narrow causeway between the two bodies of water connecting the two cities.

Haarlem, while one of the largest and most beautiful cities of Holland, was, in a military sense, one of the weakest. Its walls, ancient in date, were not strong, and were of such an extent as to render a large garrison necessary. What strength it had lay in the stout hearts of its people, but these proved an almost impregnable rampart.

The siege began on December 11, 1572, Don Frederic having the day before captured the outlying fort of Sparendam. The besieging army was from time to time reinforced until it numbered fully thirty thousand men, so posted as to encircle the town except where it infringed upon the lake. This force was more than double the whole population of the city, the available garrison being at no time more than four thousand. In the beginning it was much less.

Fortunately for the besieged, a dense and persistent fog then covered the frozen surface of the lake, under the curtain of which large supplies of men, food, and ammunition were daily introduced, despite all the efforts of the besiegers to prevent this. Sledges were drawn swiftly over the ice by skilful skaters, and during the short days and long nights of December the city was actively supplied. By this means the garrison was increased to about four thousand men, while it was aided by about three hundred women, a corps of Amazons who fought as bravely as the men.

The Prince's first attempt to reinforce it was by a body of several thousand men, under the command of De la Marck. But this effort proved unfortunate, the relieving force being completely routed, with large loss. Don Frederic had little thought of an efficient resistance on the part of the citizens, and, after a three days' cannonade, he ordered an assault. He was confident of taking the place in a week's time, and calculated that after another week spent in plunder and massacre he could sweep on to the conquest of the remainder of Holland. He was destined to find his optimistic plans sadly misplaced.

As it proved, the assailing troops met with a resistance that astonished and dismayed them. The church bells rang the alarm and the whole population swarmed to the walls, armed with all the implements of destruction they could find. In addition to the work of sword and musket, heavy stones, hot coals and boiling oil were poured down upon their heads. Even hoops, smeared with pitch and set on fire, were flung down so as to encircle their necks. This was

more than they had counted on and, after many officers and several hundred men lay dead and wounded, the signal of recall was sounded. In this repulse of their foes only three or four of the townsmen lost their lives.

Soon afterward the Prince made a second effort to send reinforcements, but it met the same fate as the first. The troops, when near the city, lost their way in the thick fog, and very few of them reached the city, though fog bells were rung and beacons lighted on the walls to guide them. Fiercely attacked by the Spaniards, not many of them escaped.

Don Frederic, disappointed in his expectation of a speedy victory, now settled down to a regular siege, one which he was to find far more protracted than he dreamed of. Finding the effort to carry the place by assault was too costly and uncertain, he began to make his way towards the walls by subterranean approaches. His mines, however, were met by countermines and ere long deadly combats began beneath the surface, Spaniards and Netherlanders meeting within trenches so narrow that only the dagger could be used as a weapon, the dim lanterns of the excavators serving to light up the struggle. Mines were frequently laid and exploded, a shower of the mangled remains of human beings being hurled up into the air. Thus the underground contest went on, the Spaniards toiling with a zeal that was matched by that of their opponents.

Meanwhile the Prince of Orange did all he could to inspirit and aid the townsmen. Letters were sent into the town by means of carrier pigeons, and in late January he succeeded in sending a considerable

supply of bread and powder, and also four hundred veteran soldiers, by means of sledges over the ice-covered Haarlem Lake.

The ravelin before the Cross gate was a point of peril, its approaches being actively defended but in serious danger. Aware of its perilous weakness, the defenders secretly and rapidly, during the winter nights, built a half-moon of solid masonry within the portal, even old men, women, and children lending their aid to this important work, so necessary in case of the gate being carried.

On the 31st of January Don Frederic, after several days of cannonading, ordered a midnight assault against the Cross and St. John gates and their connecting curtains. The walls had been much shattered; numbers of Spaniards mounted the trench; the assault was so sudden and unexpected that the city was nearly taken by surprise. So sure of success was the Spanish commander that he gave orders to his men to be ready to cut down the citizens whom he expected to flee in panic from the captured town.

But he counted too hastily. Though the charge was unlooked for, the sentinels were alert and quickly gave the alarm, the town bells pealed loudly, and the awakened citizens hastened in numbers to the ramparts. When daylight came the struggle was at its height, the besieged, as before, defending themselves not only with sword and spear, but with stones, firebrands and melted pitch. In the end the Spanish made an impetuous assault upon the Cross gate and carried the ravelin, into which they poured, expecting from this point of vantage to sweep the city with fire and sword.

Again they counted without their host. As they mounted the wall they saw to their surprise the strong half-moon wall which had been secretly built within, cannon bristling on its top, from which a hot fire was opened upon the storming party. At the same time the ravelin, which had been mined, blew up like a hidden volcano, hurling the soldiers within it into the air. This was too much for the assailants, who fled in dismay to their camp, leaving three hundred dead beneath the wall.

Don Frederic, finding himself a second time foiled by the resolute citizens, now decided that no course remained but to reduce the city by famine. This was a slow process, the effects of which were felt as severely without as within the walls, the besieging army suffering as much from lack of food as the citizens. Disease also attacked their camp, heightened by the wintry cold and insufficient food, deaths from this cause being much greater than from the weapons of the defenders.

Within the city, as the long winter went on, the food supply daily diminished. There was danger that it would be entirely cut off with the coming of spring and the melting of the ice. The half-starved citizens paced the ramparts with beating drums and flying flags, taunting the investing forces to fight and feeling that anything would be better than this enforced inaction. They even attired themselves in the gold-embroidered vestments of the priests and paced the walls in mock procession, carrying symbols held sacred by the Catholics, which they hurled from the walls with shouts of derision. But even this was of no effect; the Spaniards kept

within their tents, and gaunt famine was left to complete the work.

Don Frederic, seeing his men dying in helpless multitudes around him, now seriously proposed to give up the siege, thinking that enough had been done for the honor of Spanish arms. But to this his father was sternly opposed and hostilities again became active on both sides. In this the besieged proved especially daring, making frequent sallies, in one of which, under cover of a fog, they sought to spike the guns of the enemy before his face. The attempt failed and they were all slain, but courage like this inspired the citizens to new deeds of daring. As spring came on the cows within the city were driven daily to their pastures without the walls, where they were guarded so valiantly that the Spaniards failed to capture one of these useful animals without paying for it by at least a dozen deaths.

After the breaking of the frost, in early March, the conflict was in a measure transferred to the lake. Count Bossu, an able Spanish leader, had built a small fleet of vessels at Amsterdam and now entered the lake with a few gunboats, through a breach made by him in the dyke. The Prince took similar measures and soon had armed vessels on Haarlem Lake. This movement threw Amsterdam, which depended on the dyke for its supplies, into imminent peril.

"Since I came into the world I have never been in such anxiety," wrote Alva. "If they should succeed in cutting off the communication along the dykes we would have to raise the siege of Haarlem, to surrender, hands crossed, or to starve."

Orange's lack of men and of means saved Alva

and Amsterdam from this disaster. With the small force at his command he was sadly hampered. A force was sent by Sonay to open the sluices and break the dyke, but these were driven back by a large body of troops from Amsterdam. They fought sturdily but in vain, one of them, John Haring, of Horn, exhibiting a valor never surpassed in ancient Rome. Armed with sword and shield he stood at a point on the dyke where it was so narrow that two men could scarcely stand abreast. Here he held back a thousand or more of the enemy long enough to enable his own men to rally and repel the attack. As none came to his aid he held the post still until they had all made good their retreat. Then he plunged into the lake and reached the boats, untouched by bullet or blade.

Amsterdam thus rescued from danger, the battle before Haarlem went on with renewed fury, almost daily combats taking place. In one of these, on March 25, a thousand of the citizens made a brilliant sally, drove in the Spanish outposts, burned three hundred tents, killed eight hundred of the enemy while losing only four out of their own force, and returned with captured cannon and standards and many wagon-loads of provisions. The Duke of Alva informed King Philip that "never was a place defended with such skill and bravery as Haarlem, either by rebels or by men fighting for their lawful Prince."

Money and men were needed to continue the siege, and these were provided, three veteran regiments being brought from Italy. The fleet on the lake was also increased, but here the Prince met the enemy with more than a hundred vessels of every size and

kind, and sea-combats were of almost daily occurrence. At length, on May 25, a final engagement took place between Bossu's fleet of one hundred sail, and the patriot fleet of nearly one hundred and fifty, of smaller size, under Martin Brand. The fight was long and deadly, but ended in favor of the Spaniards, twenty-two of the Prince's vessels being taken and the others totally routed, the dead on both sides numbering several thousands. This victory gave Bossu command of the lake, and threw Haarlem into imminent danger.

The food supply had now become very low, fresh supplies and reinforcements were cut off, and in a short time all bread was consumed and the people were forced to subsist on linseed and rape-seed. When these were gone, only cats, dogs, rats and mice remained. Those, too, were consumed and the people forced to eat the boiled hides of horses and oxen, shoe leather, and nettles and grass from the graveyards. Thus passed the month of June, men, women and children dying by scores of pure starvation, while the despairing Prince was vainly seeking means to rescue them.

A large body of men was gathered, hopelessly ignorant of war, and disapproved of by the Prince, who, however, offered to lead them. This proposal met with so universal a protest that he was obliged to withdraw. Holland could not risk the life of a man so needful for its existence. As for the effort, it utterly failed, as he had expected. The Spaniards, who had gained knowledge of their plans, met and defeated them so utterly that the entire body was killed or dispersed.

This ended all efforts. Surrender became necessary, and it was made on July 12, 1573, seven months after the siege began. Don Frederic had assured the people that no punishment would be inflicted on any except those who in the judgment of the citizens themselves had deserved it, and had promised ample forgiveness if the place should submit without further delay.

This was a Spanish promise, made without intention of being kept. A general massacre of the garrison, except those of German origin, had been ordered by the Duke of Alva, and also the execution of a large number of the burghers, and this order Don Frederic dared not disobey.

There was no general plunder and massacre, as so usual in those days, but carnage under the shadow of legal forms went on until twenty-three hundred citizens had been slaughtered in cold blood. Then a pardon for the rest was enacted. The Spaniards had paid dearly for their victory, for during the siege twelve thousand of the besieging army had died of wounds and disease. In early August Don Frederic rode in triumph into the city which he had taken, his entry closing the first chapter in the proposed conquest of Holland.

CHAPTER XVII

VICTORY FOR THE PATRIOTS

Don Frederic's hope of following up the capture of Haarlem by a speedy conquest of the remainder of Holland failed to materialize. His period of success was to be followed by one of defeat. Even Haarlem, won at such cost, was in imminent danger of being lost, in consequence of a mutiny in its garrison.

Furious at not being paid and at being checked in their usual orgy of plunder and outrage, the Spanish soldiers grew rebellious against their commanders, and even formed a plot for surrendering the city to the Prince of Orange. A party of them, disguised as merchants from the Baltic, visited Delft and were secretly admitted to the Prince's apartment. They told him who they were and why they had come and offered to deliver the city into his hands for forty thousand guilders. Unfortunately for the Prince, he found it impossible to raise this amount within the stipulated time, and thus, for the lack of a small sum, this alluring offer had to be declined.

Meanwhile Don Frederic had moved northward in his career of hoped-for conquest and had invested the little city of Alkmaar, nineteen miles north of Amsterdam. It had already been summoned to surrender but had boldly refused. This was in July. In August, having quelled the mutiny at Haarlem by paying the soldiers their dues, Don Frederic marched upon this city, investing it on the 21st with a force of sixteen thousand men. To meet this Alkmaar

had only eight hundred trained soldiers, who were aided by thirteen hundred armed burghers. But these men knew that they must take their chance of death in war or die in massacre, and they preferred the former. The Duke of Alva was furious that his *clemency* in Haarlem had been disdained and he now proposed to wreak his vengeance upon Alkmaar. He wrote to the King:

"If I take Alkmaar I am resolved not to leave a single creature alive; the knife shall be put to every throat. Since the example of Haarlem has proved of no use, *perhaps an example of cruelty* will bring the other cities to their senses."

Such was war under the Duke of Alva and Philip II. It is not surprising that the small garrison of Alkmaar, who were sure of what awaited them, were steeled to a desperate defence.

The main hope of the citizens of the beleaguered city lay in the sea. A few miles away were the great sluices known as the Zyp. If these were opened, and a few dykes pierced, the whole northern section of the province would be inundated and the besieging army drowned out. But to do this would be to destroy all the crops of that fertile district, and it was felt needful to obtain the consent of the authorities. For this purpose an envoy was necessary. So closely was the city invested that this was a matter of life or death, but a carpenter, Peter Van der Mey, accepted the mission and achieved it successfully, carrying letters addressed to the Prince, to Sonay, his lieutenant in the north, and to other leading personages, these being carefully hidden in a hollow walking stick.

During his absence the siege went hotly on, the

most strenuous effort being made on September 18. For nearly twelve hours the city was cannonaded, after which, at three in the afternoon, an assault was launched. It was made in great force, on two sides of the walls, but the garrison met it with dauntless courage. Every man capable of bearing arms was on the walls, and, as at Haarlem, the assailants were met not only with cannon and musketry, but with boiling water, pitch and oil, molten lead, and tarred and blazing hoops which were skilfully flung over the shoulders of the assailants. Those who succeeded in climbing the breach were hurled back into the moat below.

Thrice was the assault renewed, thrice repulsed. The combat continued for four long hours. While the men fought valorously on the walls, the women and children steadily supplied them with powder and balls from the arsenal. Every soul in the city capable of walking took part in the desperate struggle. At length, as night fell, the trumpets recalled the Spaniards, of whom a thousand at least lay dead. Only thirty-seven of the gallant defenders lost their lives.

Two days later a fresh cannonade was opened and the soldiers were once more ordered to the assault. They utterly refused. Threats and entreaties were in vain. Not a man of them could be induced to face again those devils within. Several of them were cut down by their officers, but without avail, and Don Frederic was obliged to postpone the assault.

Meanwhile the carpenter envoy had reached the Prince of Orange with his letters, and brought back with him orders to Sonay to flood the country, rather than let Alkmaar fall into the hands of the

enemy. The opened dykes and sluices were to be guarded by a strong force, lest the peasants should close them to save their crops.

The work of inundation was begun. The sluices were opened and the sea rushed furiously through. Two strong dykes remained. If those were pierced the harvests would be utterly ruined, but the Spaniards would have to flee or drown, and Alkmaar would be saved.

Before this was done the carpenter had returned to the city, doing so with great peril. In passing through the enemy's lines he lost the stick in which his letters were hidden and could only tell the people the result of his mission. As for the loss of the walking stick, it proved fortunate. It was found by the soldiers, its secret discovered, and the letters within brought to Don Frederic. Their contents alarmed him. He knew that if the soldiers saw the waters rising about their feet nothing could hold them in that situation. An immediate retreat was necessary, and on October 8 the seven weeks' siege was raised and Don Frederic retired in discomfiture. The purpose of the Hollanders of drowning their country, if by so doing they could drown out its invaders, was too much even for Spanish valor.

This was not the only success of the patriots. Three days after the raising of the siege of Alkmaar victory at sea followed that on the land, a naval battle being fought in the Zuyder Zee from which the patriots emerged in triumph.

Count Bossu, the admiral who had won a battle on Haarlem Lake during the siege, was now on the waters of the Zuyder Zee with a fleet of considerable

strength, built at Amsterdam. On the same waters was a hostile fleet of twenty-five vessels, collected in North Holland and commanded by Admiral Dirkzoon. Bossu's ships were the larger and had heavier cannon, and as he well knew that the Spaniards were no match for the Dutch in naval warfare, he took care not to come to close quarters.

On October 11 the patriot fleet, favored by a strong breeze, bore down upon that of Spain, numbering thirty sail. A short but hot engagement followed, ending in the flight of the Spaniards. They were pursued and five of them captured, the others escaping.

Bossu, indignant at the flight of his captains, refused to follow their example. His ship, which bore the significant title of the *Inquisition,* was much the strongest and best manned in both fleets, and was capable of a sturdy fight. While Dirkzoon's fleet pursued the fugitives, four small vessels remained, and boldly attacked the *Inquisition.* One of these was silenced, but the other three grappled with the Spanish ship and a savage battle followed as the four closely linked ships drifted before wind and tide.

It was a battle for life or death. Bossu and his men, armed in bullet-proof coats of mail, fought vigorously and repelled every attempt to board. The Hollanders, on their part, attacked with pitch hoops, molten lead and boiling oil. The battle began at three in the afternoon and continued throughout the night, the patriots losing heavily at every attempt to board the Admiral's ship, but keeping up the fight without cessation.

In the heat of the action the vessels went ashore on the shoal called the Nek, an event almost unnoticed

by the combatants. As morning broke John Haring, the heroic fighter who had faced a thousand soldiers on Diemer dyke, boarded the *Inquisition* and hauled down her colors. The daring feat cost him his life, he being shot through the body. The colors were raised again and for several hours more the fight continued. In the end it became evident to Bossu that further resistance was hopeless. Aground on a hostile coast, his fleet dispersed, three-fourths of his men dead or wounded, and his foes being constantly reinforced by boats from the shore, he was finally forced to yield after a fight nearly twenty hours in duration. He, and three hundred of his men, were taken prisoners. Bossu had won the intense hatred of the Dutch, as it was due to him that a cruel and treacherous massacre had taken place at Rotterdam. In the end, however, he regained his liberty.

These failures of the Spaniards and successes of the patriots were galling to the pride of the Duke of Alva. The hatred which had been felt for him was now intensified by scorn at his defeats. He felt also that his royal master was growing cold towards him. He had long before asked to be relieved and this request had recently been accepted, Don Louis de Requesans, the Grand Commander of Saint Jago, being appointed to succeed him. On the 18th of December, 1573, the infamous Alva took his departure for Spain, after seven years of a rule unsurpassed in historic annals for cruelty and atrocity. During these years more than eighteen thousand of the inhabitants had been executed at his command, in addition to the multitudes who had died from starvation and massacre.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW LEYDEN WAS SAVED BY THE SEA

Most famous of all the sieges in Holland was that of Leyden, a city situated on the Old Rhine River, five miles from the North Sea, twenty-two miles southwest of Amsterdam and nine miles north of the Hague. In the fifteenth century it was widely known for its manufactures of cloth, baize, and camlet. With its population of about 100,000 it was a place of importance and one that the new governor of the Netherlands was eager to win. The capture of Haarlem, therefore, was quickly followed by a siege of this flourishing city.

Requesens, the new governor of the Netherlands, did not find that Alva had left a gold mine behind him. The rebellion of the Netherlands and the effort to subdue it had proved a costly matter for Spain. Forty millions of dollars had already been spent, and a great part of the wealth which that country derived from its colonies in the New World had vanished in this sinking fund of the lowlands of Europe. The soldiers in the Netherlands, 62,000 in number, were largely unpaid, six and a half millions of ducats being due them, and were in a state of mutinous irritation in consequence.

Nor was the state of the war in the Netherlands very promising to the Spanish dominion. Louis of Nassau was in active and promising negotiations for aid from the King of France. On the sea the Hollanders and Zealanders were keeping up the rebellion

successfully, the Spaniards being no match for these bold and brave sailors who made the ocean their native realm.

The island of Walcheren was in the hands of the patriots with the exception of Middleburg, and this was closely besieged. It was held by Mondragon, an able soldier, but by the end of 1573 was in a state of famine, in which only dogs, cats, rats and mice were left to serve for food. Requesens, in an attempt to relieve it, collected a fleet of seventy-five ships at Bergen and thirty at Antwerp, both freighted with provisions. But they had to deal with a strong fleet got together by the Prince of Orange, under the command of Admiral Boisot, who attacked the Bergen fleet with such fury that it was utterly routed and driven back into its port, fifteen of the vessels being taken and hundreds of Spaniards slain.

This was the death-blow to Middleburg, which was obliged to surrender. The Prince demanded that the surrender should be unconditional, but Mondragon swore that rather than do so he would set fire to the city, and perish with all the soldiers and burghers in the flames. The Prince knew that Mondragon was a man to do what he had said, and finally granted him the privilege of leaving the city with his troops in martial array.

The next step taken by the Prince of Orange was an endeavor to raise the siege of Leyden, and for this he depended upon Count Louis, his warlike brother, who was then in Germany. Here he succeeded in raising a body of troops, aided by money received from France. In February, 1574, he crossed the Rhine, with an army of six thousand foot and

three thousand horse, and encamped on the Meuse, near Maestricht.

Disaster attended the expedition at every step. More than a thousand of his men deserted before he reached the Meuse. A night attack by the Spaniards disposed of seven hundred more almost without loss to the Spanish army. Finally, on April 14, when confronted by a superior force, his troops broke into a mutiny, demanding their pay with howls of rage. The natural consequence ensued. Though Count Louis handled his men with his old skill and vigor, the contest was practically hopeless from the start. The close of the action was in a desperate charge made by Count Louis, with a little band of troopers, his brother Count Henry, and Duke Christopher of the Palatine, taking part in the charge. It was the last of them all. They went down together and were never seen more. Such was the fate of one of the bravest and most capable of the soldiers of the Netherlands.

We must return now to the main subject of this chapter, the story of the siege of Leyden. It had continued nearly five months when, on the 21st of March, 1574, the besiegers were withdrawn to meet the invading army of Louis of Nassau. Here was a splendid opportunity for the citizens to revictual their city and add to its strength and this the Prince advised them to do, but his advice was not taken. They apparently depended on victory by Count Louis. What they found was a new army, eight thousand strong, of Germans and Walloons, which took post round the city on May 26, a second siege being thus begun.

It was a handsome city that was thus environed, one lying in the midst of fruitful pastures and fringed by smiling villages, gardens and orchards. It stood on land reclaimed from the sea, the branch of the Rhine on which it was built being divided into a multitude of canals which ran through every part of the city. They were shaded by lime-trees, poplars and willows and crossed by one hundred and forty-five bridges. On an elevation in the center of the city stood a ruined tower of unknown origin, many believing that it dated back to the Roman times. From its summit a landscape of wide extent was visible, with the spires of many towns on the horizon.

Within this city, closely invested and surrounded by redoubts, there were no troops except a small corps of "freebooters" and five companies of burgher guards. Aside from these there were only the citizens to depend on, with such aid as William the Silent might be able to give them from without. He had his headquarters at Delft and Rotterdam and closely watched the invading force, ready to take advantage of any opportunity. Acting on his advice the citizens took an account of their food supply, and by the end of June the people were put on a strict allowance. Half a pound of meat and half a pound of bread formed the rations for a full-grown man, women and children receiving smaller amounts.

Between Rotterdam and Delft, cities held by the Prince, was a strong fortress, the Polderwaert, which gave him control of a space watered on its two sides by the Yssel and the Meuse. This fort was attacked

by the Spaniards on June 29, but they were beaten off with several hundred loss. The Prince thus held a position that would enable him to open the dykes and admit the ocean waters. There were not only the dykes on the Yssel and Meuse, but also the great sluices at Rotterdam and other cities under his control. To open them would be ruinous to the harvests and villages of the neighboring region, but to save Leyden was worth the loss. "Better a drowned land than a lost land," was the patriotic slogan.

Before taking this decisive action, however, he made needful preparations. It was just to repay the farmers for their losses, in a measure at least, and for this purpose bonds were issued, payable at long date. A monthly allowance of forty-five guilders was also voted by the States, and many patriotic ladies gave plate, jewelry and rich furniture to swell the fund for the relief of the farmers.

On July 30, Valdez, the Spanish commander, offered ample terms of pardon to the citizens, if they would surrender. But they had had experience of Spanish clemency and chose possible starvation in preference. What the Prince was doing they did not know, but preferred to rely on his judgment and their own valor rather than on a Spanish offer of pardon.

On August 3 the Prince began his work, superintending the opening of sixteen breaches in the Yssel dykes. The gates at Schiedam and Rotterdam were also opened and the ocean waters poured rapidly in. While the inflowing flood was deepening, provisions were collected and a considerable number of vessels of various sizes were got ready at the neighboring

ports. These were intended to sail in over the drowned lands to the beleaguered city.

Meanwhile the people of Leyden were fast approaching the starvation point. Their bread was gone, and they had but a small provision of malt cake, the only substitute. They received a letter from the Prince by pigeon post, on August 12, assuring them of speedy relief, and on the 21st sent him a reply in the same manner, saying that they had now held out two months with food and another month without food, their malt cake would last four days more, and if not soon helped human strength would be exhausted. On the same day they received a letter from without stating that the dykes had been cut and the water was pouring in. It said nothing of another fact, that the Prince was then in bed with a violent fever. Knowledge of this would have seriously discouraged them.

The news regarding the dykes was received in the city with music and other evidences of joy, while the fact that water soon began to flow in the vicinity of Leyden greatly disturbed the besiegers. They were ignorant of the breaking of the dykes, but when the water reached the depth of ten inches beyond the immediate dykes, they began to realize their peril.

In this state of affairs the illness of the Prince was unfortunate, the work of relief slackening while he lay tossing in bed with a burning fever. It was late in August before he began to mend and became again able to take vigorous hold of the relief operations. On the 1st of September an important reinforcement reached Rotterdam, in the shape of a num-

ber of vessels from Zealand manned by eight hundred veteran sailors. These were the wildest of the "Beggars of the Sea," scarred and hacked in many a fierce combat, fierce in aspect, men known never to give or take quarter, but sworn to mortal combat with their Spanish foes. In their caps they wore crescents, with the inscription, "Rather Turkish than Popish," and were renowned alike for naval skill and ferocity.

These, with the vessels already in port, numbered about two hundred in all, were generally provided with ten pieces of cannon each, and carried from ten to eighteen oars, their crews numbering in all over twenty-five hundred skilled mariners. This flotilla made its way with ease over the flooded land to a point known as the Land-scheiding, a strong dyke within five miles of Leyden, but here its progress was stayed.

The city had been well guarded against its ancient enemy, the ocean, there being a series of dykes, one within another, to prevent possible overflow. Between the Land-scheiding and Leyden were several of those ramparts, each aiding to keep out the water from the level land within, and each now a bulwark against the fleet.

Under orders from the Prince the dyke of the Land-scheiding, still a foot and a half above the water level, was attacked and taken on the night of September 10, the few Spaniards upon it being easily driven off. It was a case of fatal carelessness on the part of Valdez, the Spanish commander, who now rushed forward a considerable force to retake the lost dyke. He failed in this, his men being driven

back, leaving hundreds of dead and wounded on the field.

The victors lost no time in cutting several deep gaps through the dyke, the waters poured through in a flood, and on them rode the fleet. All on board had now high hopes of a speedy voyage to Leyden, but it was soon found that there was another barrier to be passed, the Green-way dyke, a mile inland, which rose a foot above the flood.

Fortunately for the invaders, this also had been left unguarded and Admiral Boisot at once took possession of it, cutting through it in many places, and carrying his fleet in triumph through the gaps. Now Leyden surely would be reached. So they vainly hoped, but disappointment again impended. Between their position and the city lay a large body of water, the Freshwater Lake, reached by a deep canal, which was strongly held by the enemy. The advancing water, spreading out over a broad space, was too shallow to lift the ships, and nothing remained but to try and force a passage through this canal.

Boisot made a vigorous effort to do this, but found it too strongly guarded, and was forced back almost in despair. The waters had ceased to rise, a strong easterly wind blowing which kept back the inflowing flood. Thus matters stood for a few days. Then, on the 18th, the wind shifted and for a few days a fierce gale blew from the northwest, the waters rapidly rising. On the second day the fleet was afloat again, it being piloted by some villagers, who took it around the canal to a low dyke, between two villages, both occupied by Spaniards in force.

On seeing a fleet coming upon them overland and feeling the waters rising under their feet, the garrisons of these places fled in a panic, leaving this new barrier in the hands of the enemy. The two villages were set on fire and their rising flames, seen at Leyden, filled the people with new hope.

Thus barrier after barrier had been passed, but still the city lay beyond reach. A new barrier, the Kirkway, within two miles of the city walls, was reached, and before it could be passed the wind again shifted, the waters fell, and for day after day the fleet lay motionless. At this interval the Prince of Orange, fully recovered from his illness, came on board, his presence filling the despondent sailors with joy and hope. He made a survey of the ground, ordered the immediate destruction of this last barrier, and, after a long conference with Admiral Boisot, returned to Delft.

Meanwhile the burghers of Leyden had reached a state of utter despair. Their food had almost wholly disappeared, so much so that even the rats of the sewers were regarded as luxuries. A few cows had been kept, for the sake of their milk, but these were now killed, day by day, and the meat distributed in minute portions. Even their hides, chopped and boiled, were eagerly eaten. People were dying daily in multitudes, some from starvation, some from a disease called the plague, the outcome of hardships and privation. Yet still in vain they waited for the wind to change and the waters to rise. And still the vanes pointed to the west, spelling despair.

At length, on the night of October 1 and 2, the prayed-for change came. A violent gale blew in from

the northwest, shifting after a few hours, with equal violence, to the southwest. In rushed the ocean waters, until the fleet, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water beneath its keels. In over the dyke passed the triumphant ships, being rowed steadily towards Leyden's walls by the shouting and singing mariners.

Yet difficulties still remained. The Spaniards had a number of vessels and a fierce midnight battle ensued. These ships sunk, the fleet went on. There were two forts in their way, Zoeterwolde and Lamman. From the first of these the Spaniards fled in dismay as the fleet approached and the waters deepened, hundreds of them being overtaken and slain by the wild Zealanders in their flight.

This fort passed, Lamman came next. This was strongly garrisoned and bristled with artillery, and even the daring Boisot despaired when he saw the obstacle in his path. He determined, however, to attack it the next morning, while within the city preparations were being made for a sortie against this final stronghold.

That night what might have proved the final disaster for the beleaguered city took place. A large part of the city wall, undermined by the waters, fell with a loud crash. At the same time a long procession of lights was seen issuing from the fort. Were the Spanish soldiers making their way into the defenceless city?

When day dawned every eye was fixed on the fort. On its rampart stood a boy waving his hat. In the water was a man, wading breast-deep toward the fleet. Soon the truth was revealed, the Spaniards,

stricken with panic, had deserted the forts. The lights seen were those of the lanterns they had borne in their flight. They had thus retreated at the very moment when the fallen wall, unknown to them, opened the city to their arms. The last obstacle was removed. The enemy was in full flight. Leyden was saved. On the morning of October 3 the vessels triumphantly swept into the famine-stricken city, amid shouts of joy and prayers of relief.

As the vessels passed through the many canals within the walls, bread was freely thrown from the decks among the starving crowd that lined the banks, and was seized and devoured so greedily that many choked to death, while inordinate eating made others ill. But these were exceptional cases and the supply was soon distributed more judiciously.

Just in time was the city saved. The next day the wind once more shifted, a tempest blowing from the northeast. This seemed to the citizens as sent by Providence to drive back the waters that had done their work. So effective was the gale that in a few days the waters were blown back from off the drowned plain and the work of rebuilding the dykes began.

Everything was done to restore the city to its normal condition. To repay the citizens for their heroic defence the Prince granted them a ten days' annual fair, without tolls and taxes. And in honor of their remarkable delivery it was resolved to establish a university within the city.

On the 5th of February, 1575, Leyden, lately the abode of famine and pestilence, crowned itself with flowers, in honor of the consecration of its memorial

university. The public demonstration was a grand procession, headed by a military escort, beyond which came a triumphal chariot, its occupant, a woman in snow-white garments, representing the Holy Gospel. Other representations were the Four Evangelists, Justice, Medicine, Minerva, Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, Virgil and many other allegorical and classical figures. On the main canal floated a triumphal barge, in which sat Apollo, attended by the Nine Muses. The affair ended with an eloquent dedication speech and a splendid banquet. Thus did Leyden celebrate its escape from famine and slaughter.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW THE PRINCE BECAME DICTATOR

By the year 1574 the provinces of Holland and Zealand had in great measure won their freedom from Spanish rule and were under the dominion of William the Silent, Prince of Orange. In Holland only Amsterdam and Haarlem were held by the Spanish Governor-General, and these states did not hesitate to administer a bitter pill to the autocratic King. They gave Philip plainly to understand that they would yield to his dominion only on the terms that the Spaniards must go and the exiles come back, the Inquisition be abolished and the ancient privileges restored, the Roman Catholic religion renounce its supremacy and the Reformed religion be allowed full freedom.

A position like this seemed to be to throw the gage of revolt at the King's feet. As yet the Prince had professed to hold for the King, conducting the rebellion against his Governor-General in his name and as his stadtholder. This convenient fiction gave him great authority in the revolted provinces of Holland and Zealand. In this he was sustained by the provinces, the council of which proposed to make him unlimited dictator. They also were liberal in their appropriations, now raising two hundred and ten thousand florins monthly, while Holland had never paid the Duke of Alva more than two hundred and seventy-one thousand florins yearly. This was

the difference between paying by force to a tyrant and by goodwill to a chosen ruler.

In 1574 a provincial assembly conferred on the Prince full control of all ships of war and unlimited power over the domains, and agreed that taxes should be paid and garrisons provided as the Prince and his council should ordain. But the estates must be convened and consulted upon all important matters, such as the appointment of supreme court judges and other high offices. When, however, the Prince demanded an allowance of forty-five thousand florins monthly for army and other expenses the estates demurred. This lack of liberality was bitterly denounced by the Prince, who refused to accept the government on any such niggardly terms. His vehemence was effective, and without further deliberation the demand was granted and the Prince assumed the government. That he had justly won it by his years of active effort all admitted, and he was looked upon with such regard that the affectionate title of "Father William" was that by which he became commonly known.

Peace between the people and the King was felt to be very desirable, and was warmly approved by the Prince. The King, who found the war a costly and non-productive enterprise, was equally willing to settle their differences and a convention for the consideration of terms of peace met at Breda, March 3, 1575.

Here the estates demanded that all foreign troops should leave the country and that the ancient states-general should be restored. On the other hand, the royal commissioners made the preposterous demand

that all the cities, fortresses, and castles, the artillery and war vessels, should be delivered to the King, and the Roman Catholic worship should rule exclusively throughout the Netherlands. As for members of the Reformed faiths, they would be permitted to convert their property into cash within a certain limit of time and to leave the country.

As may well be imagined, no agreement could be made on terms like these, and the negotiations utterly failed. One result was a closer union between Holland and Zealand, articles of union being drawn up wherein the Prince was given absolute power in all matters having to do with the defence of the country. He was to maintain the law, in the King's name, as Count of Holland, to protect the service of the Reformed religion, *and to suppress the exercise of the Roman religion,* though no search should be made into the creed of any person. The Prince desired that these articles of union should be submitted to the voice of the people, but this was too democratic a project for the aristocratic estates and they refused to accept it.

It was a small nationality that was thus established, one that covered a minute space on the map of Europe. Holland—the province to which this name was then confined—was little more than a narrow sand bank, a hook of half-submerged earth, one hundred and twenty miles in length and varying from four to forty miles in breadth. And not all of even this was under William's control, North and South Holland being cut apart by the loss of Haarlem, while Amsterdam was also held for the King. South of Holland lay the small archipelago of Zealand, 690

square miles in extent and rising little above the level of the sea.

Such was the small dominion for which one man, the Prince of Orange, did battle for nine years with the most powerful monarch in Europe, the "Dominator of Asia, Africa and America," and lord of the fairest realms of Europe, and won its independence at last. It is not surprising that the people regarded him lovingly as their "Father William."

Only at one time did he despair. This was when Zealand had been invaded, one of its towns taken, and its capital besieged, when money was almost impossible to obtain, when Germany, France and England alike refused to extend a helping hand to the sinking country.

There seemed then only one way to rescue Holland and Zealand from the hold of Spain, and that was to desert the country and seek a home in the New World beyond the seas. He seriously contemplated this, proposing to collect all the vessels in the Netherlands, embark on them all the people and the movable properly of the two provinces, and found a new realm abroad. But before leaving the windmills were to be burned, the dykes broken, the sluices opened, the sea admitted on every side, and the country restored to the ocean from which it came.

This scheme was strongly entertained. What checked its fulfilment was the sudden death of Requesens, the Governor-General, a mutiny that broke out among the troops in Haarlem, and other circumstances that led to new hopes of the independence of the Netherlands.

CHAPTER XX

HOW AN ARMY WADED TO VICTORY

ZEALAND is properly a "sea-land," being in large part made up of islands, while most of its area has been stolen from the sea. Its *polders,* or drained districts, number about 400 in all, regions of rich clay from which dykes hold back the ocean waves. On Walcheren, its principal island, is the seaport of Flushing, and Middleburg, the provincial capital, the capture of which places from the Spaniards has already been described. The Zealanders, to-day only a little over 200,000 in number, have long been famous as seamen, and formed the fiercest and ablest of the "Beggars of the Sea," a title they were proud to bear.

This island province was the scene of events of much importance in the Spanish programme of conquest. Among these the most interesting was an expedition for the purpose of gaining a footing on the seaboard, Zealand being selected as the best locality. Tholen, the island nearest the coast, was already held by the Spanish. Two leagues outward from this lay Duiveland, or the Island of Doves. At a less distance farther out was the island of Schouwen, fronting on the ocean, and containing a fortified city, Zierickzee. It was the latter island that Requesens, the Governor-General, wished especially to hold and against which, in September, 1575, he launched the expedition spoken of. This consisted of three thousand Spanish infantry, with a picked corps of two hundred sappers and miners, and four hundred mounted troopers. A fleet of boats and

light vessels was also collected at Antwerp, to aid in the enterprise. It was known that a tongue of land, shallow enough to be waded at ebb-tide, extended from Tholen to Duiveland, and that the water channel between the latter island and Schouwen was not as deep and only half as wide.

But preparations for this work could not be made in secret. Zealanders quickly learned of the project in view, and the surrounding waters swarmed with their vessels, manned by men notable for skill and daring. The enterprise had been made possible only through the aid of traitors from Zealand, who told Requesens of the shallow flats between the islands, and offered to act as guides. The expedition was divided into two portions, one to man the boats, the other, with the two hundred pioneers, to wade across the shallow sea channel.

It was a wild night, that of September 27, 1575, when this attempt to conquer sea and land was made. Incessant lightning flashed through the clouds, revealing the path to be traversed, each flash followed by deep gloom. It was midnight when Don Osoria d'Ulloa, the Spanish leader, stripped and followed the traitor guides into the dark waters. Next came the main body of soldiers, and after them the sappers and miners, followed by a rear guard, each man carrying a pair of shoes, two pounds of powder, and three days' rations in a canvas bag hung from his neck.

It was an extraordinary enterprise, the success of which was highly doubtful. Two by two went the pioneers, feeling their way cautiously, and soon nearly up to their necks in the water. Narrow was

the path they followed. A misstep to right or left would plunge them into deep waters and such was the fate of many of the daring waders.

As they went on, the moon from time to time shone through the broken storm clouds. What it showed was not reassuring to the adventurers. Vessels, manned by stalwart Zealanders, were drawn up as close to the flat as possible, and from these artillery and musketry played continually on the waders. But the bodies of the soldiers were largely protected by the water and the fitful lightning rendered aim difficult, so that little loss came from this fire.

The Zealanders did not confine their attack to firearms. They used harpoons, boat-hooks, heavy flails and other weapons, by whose aid many of the Spaniards were killed. The latter did not bear this attack helplessly, but at times halted to pour a volley into the hostile ranks. Thus went on this strange combat, at midnight hour, in the midst of the sea, with only the lightning flash and occasionally gleams from the moon to light up the field of strife.

The night wore on; step by step the Spaniards advanced. Many were lost, and their progress was so slow that day had dawned before the opposite shore was reached and the main body, composed of Spaniards, Germans, and Walloons, found dry land beneath their feet. The sappers, who came next, were less fortunate, the tide rising before they could reach the shore and sweeping nearly all of them away. The rear-guard, finding the tide rising, were lucky enough to retrace their steps.

Duiveland was guarded by ten companies of French, Scotch and English auxiliaries, who

awaited the coming foe. But by accident or treason their leader was killed just as the Spaniards landed and a panic followed, the soldiers, terrified by this event and the sudden appearance of the Spaniards from the sea, fleeing in all directions, some swimming to the Zealand ships, some taking refuge in the forts. These were soon taken by the Spaniards and Duiveland remained in their hands.

The remaining water journey was much shorter and more easily made, the sea here being so encumbered with rushes and briars that the Zealand vessels were unable to traverse the channel. Thus, though difficult to wade, it was soon crossed and the Spaniards were not long in reaching their final goal, the island of Schouwen. Five companies of troops had been placed here to prevent a landing, but these fled in the same cowardly manner as those on Duiveland, and the invaders landed without resistance, the panic-stricken defenders taking refuge in Zierickzee.

The news of the landing on Duiveland had been signalled to the Spanish fleet, and this at once attacked and captured the town of Brouwershaven, on the north side of Schouwen. Bommenede, another town, held out till October 25, when it was taken by storm and its people slaughtered, not twenty being left alive. Siege was also laid to Zierickzee, the capital, but this was to make a more stubborn defence.

It held out in fact until June, 1576, a vigorous effort to relieve it being made on the 25th of May. This was done by the brave Zealander, Admiral Boisot, who had commanded the fleet in the memorable relief of Leyden. The present enterprise proved less successful. The shallow harbor of Zierickzee had

been surrounded by the Spanish commander with chains, hulks, and a submerged dyke, against which the brave Boisot drove his ship, the *Red Lion.* He did not succeed in breaking through and his ship became entangled, being left aground when the tide ebbed. The remaining vessels had been driven off by the Spanish fire. When morning dawned captivity seemed certain for the brave Boisot and his crew. Rather than be taken he, with three hundred of his men, sprang overboard. Some of them escaped, but the gallant admiral, after swimming all day, kept up by a broken spar, at last sank in the waves. Thus died Louis Boisot, one of the most enterprising of the fighters of the Netherlands.

It was impossible for the city to hold out much longer and on June 21, at the suggestion of the Prince of Orange, it agreed to surrender if honorable terms were granted. Mondragon, the Spanish leader, whose soldiers were suffering and ready to break into mutiny, readily agreed, the defenders being allowed to leave the place with their arms and personal baggage, while the citizens were permitted to retain their privileges and charters on payment of 200,000 guilders. It was the one instance in this war in which no sacking and burning took place.

Half the commutation money was to be paid in cash, but no such amount of cash was to be found in the town. Mint masters were at once appointed by the magistrates and took their seats in the Hôtel de Ville. To these the people brought their silver spoons and dishes, which were rapidly melted and converted into silver coins, and in this interesting way was the city of Zierickzee ransomed.

CHAPTER XXI

THE MUTINY AND THE SPANISH FURY

Savage and cruel as the Spanish soldiers had so often proved themselves, as skilled and daring fighters they were not to be surpassed. They amply earned the wages for which they had enlisted, but nearly all the pay they obtained came from the cities they took and plundered. For nine long years these few thousand of Spaniards had fought for Philip II. and his viceroys in the Netherlands with little pay beyond that of occasional plunder. More than once they had rebelled against this treatment, and finally their indignation rose to the point of a general mutiny.

The first display of this was on the island of Schouwen, recently taken by the Spaniards. Those who had dared sea and land for the King of Spain felt that they had won the right of reward for their efforts. If the King would not or could not pay them, then they would levy on the Netherlands, which he claimed as part of his estate. He must give them the money they had earned or give them a city and let them collect pay for themselves in their customary way.

By the 15th of July, 1576, the mutiny had become general on the island, the mutineers holding their officers captive in their quarters at Zierickzee, while they surrounded the house of Mondragon, their leader, furiously demanding their pay. Soon after-

wards, having swept Schouwen bare of all eatables, they swarmed back from Zealand into Brabant, devouring all before them.

Choosing for themselves an Eletto, or leader, they wandered from place to place, and especially threatened Brussels, which viewed their movements with dismay. Every attempt to control them, all talk of their tarnishing the glory they had won, were met with sneers. They had no use for glory, they said. It could not be put into their pockets or their stomachs. Give them money or give them a city—these were their ultimate terms. They finally swooped down like a flock of vultures on the city of Alost, in Flanders, butchered all who opposed them and held this strong place as their capital, putting under contribution all the surrounding country.

By this time an intense excitement prevailed in Brussels, the capital. The whole population rose in arms to defend their city, demanding that the mutineers should be denounced as outlaws. This was done on July 26, they being proclaimed, in the name of the King of Spain, as traitors and outlaws, to be slain wherever met, to be refused bread, water, or fire, and to be assailed in every city in which they should appear.

But to attempt this was like the effort of the mice to bell the cat. This organized body of veterans, two or three thousand in number, were well able to defy such proclamations. The mutiny was not confined to them. It rapidly spread until, by the first of September, it embraced all the Spanish army in the Netherlands, from generals to privates, and included the most important of the German auxiliaries.

Spain had raised a demon that could not easily be laid.

Sancho d'Avila, who held the citadel of Antwerp, was in full sympathy with the mutineers, and every important city in the country, with the exception of Brussels, was at the mercy of a mutinous garrison. An outbreak was inevitable, and the first appearance might be expected at Maestricht, which, aided by a loyal German garrison, rose against the Spanish and drove them out. It was a temporary success, to be followed by a massacre. Near by was the town of Weick, in which few men remained, but which had many women left. Each soldier was bidden to seize a woman and, holding her before him, to advance across the bridge leading into Maestricht. This unmanly stratagem succeeded. The burghers hesitated to fire upon their own women and the city was soon taken. The plundering, butchering and ravishing that followed were so awful that, as a historian says, "Those who escaped the fight had reason to think themselves less fortunate than those who had died with arms in their hands."

But this merely whetted the appetite of the murderers. Within their reach, its citadel held by a mutinous garrison, lay the great city of Antwerp, at that day one of the richest in Europe, a great magazine of gold and silver, precious stones and costly goods of every description. This splendid city was dominated by a castle of immense strength, one built to curb, not to protect, the inhabitants. Its castellan, Sancho d'Avila, was looked upon as the chief of the mutiny, he being in friendly compact with the mutineers at Alost, and with bands of covetous brigands in other cities.

Fearing an attack on this rich city a large force of Walloons and Germans was sent from Brussels to its defence, reaching it on the 2d of November. Champagny, the governor of the city, a sincere Catholic but a bitter foe of the Spaniards, admitted them after some hesitation, he having little faith in the loyalty of the Germans. There were some of these in the town already and he had reason to doubt their trustworthiness.

The Marquis de Havré, commander of this new force, at once called a council of war, at which he produced some intercepted letters of Avila, written to the leaders of the meeting, and providing for concentration of all the Spanish forces in the Antwerp citadel. The peril was evidently imminent and active measures of defence were needed.

It was decided to erect a bulwark between the castle and the adjoining part of the city, and so many were the volunteers for this work that within an hour ten or twelve thousand persons, including large numbers of women, had volunteered, and a ditch and breastwork, extending from the gate of the Beguins to the street of the Abbey St. Michael, was soon in rapid progress. The rampart was strengthened with bales of merchandise, casks of earth, overturned wagons, and other bulky objects piled together, it being sixteen feet high in some places, in others no more than six.

Night fell before the work was done and it was continued under the rays of the moon. But the cannon from the citadel had long been playing upon the workers, making their task very dangerous. The result was that the barricade was left very weak at

many points, the entrance to the important street of the Beguins being defended by a single overturned wagon. The soldiers from Brussels also had failed to bring any artillery, so that the means of defence were very poor. Champagny did all that lay in his power, but he felt himself sadly hampered by his lack of means of defence and the doubtful loyalty of the men under his command.

At daybreak a new council was held. It proved that few of Champagny's directions had been obeyed and the city was left almost defenceless. A thick mist hung over the city, but through its veil bodies of men could be seen marching into the citadel and the tramp of cavalry could be heard. Champagny had ordered that detachments of troops should be posted outside the city to cut off such detachments of newcomers, but no one had attended to this and the approaches to the castle were left open. Quick and decisive action was now necessary if the city were to be saved. On the line opposite the citadel Havré posted his Walloons and a few companies of Germans. The bulk of the Germans were stationed at important points in the center of the city, while along the improvised rampart six thousand men were posted. At an early hour Champagny rode through the streets, calling on the burghers to arm and assemble at leading points. Then he rode to the ramparts, where some fighting was already going on.

At ten o'clock what appeared to be a moving wood was seen approaching the citadel. It was the body of mutineers from Alost, nearly three thousand in number, wearing green branches in their helmets. They had marched twenty-four miles since three

o'clock that morning. They rushed into the citadel, where Avila ordered food for them. This they refused, calling but for a draught of wine. They would dine in Paradise, they said, or sup in Antwerp.

At an hour before noon the mutineers marched from the citadel and the assault began. Three thousand men were led to the street of St. Michael, the remaining Spaniards and the Germans being directed to follow that of St. George. The advance could not rightly be called an assault; it was rather an avalanche. The Walloons broke and fled without a shot. The rampart quickly gave way before the impetuous rush. Champagny, hastily gathering a small force of Germans, led them to the rescue. They fought well, but the flight of the Walloons could not be checked. Champagny stormed among them, seized a banner from a flying ensign, and called on them to make a stand against the foe. It was a hopeless effort; they continued to fly in utter disarray.

Champagny now galloped through street after street, calling upon the burghers to rise in defence of their homes. This appeal was more effective. Out they came in numbers, fought with despairing energy, but fought hopelessly. What could this broken, disorganized mass of citizens do against a trained and disciplined army?

Of the Germans in the city, one body deserted instantly to the invaders. Another force held their ground faithfully, and fought, with the citizens who aided them, till they were all cut down. Champagny's next effort was to rally the cavalry, but this was equally in vain. The panic had seized them, and few of them escaped from the onrush of the Span-

ish horse. There was a confused mass of fugitives and conquerors, struggling, striking, dying, many falling before the swords of the Spaniards, a larger number being driven into the waters of the Scheldt.

As a final effort Champagny tried to make a stand in the New-town and fortify the palace of the Hausa. But he found none to aid him, and, finally, finding that all was lost, he succeeded in escaping to the fleet of the Prince of Orange in the river, having done all that it was possible for one man to do.

Through the streets now rushed the triumphant Spaniards, with wild cries of "St. James! Spain! blood! flesh! fire! sack!" and the like hideous cries, which sent a shudder of horror through the whole defenceless city. Here and there at points the battle still continued. Multitudes of armed men fought from the buildings, making every house a fortress. From every balcony and window a hot fire was poured, and this was kept up until the assailants set the houses on fire and a conflagration began that spread rapidly through street after street. In the street back of the Town-house the final struggle took place. The Margrave, the burgomaster, and a host of soldiers, senators, and citizens were cut down, those who survived being driven into the drowning waters of the Scheldt. Here ended the conflict, in which—during that and the two following days—eight thousand human beings were slaughtered.

Dreadful was the fate of this great city, with thousands of armed and brutal savages thus let loose on its helpless population. Resistance was at an end and the work of plunder began. It was not blood-thirst, but gold-thirst, that lay at the bottom of this

work of slaughter. It was the city's wealth the soldiers craved, and, as we are told, "For gold, infants were dashed out of existence in their mothers' arms; parents were tortured in their children's presence; brides were scourged to death before their husbands' eyes."

The fire kindled by the invaders had spread through the wealthiest portion of the city and destroyed property of immense value, the flames consuming as much as the raiders obtained. Yet there was abundance left, gold, silver and jewelry, velvets, satins, brocades, laces, and other valuable spoil. The storehouses of the merchants were at first broken into, their strong boxes opened, and their precious contents appropriated. This done, the private dwellings of the people were entered and their cash, plate and jewelry sought.

Much of this had been hidden, and torture was freely applied to force the owners to yield their valuables. If not freely given up, the proprietors were killed or scourged to punish them for their poverty or secrecy. Tales of horrible inhumanity are told. One is of a gentlewoman who was hanged repeatedly, being cut down and questioned at intervals. Finally, nothing being produced, the torturers left her hanging and set out for new fields. She was cut down by a servant and her life saved, but her mind was overturned, and the remainder of her life was spent in wandering crazily about her house and digging in the garden for the buried treasure which the torturers had vainly sought.

For two days more this work of ravage, torture, and murder went on, the streets filled with dead

bodies, the most splendid part of the city a scene of blackened ruins, the search for gold followed by an orgy of riot, gaming, rape, with all the atrocities which the unbridled soldiery of that epoch could commit.

Many deeds of ravage and terror had been committed in the Netherlands, but this was the worst of them all. It became known as the "Spanish Fury," and by that name it has descended in history. No class of people was free. Merchants and citizens, foreigners and natives, rich and poor, churchmen and laity alike were plundered. Some five thousand soldiers were engaged in the work, and the treasure obtained amounted far into the millions.

Much of this spoil was squandered in gambling and other ways. The more prudent had their gold and silver melted and converted into sword-hilts, scabbards, and even whole suits of armor, darkened externally so as to make it appear as if made of iron. As for the dead, they numbered many more than fell in Paris during the St. Bartholomew massacre. Yet of the murdering horde less than two hundred were killed. As news of the terrible outrage spread through the country, indignation everywhere appeared, the hostility to Spanish rule augmented, and it doubtless had a leading share in the sentiment that led to the removal of the Spanish troops from the country during the following year.

In that year Antwerp was the scene of other events that may justly be described here. During the year that followed the scene of the "Spanish Fury" the power of the Prince of Orange had greatly increased. Antwerp was in the hands of his friends, though a

hostile garrison held the citadel. Not fully hostile, however, for one of its officers, Captain de Bours, offered to capture the citadel for the patriotic cause.

Secretly provided with funds by the merchants, he succeeded in winning over the garrison with the exception of one company, that remained faithful to the castellan. On the 1st of August, 1577, the attempt took place and with complete success, the whole city soon singing with the outcry, "The Beggars have the castle! The Beggars have the castle!"

There were, however, a large number of German soldiers, in the service of the Governor-General, in the city, and there was widespread fear that these might break out and a new "Fury" sweep through the city. Some of them had seized their arms during the events of the day and had built a barricade behind which they awaited the orders of their colonels.

A consultation of the merchants was at once held and a resolution passed to provide money to pay the arrears of wages due these soldiers. This was to be on condition that they should immediately leave the city. When word of this action reached the troops, when the merchants appeared with well-filled purses ready to pay them, the soldiers eagerly accepted the opportunity, swearing to take the lives of their officers if they sought to decline this tempting offer.

The committee, however, was not hasty in paying out the gold. There were questions to ask, matters to arrange, and time was spent in preliminaries until nightfall approached. Suddenly, in the midst of these tardy negotiations, sails appeared on the Scheldt, and soon a large fleet of war vessels was seen sailing before a favoring breeze toward the city. It

was a squadron of the Prince's fleet, the admiral of which had been apprised of what was in contemplation. As it came near, flying the banner of the patriots, a shot or two fired from the vessels fell among the barricades.

The effect was electric. A wild panic seized the soldiers. "The Beggars are coming! The Beggars are coming!" they cried, and, heedless of the merchants with their purses, they broke into hasty flight, in terror of those wild Zealanders whose prowess they well knew. Right and left they scattered, some plunging into the stream, some scurrying along the dykes, some hastening over the open fields. Thus ludicrously ended the city's dread. In the end the Germans all surrendered and the country was freed of their presence.

That was but the beginning of the work of relief. The citizens of Antwerp determined to rest no longer under the threat of that hostile citadel, but determined that it should be torn down on the side toward the city. The authorities gave the order, but the people did the work. More than ten thousand of them lent their aid, by day and night, men and women of all ranks, from magistrates to mendicants, fair ladies to workmen's wives, each anxious to have a hand in the demolition of that murderers' den. So many hands made quick work, and the fortress was soon laid low in its dangerous portion.

In it was found hidden a bronze statue of the hated Duke of Alva, which once had stood in a central part of the city. On this the people fell with wild fury. It was dragged with ropes through the streets, and battered with sledge hammers until it

had been reduced to a shapeless mass. Portions were carried away and preserved as heirlooms of hatred. The remainder was melted and cast again into cannon, like those from which it had been originally formed.

This razing of the citadel of Antwerp set an example which was followed in other cities. That of Ghent was torn down with equal enthusiasm. In other cities the same took place, the people rising in rage against the fortresses which had dominated their municipalities as, a number of years before, they had risen against the emblems of Roman Catholic worship.

CHAPTER XXII

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA AND NETHERLAND UNION

On the day before the massacre at Antwerp there rode into the streets of Luxembourg a foreign cavalier, attended by a Moorish slave and by six men-at-arms. The cavalier was a man of princely lineage, but the slave was of still higher rank, being none less than Don John of Austria, the brother of the Spanish King and a soldier of renown, being famous as the hero of the great naval victory of Lepanto. Appointed by his brother Governor-General of the Netherlands, he had chosen this fantastic disguise for his journey through Spain and France, and thus made his appearance in the Netherlands in the guise of a slave.

He was to find a very different state of affairs from that found by Alva and Requesens. The power of the Prince of Orange had greatly increased and events had just taken place which vastly widened his authority. One worthy of mention was the recovery of the city of Zierickzee, deserted by its mutinous garrison, and, in fact, of the whole of Zealand except the island of Tholen.

More important still was a convention then being held at Ghent, having for its object the union of all the states of the Netherlands. Before the appearance of Don John this body of delegates had assembled at Ghent, its purpose being to arrange a fraternity between the rebel provinces of Holland and

Zealand and the fifteen other provinces of the Netherlands. By the middle of October, 1576, this congress had assembled and earnest deliberations at once began.

The massacre at Antwerp filled the deputies with horror and indignation and stirred them to greater activity. They received at the same time a letter of advice and suggestion from the Prince of Orange, written with his customary wisdom and skill and exhorting them to union and firmness. At the same time he impressed upon them the necessity of wariness. They had an artful foe to deal with, he said, and it was needful for them to be strictly on their guard.

The treaty, which was signed on the same day that the citadel of Ghent was demolished, as already stated, contained twenty-five articles. The provinces signing agreed that there should be a mutual forgiving and forgetting of past events and a faithful friendship for the future, and that the Spaniards should be expelled from the Netherlands with as little delay as possible. All political prisoners should be released without ransom. All confiscations since 1566 should be null and void and the estates thus taken, where possible, be restored to their owners. All edicts on the subject of heresy should be suspended awaiting the action of the States-General.

These are a few of the articles of this celebrated treaty which was signed November 5, 1576, and is known in history as the "Pacification of Ghent." It was the work of the Prince of Orange in all its leading particulars, and did as much for the recognition of the Protestant faith as could be looked for

A CONFERENCE OF NETHERLAND NOBLES

at that time. This faith had been firmly established in two provinces and was secretly tolerated in the other fifteen, the Inquisition and infamous edicts against heresy were abolished and the whole nation was enlisted in the effort to expel the Spanish soldiery from its soil.

The Prince desired that the work of the congress should be referred directly to the people for approval. This was not formally done, but the treaty, proclaimed in the market place of each city and village throughout the land, was ratified by the voice of the people in hymns of triumph, by music, thundering of cannon, and the blaze of beacons in every section of the country.

In January, 1577, a second step in the same direction, that known as the "Union of Brussels," was taken, its purpose being the immediate expulsion of the Spanish and the effective establishment of the Pacification of Ghent. It also, while maintaining the Catholic religion and the King's authority, proposed to defend the fatherland in all its rights and privileges. This, signed at first by a few leading persons, was passed from hand to hand through all the provinces, where it was everywhere signed by the leading citizens. Its chief purpose was to convince Don John of the united sentiment of the country.

There was another "Union," of later date, which must be spoken of here, a memorable one known in history as the "Union of Utrecht." It was the work of a commission which assembled in that city in January, 1579, deputies being present from Holland, Zealand, Gelderland, Zutphen, and several other provinces. On the 23d of January this body, without

waiting for delegates from the remaining provinces, agreed upon a treaty containing twenty-six articles. Under it the provinces signing agreed to remain eternally united, becoming practically a single province, each at the same time retaining its special liberties, privileges, customs and laws. By virtue of their union these provinces further agreed to defend each other " with life, goods and blood " against all force brought against them in the name and behalf of the King. They were also to defend each other against all foreign powers, provided such defence were controlled by the " generality " of the Union. Expenses for such purposes were to be assessed upon the provinces, and no truce or peace was to be concluded and no war begun except by the advice and consent of all the provinces.

There were various other provisions based upon the same principle of unity and tending to combine the provinces into a federal union. Such were the elements of a document which became the foundation of the subsequent Commonwealth of the United Netherlands, a national compact which had its later counterpart in the Constitution of the United States.

To return now to the rule of Don John over these defiant provinces, it may be said that it was not an amicable one. Furious at the demands of the States-General of the provinces, the new Governor-General threatened the deputies, but found them no longer subservient as of old, but ready to speak their mind vigorously. He sought in vain to influence the Prince of Orange by secret bribery, but found him steadfast against all such efforts. Finally he yielded to the Prince's insistent demands, agreeing to dismiss the

soldiers, and to send them by land, as the Prince insisted, instead of by sea, as he proposed for purposes of his own.

Thus the murderous troops of Spain at length took up their line of march from the country, their ultimate destination being Lombardy. They departed in very ill humor, not having been paid for their long and arduous service. They were promised adequate pay, however, upon their arrival in Lombardy, and most of them had abundantly paid themselves in the ravage of Antwerp.

A great multitude gathered to witness the departure of this band of official assassins, by whom the land had for years been crushed and its people decimated. The expression of joy at this migration was great, though the fact that ten thousand German mercenaries, in the King's service, still remained in the provinces acted to modify their gratulation. That the Spaniards were really being sent from the country was also far from sure, and much of the feeling of joy was suppressed until their actual departure was assured.

By the end of April, 1577, the departure of the Spanish soldiery, who for so long a period had held a carnival of slaughter and outrage in the Netherlands, was completed, and on the 1st of May Don John made his triumphal entry into Brussels, the capital. Not for years had so much holiday magnificence and festivity been witnessed in that city. Less than six months before it had been trembling with fear of an inroad of the slaughtering Spanish soldiers. Now it was full of brilliant display and alight with gayety.

The entrance procession consisted of six thousand troops, with the free companies of archers and musketeers in their picturesque costumes and a solemn array of burghers. Between these bodies came Don John, on horseback and wrapped in a long, green cloak, the Bishop of Liège and the papal nuncio riding beside him. Everywhere on the line of the procession rose triumphal arches, while banners waved before him on which were depicted scenes from the battle of Lepanto and other striking events in his career.

Everything was done to add to the festivity of the occasion. Minstrels sang odes, poets recited verses of welcome, the rhetorical clubs acted dramatic interludes, young virgins crowned the youthful hero with laurel. At every window were fair women in bright robes, and, as a gallant chronicler says, "Softly from those lovely clouds descended the gentle rain of flowers." Thus, in a brilliant festival, followed by a splendid banquet, the youthful Spanish prince made his triumphant entry into his new capital as Governor-General of the Netherlands.

There was another scene of festivity during Don John's brief career in the Netherlands which seems worthy of mention. It had to do with the little city of Namur, situated at the confluence of the Sambre and the Meuse, picturesque in situation and opulent of aspect. It was of importance as being situated near the frontier of France, and being dominated by a massive fortress of great strength, which crowned an abrupt precipice rising five hundred feet above the river's bed. Don John, weary of the annoyances to which he was exposed in Brussels, had decided to

change his seat of government and had fixed his attention upon this trim, neat and strong little city as a desirable place of abode.

What immediately led him to this decision was the visit to the Netherlands of a celebrated personage, the beautiful Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre, who was proceeding to the baths of Spa to drink their healing waters, her route lying through Namur. It was not that she needed the waters, being as perfect in health as in beauty. There was a political scheme at the bottom of her visit, that of winning Flanders and Hainault for France.

Don John had seen this subtle schemer in his journey under the disguise of a Moorish slave, had fallen a victim to her charms, and felt it a privilege to welcome her to his dominion. Passing through Cambray and Mons, she used her blandishments to seek to win the leading officials in those towns to her secret scheme. As her cortege drew near Namur she was met by Don John, with a small cavalcade of attendants.

Margaret travelled in a splendid litter, enclosed with glass and lined with scarlet velvet. Litters bearing others of her train followed, with ten ladies of honor on horseback and as many chariots filled with ladies' maids. There were also armed guards and other attendants.

When this showy cavalcade came up Don John sprang from his horse and cordially greeted the Queen, as did also the Duke of Aerschot and the Marquis of Havré. Then remounting, they escorted the Queen to Namur, Don John riding beside her litter and conversing with her on the

way. The city was reached late in the evening, but houses and shops were brilliantly lighted in the Queen's honor, and the apartments to which she was conducted astonished her by their magnificence. So splendid was the tapestry and other adornments that they seemed more fitting for a royal palace than the apartments of a young bachelor prince. The Duke of Aerschot, questioned about this magnificence, explained that it was the result, not of ostentation, but of valor and generosity. After the battle of Lepanto the prince had restored without ransom two sons, who had been taken prisoners, of a powerful Turkish bashaw. The father, in gratitude, had sent the victor this splendid tapestry, and it had been received at Milan, in which art center it had been adapted for furnishing purposes.

The next day was one of banqueting and festivity, in which Don John, ignorant of the real purpose of Margaret's visit, did his utmost to honor her coming. The festival took place on the river, in a fleet of gaily scarfed and painted vessels, many of them filled with musicians. Margaret, like a second Cleopatra, reclined in a gilded barge, under a richly embroidered canopy. The banquet was spread on an island, within a spacious bower of ivy, shaded by leafy elms. A dance on the greensward followed, the stars of night shining on the revellers when they returned to their barges.

While the Queen concealed a secret purpose under her visit, Don John, though unaware of this purpose, hid a project of his own under the ceremony of reception. The next morning the Queen set out by way of the river to Liège, on her route to Spa.

No sooner had her barges floated out of sight than he sprang to his saddle and rode across the bridge which led to the citadel. Count Berlamont with his four trusty sons had already been sent to that stronghold, where he told the castellan that the prince had a hunting excursion in view and that it would be proper to offer him the hospitalities of the castle on his way.

Seigneur de Fraymont, the castellan, had no suspicion of treachery in this request and readily yielded to the suggestion of Berlamont. Don John had previously placed a number of armed men in ambush in the adjoining thickets and now rode up to the castle gate, blowing his hunting horn. The gate was at once opened for his admission, one of his gentleman attendants watching outside, while the hidden soldiers began to toil up the slope.

When all was ready outside the gentleman on guard entered the hall and made a signal to Don John, who was conversing with the castellan. The prince at this sprang to his feet and drew his sword, the Berlamonts drew their pistols, and at the same moment the soldiers entered the hall.

Don John, crying that this was the first day of his government, ordered the castellan to surrender. De Fraymont, with little understanding of what all this meant, at once complied, and he and his garrison, mostly old men and invalids, were turned out of the place, Don John and his soldiers taking their place as lords of the citadel.

This melodramatic act might seem unnecessary, in view of the fact that Don John, by virtue of his office, had the right to take possession of any fortress

in the country, but in view of the enmity of the Netherlanders he had some reasons to doubt if it would be surrendered on bare demand. He made an attempt also to occupy the citadel of Antwerp by strategy, but this proved less successful.

Certainly the patriots of the provinces were not in favor of such summary proceedings and the irritation grew until open hostilities broke out. Each side gathered an army, numbering about twenty thousand each, and these, at the end of January, 1578, met in battle at Gemblours, nine miles from Namur. A sudden cavalry attack on the Netherland army while in disorderly march led to a panic and rout, so complete and sudden that very few of the Spanish force were killed, while half of the patriot army is stated to have been killed or captured—the captives, in Spanish fashion, being all afterwards drowned or hanged.

This was the one important military feat accomplished in the Netherlands by the hero of Lepanto. It led to no important result. Lack of money hampered later active operations, pestilence broke out and ravaged the armies, and in September Don John himself was seized with a burning fever which in a few days led to his death. There was suspicion of poison in this sudden demise, but no proof of it was forthcoming. Thus suddenly passed away a soldier of great fame and ability, yet one who as a statesman had proved no match for the astute William the Silent, and during whose government of the Netherlands the cause of the patriots had signally advanced.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SIEGE OF MAESTRICHT AND THE FRENCH FURY

Don John was succeeded in the government of the Netherlands by Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma and nephew of Philip II., a soldier of the utmost courage and skill, who had played a brilliant part at the battle of Lepanto, who had won the battle of Gemblours by a skilful manœuvre, and who was to prove far the ablest and best fitted for the post of all who had held the difficult position of Governor of the Netherlands. As a statesman he was far superior to Don John, and more than his match as a soldier, despite the great glory which the latter had gained from his destruction of the Turkish fleet at Lepanto.

The new Governor-General found the Netherlands more united and the insurrection there more difficult to deal with than in the case of any of his predecessors. The many years of steady and unflinching labor of William of Orange had told for liberty, and the Union of the provinces, which he had so long sought to develop, had recently made great advances. Many of the important cities of the country were now held for the patriots, these including Amsterdam, which they had recently gained. The effort to overthrow this union was the task which Alexander diligently sought to achieve.

His first and most signal success was with the Walloons, the French-speaking people of southeast Belgium, whose adherence to the patriotic movement

was much weakened by their devotion to the Catholic faith. This attachment to the Roman Church gave the wily Alexander an excellent opening to work upon their political sentiments. This he did by making liberal promises in regard to their political status.

We cannot here go into the details of those negotiations and the efforts of the Prince of Orange to counteract the alluring promises of the Duke of Parma, and must simply state that the latter were successful, a reconciliation between the Walloon provinces and the King being achieved.

It was a result that elated the Catholics and dismayed the patriots. All the efforts of the Prince to counteract the specious promises and representations of Parma proved in vain, and the Netherlands were effectually cut in twain by this secession of the Walloons. The result was received with exultation by the Catholic party at Paris, which celebrated it by an uncouth theatrical pantomime, in which the Walloon provinces were represented by a cow which the Prince of Orange vainly sought to milk, and which docilely followed the Duke of Parma back to Philip.

This rejoicing on the part of the Catholics was matched by a bitterness on the part of the Protestants which led to patriotic outbreaks at Antwerp and Utrecht, while on the opposite side Philip, the young Count of Egmont, made a weak and unsuccessful effort to capture the city of Brussels and present it to the Spanish King.

While these events were taking place Farnese, the Governor-General, had begun the work of seek-

ing to put down the insurrection by force of arms. His first attempt was made against the city of Maestricht, which had been the scene of a frightful massacre by the Spanish soldiers in October, 1576. This city, which had already suffered so severely, was again besieged in March, 1579, the Duke of Parma surrounding it with a powerful army, exceeding in numbers its total sum of defenders.

Maestricht was a well-fortified city, built upon both sides of the Meuse, and was looked upon as the German gate to the Netherlands. Its garrison, while brave, was very weak, being hardly one thousand strong. In addition the trained bands of the burghers numbered about twelve hundred, while within the city walls had collected several thousands of peasants, of much value in the work of sapping and mining. Against this feebly defended place Parma encamped with an army twenty thousand strong, and one constantly strengthened by reinforcements.

The population of this devoted city was thirty-four thousand, few of whom were to survive the deadly siege. The story of so many sieges has already been given that this one must be dealt with briefly, though it was notable for many of its incidents and for the desperate courage with which the city was defended.

Melchior was the name of the commandant, but the real defender was Sebastian Tappin, a brave and skilful Lorraine officer, sent there by the Prince of Orange. He began with the most careful preparations, strengthening the walls, sinking shafts for mining operations, cleaning and deepening the moat, and repairing the forts that guarded the gates, of

which there were six, each provided with ravelins, or defensive outworks. While this was being done, Parma encompassed the city and threw two bridges across the river.

Attacks were made on the gates of Bois-le-Duc, near the river, and Longres, on the southwest. For several days the Longres gate was bombarded with forty-six powerful guns, but after six thousand shots had been fired and the wall partly crumbled, a massive and uninjured terre-plein was seen within. This ill success diverted the bombardment to the gate of Bois-le-Duc.

Mining processes were also undertaken, four thousand miners from the neighboring coal region being obtained and employed, delving inward toward the Longres gate. But there were skilled miners in the city also, and these countermined as actively, many women aiding in the work. The result was that the miners met at times underground and deadly combats took place in these deep subways.

Stratagems were employed, the citizens at one time building a dam secretly across the Spanish mine, and then deluging their foes with hogshead of boiling water. They also heaped fagots in the mine, set them on fire, and blew the thick smoke upon their enemies with organ-bellows brought from the churches. This work with scalding water and suffocating smoke caused such loss to the besiegers that they abandoned their mine, replacing it by another begun at a long distance from the gate. This they dug inward until they reached a point beneath the ravelin, where they excavated a large chamber, supporting it with posts. Finally sacks of powder, enor-

mous in quantity, were placed in this chamber and fired. The explosion had a destructive effect, part of the tower falling and the moat being choked with heaps of rubbish.

Across this the besiegers charged and entered the tower, but the defenders met them in the breach, fought them desperately, and finally forced them back, though they still held the moat and the ruined part of the ravelin.

Five days later an assault in force was made on both the gates named, the besiegers charging across the moat, which had now been choked at many points with fagots and earth brought and thrown into it. But the determined advance was met with as resolute a defence, not only by the burghers, but by their wives and children, the women swarming to the walls and fighting in the front ranks. They used the same missiles spoken of in former sieges, such as pails of boiling water, blazing firebrands, and burning pitch hoops flung so as to fall around the necks of their enemies. The rustics used their ponderous flails as if threshing corn in their barns. As a result of all this the invaders lost heavily and were beaten back.

In connection with the assault a new mine had been constructed and charged with powder, to be exploded between the Longres ravelin and the gate. But this had been secretly countermined by the townspeople, and was exploded by them at a moment unexpected by the besiegers. As a result five hundred of these were blown into the air, while of the defenders, warned in time, none were injured.

An interesting incident is that told of a Spanish captain of engineers, who had been inspecting the

mine at the time and was blown up from the depths. His body fell back into the excavation and was buried by the falling débris. Forty-five years later, when an excavation was made for the foundations of a new wall, his skeleton was found, clad in complete armor, with helmet and cuirass, his gold chain round his neck and his mattock and pick at his feet, he being thus buried in full panoply.

The charge went on, even after this signal event, Alexander seeking to force his officers to the charge, and proposing to lead them in person. This he would have done, but that they threw themselves in his path and begged him to withdraw. Finally he gave the signal of recall and the fierce but unsuccessful assault ended.

Parma now concluded that the city could not be taken by assault and turned his attention to sapping and mining, as more promising of success than charges on the walls. He also began to build a chain of forts, sixteen in number, around the city, these being connected by walls, so as to protect his forces from without while he assailed the city within. The result was that when a force of seven thousand men, collected with difficulty by the Prince of Orange, approached the city, they saw at once that relief was hopeless and retired without a blow.

The story of what subsequently took place is too long to tell in detail. Step by step the Spaniards advanced, gradually gaining upon the defenders. Not until the garrison had been reduced to four hundred, nearly all of those wounded, did they show a willingness to treat for surrender. But to this the citizens would not listen and the struggle went on

with unrelenting fury. The main hope of the people now lay in a fortification they had built within the Brussels gate, the final point of attack.

This they continued to defend after everything else had been lost, and again haughtily refused a summons to surrender, in which Alexander applauded them for their courage. Yet they were at their last ebb. During the following night a soldier on guard discovered a chink in the wall, an overlooked result of the recent cannonade. Widening it with his fingers, he finally was able to creep through, and found himself in the streets, sentinels and all others being fast asleep. Creeping back again, he carried the news to his officers, and before morning broke an assault was made upon this breach.

The soldiers forced their way through or climbed the undefended breastwork and surprised the city in its slumber. The burghers, suddenly awakened, were bewildered and unprepared, and fell back in dismay before the unlooked-for attack. The result was the usual one in a city taken by assault in those days, an indiscriminate massacre. Women and children had fought beside the men and they as well as the men were cut down without mercy, all the cruelties for which the Spanish soldiery of that day were noted being perpetrated upon the defenceless inhabitants.

For three days the work of massacre continued, and when it was over not four hundred of the people were left alive. These soon wandered away, a horde of sutlers and vagabonds taking their place in the city. As for booty, it was very large, Maestricht having been a thriving city with extensive and valuable cloth manufactories. Now, not only taken but de-

populated and plundered, it was left open for strangers to inherit all that remained.

We may close this chapter with a brief account of another warlike incident. The Duke of Parma succeeded in taking many other cities during his sojourn in the Netherlands, these usually by surrender and with no other horrible massacre like that of Maestricht. But we here refer particularly to an exploit of the Duke of Anjou which became known as the "French Fury."

Alençon, to give this worthy his first title, was a brother of the King of France, who engaged to lead an army to the Netherlands to aid the Prince and his adherents in their struggle against Spanish tyranny, and was given the high sounding title of "Defender of the Liberty of the Netherlands against the Tyranny of the Spaniards and their adherents." He thus posed as an aid to the Prince of Orange and an enemy of the Duke of Parma.

Worthless in character and false and fickle in nature, Anjou in the end became treacherous to his ally and devised a scheme to win dominion for himself, his project being to take possession by the aid of his troops of the principal cities of Flanders. Plans were laid for a number of these to be invaded on a fixed day by his officers, while he reserved Antwerp for himself.

The day selected was the 15th of January, 1583, and the effort proved successful in the case of a number of cities, though it failed in Bruges and Antwerp. The Prince of Orange, then in Antwerp, received a mysterious warning on the night of the 15th. While expressing full confidence in Anjou,

he deemed it advisable to take precautions against a possible attack. Anjou, applied to, protested that he had no such intent and was ready to shed every drop of his blood in the defence of Antwerp.

His protests proved false, for at one o'clock on the following day a troop of three hundred men rode through the Kipdorp gate, where they suddenly attacked and killed the unsuspicious guard. Then they rode furiously into the streets, with shouts of "City won! City won! Long live the Duke of Anjou!"

Their comrades, about six hundred cavalry and three thousand infantry, awaiting fully armed in their camp outside, at once followed, marching into the streets and firing at the burghers who appeared at doors and windows. Meeting with little resistance, the invaders broke ranks and began to make their way into stores and dwellings, too intent on plunder to consider their safety.

Taking the alarm, the burghers flew quickly to arms. The trumpets sounded, the city guards swarmed out, chains were stretched across the streets. Everywhere the people rushed forth, armed and furious. The "Spanish Fury" was too recent to be forgotten. A bold baker, standing naked beside his oven—the custom of his trade in that day—rushed into the street, unhorsed a French officer with a blow from his bread shovel, seized his sword, sprang on his horse and rode unclad through the streets, striking dismay among the enemy by the fury of his attack. So signal were his services that he was afterwards rewarded by a pension of three hundred florins for life.

So sudden and resolute was the work of defence that the invaders found themselves swallowed up in the tide of citizens, nearly a third of them being slain. The others, in their attempt to retreat, fell rapidly, the dead at the Kipdorp gate being piled up ten feet deep. In all nearly two thousand were killed, including nobles of high rank, the rest being held as prisoners.

Thus ended what has been called the "French Fury," its end being very different from the "Spanish Fury" of a few years before. As for the Duke of Anjou, his treacherous attempt destroyed his influence in the Netherlands. He died in the following year.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM THE SILENT

William the Silent, Prince of Orange, the greatest man that the Netherlands had produced, taking rank indeed with the leading men in the world's history, owed his fame to the skill and tenacity with which he opposed the designs of Philip II. of Spain and for years opposed the efforts of the Duke of Alva and the other emissaries of Philip to rob the Netherlands of their liberty of state and conscience.

The chief events of his history have been given in preceding pages, but we have here to tell its tragic termination. Beginning his work with his country under complete control of Spain and all its inhabitants, with few exceptions, condemned to death as heretics, this brilliant statesman and organizer raised his standard against Spain and maintained a desperate contest against that powerful country with unflagging resolution through long years of adversity. His efforts enabled him to win great part of the land from the dominion of Spain, to gain the love and veneration of the patriots of the Netherlands, and in 1579, in the Union of Utrecht, to found a famous republic, which adopted the name of the United Provinces of the Netherlands. This was composed of seven of the northern provinces, he being elected Stadtholder, a term equivalent to President.

Despairing of overcoming this famous champion

of liberty by force of arms, the tyrant of Spain took the despicable course of seeking to dispose of him by murder. In 1580 he resolved to issue a ban upon him and set a price on his head. Writing to the Duke of Parma, he said:

"It will be well to offer thirty thousand crowns or so to any one who will deliver him dead or alive. Thus the country may be delivered of a man so pernicious; or at any rate he will be held in perpetual fear and therefore prevented from executing leisurely his designs."

The ban narrated the various acts taken by William against Spanish control of the Netherlands, dealing with them as so many crimes, and declared him "traitor and miscreant, enemy of ourselves and of the country. As such we banish him perpetually from all our realms, forbidding all our subjects, of whatever quality, to communicate with him, openly or privately, to administer to him victuals, drink, fire, or other necessaries."

The ban concluded by offering to any one who should capture or kill him twenty-five thousand crowns in gold, and stated as further reward to the assassin:

"If he have committed any crime, however heinous, we promise to pardon him; and if he be not already noble, we will ennoble him for his valor."

The Prince could not be beaten, he could not be bought, nothing remained but to see if he could not be murdered, and thus removed from the path of Philip the Abominable. It was a doom which William and his subjects contemned, but it was to bear its fruits.

The first effort against the life of the Prince was made on March 18, 1582, the birthday of the Duke of Anjou, in whose honor a festival was to be held, the Prince and all the great French lords being invited. This was set for the evening and the Prince dined at home, in company with several persons of distinction. On his way from the dining-room to his apartments he stopped to show the noblemen with him a piece of tapestry on which were depicted several Spanish soldiers.

As he stood there a young man, of vulgar mein and pale, dark complexion, approached from among the servants and handed him a paper. As he took it the stranger drew a pistol and fired at the Prince. The ball entered his neck under the right ear, passed through the roof of his mouth and out under the left jaw-bone, carrying with it two teeth. The Prince stood for a moment stunned, then called out, "Do not kill him—I forgive him my death." He then cried to the French noblemen, "Alas! what a faithful servant does his Highness lose in me." In this term he referred to the Duke of Anjou, then still fully trusted by the Prince.

The appeal for mercy came too late. Two of the gentlemen present had already drawn their rapiers and run the murderer through. The halberdiers quickly rushed upon him, so that he fell pierced with thirty-one wounds. The Prince, who was thought to be mortally wounded, was helped to his room and put to bed, where the surgeons examined the wound.

While very dangerous in appearance, the flame from the pistol had been so close as actually to cauterize the wound and prevent the deadly flow of blood

that might have followed, and hope returned. As the noble victim lay in bed he referred frequently to the position in which his death would leave the Duke of Anjou. "Alas, poor Prince!" he cried; "alas, what troubles will now beset you." The sufferer did not know Anjou or dream of the treachery he was afterwards to devise.

The body of the assassin being exposed upon the public square, it was soon discovered that he was the servant of a Spanish merchant of Antwerp, named Gasper d'Anastro. Research showed that Anastro was the instigator of the affair. Being on the point of bankruptcy, he had written to King Philip and entered into a contract with him. The King agreed, if he should take the life of the Prince of Orange, to pay him eighty thousand ducats and honor him with the cross of Santiago. Too wary to risk his own life, Anastro prevailed upon his servant, John Jaureguy, to attempt the deed for a small reward. He also took care to escape from the country before the deed was done.

Two other persons, Venero, Anastro's cashier, and Zimmerman, a friar and an inmate of his family, were arrested, put on trial for complicity in the crime, and confessed their knowledge of Anastro's purpose. At the Prince's request they were not tortured, but were strangled and quartered on a scaffold at the market place.

Meanwhile the Prince lay in a very critical condition, and the concern throughout the country was great. Apprehension grew deep when, on April 5, the cicatrix on his neck, which had prevented the flow of blood, fell off, and a severe hæmorrhage followed.

It was difficult to apply a bandage tight enough to stanch the wound without suffocating the patient, and the interesting expedient was adopted of providing a succession of attendants, day and night, each keeping the wound closed by compression with the thumb until the blood flow should be checked by the healing process. The plan proved successful, and on the 2d of May the Prince was able to go to the cathedral to offer thanks for his recovery, amid the joyful sobs of a vast assemblage. The murderer's hand found one victim, however, Charlotte de Bourbon, the Prince's wife, dying three days later, of a fever brought on by her long watching and anxiety.

This was not the only attempt on the Prince's life. Two other unsuccessful ones were made in the spring of 1584, and on the 10th of July of that year came the final and fatal one. The murderer was a man who, two days before, had brought the Prince despatches concerning the recent death of the Duke of Anjou and who had succeeded in finding in the house a good hiding place for the commission of his projected crime. This was a sunken arch at the foot of the stairway, behind which was a door opening to a narrow lane at the side of the house.

The Prince had left the dining-room with some friends and proceeded to the foot of the stairway when a man emerged from the sunken arch, pistol in hand, and discharged it full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one passing through him and striking the wall beyond.

"O my God! have mercy on my poor people!" were the last words spoken by him, with the exception

of "Yes," when his sister asked if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ.

The murderer sprang through the door and sped down the narrow lane. He had almost reached the rampart, where he intended to spring into the moat, beyond which a horse awaited him, when he stumbled and was seized by men who had pursued him from the house.

Little more need be said about him, other than that he was a fanatical Catholic, born in Burgundy, by name Bathazar Gérard, who had long projected this deed, and had been aided in his attempt by the Duke of Parma. He was tortured and executed in the cruel manner common in those days, but he had done the work to which he had consecrated his life. The great William of Orange had fallen a victim to his hand.

While deeply mourned by his people, his assassination gave the greatest satisfaction to Philip of Spain, who paid to the father and mother of the murderer the reward which, as Parma said, "the laudable and generous deed had so well deserved." They were not only paid the twenty-five thousand crowns but were ennobled, given an estate, and took their place among the landed aristocracy of Spain. Rarely has so foul a deed been so rewarded, but there was no abomination of which Philip II. was not capable.

CHAPTER XXV

THE FAMOUS SIEGE OF ANTWERP

The murder of the Prince of Orange left the United Provinces of the Netherlands in a precarious condition. The great statesman gone who had for years held his own against all the power of Spain, the condition of those seven meager provinces, arrayed, with their million and a half of people, against the great Spanish empire, seemed hopeless. William the Silent left no successor with his ability and influence over the people. He left one son, Maurice, who was in time to come to prove himself a great soldier. But he was still a boy of seventeen, and had scarcely begun to show a trace of his native powers.

On the other hand was Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, the ablest man among those who had sought to hold the Netherlands for Philip of Spain. A capable soldier and skilled diplomatist, he had already by bribery and persuasion succeeded in bringing the Walloon provinces back to loyalty to Philip. Parma was also master of a number of cities within the boundaries of the seven provinces constituting the Dutch Republic. There remained the rich territory of Flanders and Brabant with no declared master, the patriots being in possession of a number of its cities, especially Brussels and Antwerp, the two leading municipalities of the land. These strongholds the Duke of Parma now set himself to win.

No man not his equal in the military art could have hoped to win them with the resources at his command. Despite the fact that the power of the great empire of Spain lay behind him, he was left almost without men and money to do this work. At most he was unable to bring more than eight or ten thousand men into the field, and he was forced to beg Philip, often in vain, for money to pay these troops. But for the blunders of his opponents and the removal from his path of the Prince of Orange he could never have succeeded.

The city of Antwerp, the chief goal of his wishes, as the center of commerce of the Netherlands, if not of all Europe at that time, stood on the wide and deep river Scheldt, and could boast of a harbor capable of containing two thousand merchant ships. With a large population within its walls and the active and daring Zealanders near at hand, to conquer it with the small force which Parma could command seemed a hopeless task. As for famine, it might easily laugh that to scorn. And it was so situated that any invading force could be drowned out by opening the dykes. Yet in spite of all these advantages, incompetence and mismanagement threw it into Parma's hands, after a siege a year in length.

We cannot give the details of this long siege, and must content ourselves with describing its leading features. The first evidence of incompetence came early in the siege. It would have been easy to supply Antwerp with food to last more than a year. It was estimated that it would require about 900,000 bushels of grain for a year's supply. This was rap-

idly coming in when the magistrates, by an act of incredible folly, stopped the flow. They laid a high duty upon the incoming corn. At once the tide of provisions ceased. Had the magistrates been in the pay of the Duke of Parma they could not have worked better for his cause.

To prevent open commerce with the port Parma early began a stupendous undertaking, that of throwing a fortified bridge across the Scheldt, below the city, and thus making Antwerp practically an inland town. To bridge such a stream, half a mile wide and sixty feet deep in its central channel, was a task of immense difficulty with the meager facilities at his command. It took months to do it, and its central portion could never have been built except for the supineness of his adversaries, who made no concerted attack upon the work. It was, however, finally completed and Antwerp shut in from the sea.

Another defensive process, that of flooding the country, which would have put an end to the siege, was similarly mismanaged. There were two dykes which kept back the sea waters from the region around Antwerp, and the question of cutting these and flooding the country was early considered. Instead, however, of doing this work at a point which would cause a general inundation, it was done, against the advice of the Prince of Orange, at a place which yielded no advantage to the besieged.

A large section of the country, indeed, was flooded, to such a depth that only church steeples and high trees appeared above the waters, and whole villages disappeared. But the dykes which would have flooded the immediate vicinity of the city were left

uncut and fell into the hands of the enemy before the need of piercing them was conceded. Sainte Aldegonde, the able governor of the city, vigorously demanded that the one known as the Kowenstyn dyke should be opened, and when he found, after long entreaty, that the work had not been done, he declared that the hair stood upright upon his head. Such were the fatal errors, the acts of folly, which led to the city's fall. The efforts to overcome them were the specially interesting incidents of the siege.

As for Parma, he was at times in despair. The money needed to pay his troops failed to appear, and many of the soldiers deserted, begging their way homeward through France, and denouncing their general. He, on the other hand, was in imminent danger of being forced to abandon the siege. He held on, however, borrowing where he could, and clinging to his work with indomitable energy.

Meanwhile the bridge, which had been built with so much labor and skill, was in constant danger from the ice blocks which the wintry stream hurled against it. Especially was its central part, built of boats, each armed like a small fort, in peril from the icy flood. Yet it held fast and was so strongly fortified as to defy any attack by the daring Zealanders.

An assault was, however, made upon the bridge from the city side, and one which, but for misadventure, must have ended the siege. A certain native of Mantua, Gianibelli by name, a man of great mental resources, then residing in Antwerp, came to the city's aid. He had been one of those who advocated the buying of large supplies of grain and storing it up in magazines. He now laid before the

THE HARBOR OF ANTWERP IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

authorities a plan for attacking the bridge by fire-ships, and asked for three large vessels from the city's fleet, with a large number of flat-bottomed scows. His request was refused by the sapient magistrates, the most they were willing to do being to give him the use of two smaller vessels, respectively of seventy and eighty tons. Though disgusted with this parsimony on such a vital occasion, the Mantuan accepted the gift, named the two ships the *Fortune* and the *Hope,* and built within each a chamber of mason work filled with seven thousand pounds of powder. Over this was a cone of marble slabs filled with cannon balls and other dangerous missiles.

These floating mines, preceded by thirty-two smaller vessels filled with combustible materials, were sent down the Scheldt at ebb tide on an April night. The fire-ships did no serious damage, being stopped by an anchored raft above the bridge or running ashore to burn out harmlessly.

Next followed the two "hell-burners," as the mined vessels were called. The *Fortune,* which came first, ran ashore before reaching the bridge, and failed to explode, the slow match going out. This exhibition of harmlessness was greeted with derisive laughter by the soldiers who now crowded the bridge, and watched with curiosity the *Hope,* which had now drifted near. Passing between the raft and the shore it struck the bridge, only a thin wreath of smoke curling up.

This, too, was greeted with laughter and derision, many springing on board to investigate the seemingly harmless vessel. The Duke of Parma stood on the bridge, but was induced to move away by

an anxious friend. He was just in time. At that instant the clock-work connected with the match did its work, and a frightful explosion was heard. The *Hope* sank with those on board, and a large portion of the bridge, with the block-house near it, was blown to atoms, with all the crowding troops. The air was filled with the deadly missiles, some of which were afterward found a league away. Parma was hurled stunned to the ground, but escaped without injury.

It had been arranged to send a barge to see if a breach had been made, and then fire a rocket to warn the fleet stationed down the river, heavily armed and laden with food. By an unlucky chance, the barge had started too soon, and shared the fate of the bridge, all on board being slain. Thus the rocket failed to rise, the fleet remained without moving, and this hopeful experiment, which would surely have saved Antwerp, passed without effect.

During the following month a vigorous effort was made to capture and open the Kowenstyn dyke. Here also fire-ships were used to burn the palisades, but without effect, and the battle that followed was very hot. For a time the patriots held the dyke and made a breach in it through which the water poured like a river.

Yet incompetence followed. The commanders sprang into a barge and rowed exultingly to Antwerp. They were too soon. A fierce attack was made on the unwary and illy commanded delvers. They were driven off and the gap closed. Failure had again followed a most promising venture. "We had cut the dyke in three places," said one of the

patriots, "but left it most shamefully for want of commandment."

This ended the effective defence of Antwerp. Soon after negotiations for its surrender began. A formal treaty was signed, August 17, 1585, providing for amnesty and oblivion if the city returned to its allegiance. Only the Catholic faith was to be practised, but those of other faith were given two years to wind up their affairs and leave the city. It was almost the first instance in this lamentable war in which no plunder or bloodshed followed the surrender.

CHAPTER XXVI

LEICESTER AND SIDNEY IN THE NETHERLANDS

During the years that had passed the Netherlands stood alone against the great power of Spain. Money was wanting, aid was wanting, only patriotism and religious animosity remained. Hired soldiers, German and French, were at times employed, but lack of cash to pay for their services made their aid of little importance. The capture of Antwerp, soon followed by the surrender of Brussels and other cities, was a serious loss to the patriots, and it seemed as if all the cities of the south would soon be in Parma's hands.

In this state of affairs the only hope seemed to lie in an alliance with England or France, both then hostile to Spain, and earnest efforts were made to bring this about. But to many a treaty of alliance with France appeared like exchanging the Spanish for a French tyranny, and the feeling ran high in favor of an English alliance, especially in Holland and Zealand.

We can only say here that negotiations in this direction were long continued, Queen Elizabeth of England being difficult to win over. By the time she fully made up her mind, Antwerp had fallen, and the task had grown much greater. British troops had been sent to relieve that place, but they came too late to be of service, and active measures were needed if Holland and Zealand were to be retained.

It was finally decided to send to the aid of the Netherlands a force of five thousand infantry and

one thousand cavalry, the Earl of Leicester representing England in that country. Sir Philip Sidney, famous as an author and as a man of chivalrous soul, was made governor of Flushing, a port of high naval importance. Maurice of Nassau, second son of William of Orange, then but eighteen years old, but already of great promise, was chosen in honor of his father as permanent stadtholder of Holland and Zealand. Such was his ability, indeed, that in 1587, at the age of twenty, he was elected Governor and Captain-General of the Seven United Provinces, and became their mainstay in the war with Spain.

It was on the 19th of December, 1585, that the Earl of Leicester, Lieutenant-General of the English forces in the Netherlands, attended by "the flower and chief gallants of England," convoyed by a fleet of fifty ships, reached the port of Flushing. Here his nephew Sidney, governor of that place, with Maurice of Nassau, and a procession of troops and civil officials, escorted him in all honor to his lodgings. Thence he made a progress throughout the country, being feasted and féted as though he could shed independence with a wave of his hand.

In fact, however, Alexander of Parma had little to fear from those auxiliaries. They were a sorry crew, untrained in military exercises, squalid and slovenly in appearance, ill-armed, ill-supplied, and ill-fitted to meet the veteran troops of Spain. Elizabeth, noted for her covetous disposition, laid the expenses of the campaign largely on Leicester, who had to draw freely on his own estate to feed and clothe his sorry crew.

As a result of this, a few months found these poor

fellows in a destitute condition, mere barefoot, starving vagabonds. Leicester begged for money from the treasury, but little came, while what he was able to provide of his own was largely spent in paying old scores. As for Leicester himself, he was appointed, within a month after his arrival, Governor-General of the United Provinces, with supreme military command and civil and political power, receiving an oath of fidelity from the States.

Meanwhile the Duke of Parma was not at rest. Many of the strongholds of Belgium were in his hands, but there were others still to win. The cities along the Scheldt, including Antwerp, had been taken, but Flushing, at its outlet, remained an outpost of the republic. In the same way he held some of the fortified cities along the Meuse and the Rhine, while the patriot forces held others. The military operations of 1586 were along these and the Waal and the Yssel rivers, where there were numerous strongholds in patriot hands.

We can only say here that Parma was successful in most of this undertaking, some strongholds being taken by force, others surrendering, until most of the fortified cities of the region were in his hands. Some brilliant feats of arms were performed on the other side, but the unflinching persistence of the able Duke enabled him to win in the main issues of the campaign.

As for Leicester, he was making a sorry show as a military chief, and it was not until late August that a decisive step was taken, this being the proposal to lay siege to the strong and important Spanish stronghold of Zutphen, on the Yssel River.

Leceister's army in this affair numbered about nine thousand in all, though he announced that it was fourteen thousand strong. He had to deal not only with the garrison of the city but with an army of sixty-five hundred men, brought up by the Duke of Parma to aid the garrison.

Parma's first enterprise was an earnest attempt to provision the city, and for this purpose he collected supplies sufficient to feed four thousand men for three months. This he determined to send into the city at every hazard. A powerful escort was provided, twenty-five hundred strong, and a plan formed to aid the convoy by a sally from Zutphen at the critical moment.

This movement became known to Leicester, but not expecting so strong an escort he undertook to ambush it with a force of two hundred cavalry, backed up by three hundred picked men. To send so small a force against the strong escort was a hopeless effort. The cavalry detachment was made up of veterans, ready for vigorous work, but not capable of miracles. Sir Philip Sidney was present, with many other notable cavaliers, and it was an incident connected with his presence that gave renown to this otherwise unimportant affair. Meeting Sir William Pelham, the lord marshal, lightly armed, Sidney, in a spirit of extravagant chivalry, threw off his own thigh armor and dashed into the fray with no protection but his cuirass.

The little troop rode into the hostile ranks with a fury and devotedness equal to that of the famous "four hundred" of a later date. So fierce was the charge that the Spanish cavalry were several times

driven back upon their musketeers. In the last charge Sidney rode through the enemy's ranks until he faced their entrenchments, when he was struck in the thigh by a musket ball. His chivalric but unwise discarding of his armor was a fatal act, his leg being dreadfully shattered.

When he came back, suffering intense pain, his attendants brought him a bottle of water to quench his raging thirst. As he was about to drink, a wounded soldier "who had eaten his last at the same feast," looked up wistfully into his face. Sidney instantly handed him the flask, exclaiming: "Thy necessity is even greater than mine."

This act of impulsive benevolence has survived in story from that day to this, and has invested Sidney's name with a halo of glory which has aroused the admiration of the world and shed luster upon that otherwise insignificant military engagement.

The ambush failed, the convoy reached the city, and Sidney's wound proved fatal. Thus ended that affair, made memorable by the act of one man.

With a sketch of another dramatic event we may dismiss this subject. Zutphen, well provisioned, remained impregnable; but the forts beyond the river and on the island in the stream fell into Leicester's hands. The great fortress which commanded the Veluwe, and which had formerly held out against a siege of nearly a year, was taken by the valor of an English soldier, Edward Stanley.

A breach, not a very promising one, having been made and an assault being attempted, Stanley sprang at the long pike of a Spanish soldier who was trying to thrust him from the wall. Seizing it with both

hands, he wrestled with the soldier for its possession. Conspicuous by his dress, all yellow but his corselet, he was in full view of Leicester and the army. Other soldiers broke their pikes upon his corselet, or fired at him with their muskets, but he held doggedly on. Those who sought to follow him up the breach found the sandy soil give way beneath their feet, and failed to reach him.

Suddenly changing his plan, Stanley let the soldier lift him from the ground. Then, gaining purchase with his feet on the wall, he succeeded in scrambling over the parapet and dashed with drawn sword among the defenders of the fort, cutting them down with berserker rage.

That he could escape with life semed incredible, but his followers now made ladders of each others' shoulders, succeeded in following him up and rushed to his aid with such energy that the garrison was soon overpowered and the fort taken. Leicester, enthusiastic at this feat of desperate courage, knighted Stanley on the spot, and the next day presented him with forty pounds in gold and gave him an annuity of one hundred marks sterling for life.

It is probable that this annuity soon ended, for the Earl of Leicester soon after appointed Stanley governor of the important seaport city of Deventer, and Stanley, a Catholic, turned traitor to his country and delivered the city to the troops of Spain.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE FATE OF THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA

IMPORTANT among the successes of the Duke of Parma was the capture of the city of Sluys, a valuable seaport of Zealand, with a harbor capable of containing five hundred large vessels, and an excellent though intricate passage to the sea. It lay amid a small archipelago of sandy islands, standing upon nearly the only firm soil of the region. Its possession was of great importance just then to Parma, as a basis for the invasion of England, long contemplated by King Philip and himself. In fact, the great event of the ensuing year was the sailing of the famous Armada, of which the Duke of Medina Sidonia was the admiral, while the Duke of Parma was selected to command the land forces. Of these he sought to gather a force of 30,000 men in Flanders, and the strongest hopes were entertained of sweeping the British fleet from the sea and subduing the heretical island of Great Britain. The "Invincible Armada" it was called, a title strikingly out of consonance with its ultimate fate.

It was at the end of May, 1588, that the fleet, huge for that date, set sail from the port of Lisbon, Portugal, where for a month it had awaited a favorable wind. It consisted of one hundred and twenty-nine ships, half of them of over 700 tons burden, manned by 8,000 sailors, and carrying 19,000 soldiers. It was armed with more than 3,000 cannon,

and held provisions enough to feed 40,000 men for six months. Such a fleet, when to its military force were added the 30,000 men hoped for by the Duke of Parma, appeared likely to prove "invincible" to the England of that day.

All that Elizabeth had to oppose to this great fleet was a squadron of eighty ships, of which only thirty were ships of the line. The sole advantage it could claim was that the small size of its ships made them more manageable than the unwieldy Spanish galleons. Four of these, known as galeasses, were of 1,200 tons burden, an enormous size for that period. But they were so clumsy in build as to appear admirably "unfit" for warlike purposes.

The English ships were manned by 9,000 of the hardiest sailors of Europe, while under Lord Howard, the admiral in command, were such men as Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher, the most famous seamen of their day. Drake, who for years had harassed the American ports and ships of Spain and had been the second to circumnavigate the globe, had performed a memorable exploit in 1587, when he was sent "to singe the King of Spain's beard." In this enterprise he dashed into the port of Cadiz, burnt, sunk or captured one hundred vessels intended for the Armada, and made his way back in triumph. Men of this character were likely to make their mark in the work now laid out for them.

The fleet gathered by England was not the only one enlisted in the enterprise. In the inlets and estuaries of the Flemish coast had gathered a squadron of Dutch vessels, numbering about one hundred and fifty in all, ably manned by the skilled and dar-

ing mariners of Holland and Zealand, and blockading every channel of egress from the coast ports. They were waiting eagerly to grapple with the vessels of the Duke of Parma, when these should attempt to put out with the reinforcements recruited by him in the Netherlands.

The Armada seemed destined for misfortunes from its start. It had but barely got to sea when a gale in the Bay of Biscay drove it for shelter into the port of Ferrol. During this gale an interesting incident took place, well worth relating. Of the four great galleys, unwieldy monsters of sixteenth century sea-architecture, the *Diana,* the largest of the four, went to the bottom in the gale with all hands. A second, the *Vasana,* was in such sore straits and imminent peril of the same fate that the captain asked one of the galley slaves, whom he knew to be an able sailor, to take charge and try to save the vessel.

This man, a Welsh mariner named David Gwynn, a prisoner of war, had toiled in the Spanish hulks for eleven years, hopeless of escape. Released from the oars and given control of the ship, he told the captain that it was useless to follow the fleet in that gale. They would go down as the *Diana* had done. Their only hope was to take in all sail and seek by their oars to reach the nearest port. As for the soldiers, they were a mere encumbrance on deck and should be sent below. The captain consented to this, most of the soldiers being put under the hatches, while the remainder were seated on the benches among the rowers.

This was an opportunity for which Gwynn and his

fellow slaves had long hoped. They had even prepared for it by secretly making stilettos out of refuse bits of steel and broken sword blades. Gwynn's first effort was to take the steps necessary to save the ship. As soon as this was done he made a preconcerted signal to his fellows and instantly stabbed the captain to the heart. Each of the slaves did the same with the soldier beside him. Then, rushing below, they surprised and killed the rest of the troops. The great galley was theirs.

On reaching the deck again Gwynn saw that another of the great galleys, the *Royal,* was bearing down upon them, evidently with suspicion. A few minutes later there came from her a broadside which killed nine of his men. Gwynn at once headed his vessel for the *Royal,* laid it alongside with a heavy shock, and dashed on its deck at the head of his crew. A hot contest followed, in which the slaves of the *Royal* took part with the assailants, and soon the daring rowers were masters of this vessel also, its Spanish crew being put to death.

When the gale abated the experienced Welshman made his way with his prizes to the coast of France, landing at Bayonne, the property on the galleys being divided between him and his fellow slaves. The fugitives, 466 in number, of varied nationality, made their way to Rochelle, where Gwynn had an interview with Henry of Navarre, soon to become Henry IV. of France, who congratulated him and made him a handsome present. Finally he reached England, where he was highly commended by the Queen.

It was near the end of July when the two fleets met in the English Channel and the first fight took

place, the British mariners dexterously keeping their small vessels out of close reach and annoying their enemies seriously. This hornet-like attack continued till the end of the week, when the Spaniards reached and made their way into the port of Calais, where a junction with the Duke of Parma and his men was expected to take place. Unfortunately for the Spaniards this project failed. Parma was tied up tightly in port by the alert Dutch fleet, and found it impossible to escape their vigilance with his laden transports. The Spanish admiral had dispatched messenger after messenger to the Duke, asking for pilots, small shot, and fly-boats to deal with the annoying English cruisers, which his large vessels were unable to handle. But no such aid came. Parma and his men were effectually bottled up.

Meanwhile the British were planning an unwelcome surprise. Sir William Winter, of the *Vanguard,* was sent for by Lord Howard to come on board the flagship and consult with him as to what course should next be pursued. During the conversation there came to Winter's mind a recollection of the fire-ships which had been sent against Parma's bridge at Antwerp, four years before, with such striking effect. He suggested that something of the same kind might be attempted here. Howard approved of the suggestion and the next day held a council to decide upon how it should be carried out.

At midnight the project was put into effect, eight small vessels, well filled with combustibles, being set ablaze and sent into the midst of the Spanish fleet. A wild panic followed. There were men on board who had seen that night at Antwerp, and wild cries

of "the fire-ships of Antwerp!" came from their lips. In their mad fright the cables were cut and the vessels made a frantic effort to escape, some of them becoming entangled, others catching fire and burning.

The English ships lost no time in pursuing the fleeing Spaniards, and at dawn came up with them at Gravelines, where the battle was resumed, the nimble English pouring broadside after broadside into the lumbering galleys while they were able to do little damage in return. After six hours of this work the Spaniards found their best ships badly used up and drifting before a northwest wind upon the sandbanks of Holland. More than 4,000 men had fallen, while the English loss was small and not a ship had been taken.

A council of war was now called by the Spanish admiral and it was decided, as the Duke of Parma had not joined them with his army, that they should return to Spain, sailing around the Orkneys and back by way of the Irish coast, as the winds were unfavorable for a direct return. The English queen, in her money-saving way, had allowed her fleet to sail with a sparse supply of ammunition and they were unable to follow, being obliged to return for supplies.

But the winds of the North Sea now took up the work of destruction. When Lord Howard gave up the chase, on August 13, a hundred of the Spanish ships were still afloat. But on the following day the wind shifted and a furious gale came from the southwest. So violent was it that the British ships were in serious peril, but within a few days all had safely arrived in Margate roads. Far different was

the fate of the unwieldy Spaniards. Hurled along between the savage rocks of Faröe and the Hebrides, a series of disasters marked their helpless flight. The coasts of Norway, Scotland and Ireland were strewn with wrecks as gale after gale followed them during the remainder of the month.

In the end only about half those that escaped the English fleet came limping back to Spain, the ships so damaged as to be utterly worthless, the men exhausted with hardship and fatigue. Of the 30,000 who had manned the great fleet probably not more than 10,000 reached home again. Such was the hapless lot of the Invincible Armada. It had been rather annihilated than vanquished by the combined assault of the British ships and the Atlantic gales.

Fortune had as much as valor to do with saving England from a serious calamity. In fact, little had been done to meet the enemy if they had been successful in landing their troops. Queen Elizabeth had not only sent out her fleet with a sparse supply of ammunition, but had made very slight preparation for a land attack. There were no fortresses, no trained soldiers, little to depend upon but hasty levies to meet the veterans of Spain and the Netherlands. The commander-in-chief of the army was a favorite of the Queen and that is all that can be said for him. Of small ability and hated by the people, he was sadly unfit for the great task that might have fallen upon him.

Elizabeth talked magniloquently of putting herself at the head of her troops, but if Alexander of Parma had succeeded in reaching England with his Spanish veterans and Italian pikemen, seasoned to war on

many a hard-fought field, he would probably have swept through the country like another William the Conqueror.

The hardy mariners of Holland and Zealand did yeoman duty in holding back Parma and his troops and in saving England from this impending peril. For years Philip of Spain had been nursing and preparing for this grand effort, carried out at great cost, and England owed its delivery not only to the valor of British seamen and the storms of heaven, but as well to the sturdy courage of the Dutch mariners.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE EXPLOITS OF PRINCE MAURICE OF NASSAU

The assassination of William the Silent in 1584 proved of no advantage to his murderers. Two men of notable ability took up the task he had long held alone, that of the struggle for independence of the Netherlands. These were his son, Maurice of Nassau, who became one of the greatest captains of modern times, and the eminent statesman, John of Barneveldt, the leading political genius of that period. It is with the soldier, Prince Maurice, that we are here concerned.

Philip, the eldest son of the Prince of Orange, was seized by the Duke of Alva in 1568, sent to Spain as a hostage, and held there as a prisoner for many years, becoming a disciple of the political and religious creed of Philip II. Maurice, the second son, took his place as the representative of the Orange family in the Netherlands.

He surpassed his father in one particular, that of native military ability. A boy for years after his father's death, he was one of eminent practical ability, one who saw clearly the defect in the Netherland military methods, that of fighting with raw levies against the trained and hardened veterans of the Spanish army, and also the need of a commander fit to vie with the military genius of Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma.

Prince Maurice, while still a boy, set himself to

overcome both these defects. For more than four years, while most youths of his position would have occupied themselves in frivolities and reckless military exploits, he set himself to a scientific study of the military art under the learned Simon Stevinus of Bruges. He was quick to recognize the source of Spanish success, the need of developing a military organization equal to that of Spain and a system of tactics and evolution that would surpass it.

In this he was aided by his cousin Lewis William, Stadtholder of Friesland, a rugged little hero, brave as a lion in the field, and one who had been in more than one hard-fought battle. He, too, recognized that the old military system was growing obsolete and that a superior one was needed to take its place. The system of evolution then practised, that of great solid squares of troops moving and wheeling as one body, was set aside by the young stadtholder, who drilled his soldiers in small groups, wheeling, advancing, retreating in various ways, fitted for narrow places or contracted situations, until he had them capable of facile handling in every contingency likely to arise. Such were the methods pursued by the two cousins, who worked together to develop and perfect their new system.

What was wanted was a Dutch standing army, trained and efficient, and this the alert cousins did their utmost to develop. The army, as first organized, was a small one, about ten thousand foot and two thousand horse, but under the new system of training it was well disciplined, well equipped, and, of equal importance, well paid. The latter gave it a distinct superiority to the Spanish army, which

was kept in a state of almost constant mutinous spirit for lack of pay.

Such was the state of affairs from a military point of view in 1590. At this date the United Provinces were by no means the sole masters of their territory, many of their most important towns being held for the Spanish King. Some of these had been recently taken by Alexander of Parma; some had been lost by treachery, like Deventer, surrendered by Sir William Stanley; Veluwe, the fortress of Zutphen, by Sir Rowland Yorke; and Groningen, sold to Spain by a Netherland traitor. These cities it was the purpose of Maurice to win back if possible, and certain conditions just then greatly aided him.

Troubles in France were then acute. Henry III. had been murdered in 1589 by a fanatical monk. The next in succession was the Huguenot King Henry of Navarre, who was opposed by a Catholic party, aided by Spanish gold and Spanish troops. One important result of this was that the Duke of Parma was ordered by King Philip to France to aid in this work, thus removing this able soldier from the field covered by the plans of Maurice and his pugnacious cousin.

With this necessary preliminary description we may take up the story of the exploits of the young captain-general, in his effort to recover the strongholds of his country from Spanish control.

His first movement was against the town of Breda, on the river Merk, in the province of Brabant, a place which, while not important in itself, occupied an important position. It was taken by an interesting piece of strategy. A boatman who had been in

the habit of taking boatloads of turf to Breda, to serve for fuel, proposed to conceal a number of armed men in the hold of his vessel, under a freight of turf. Unluckily the wind was against them and several days passed of struggling progress up the stream, the men packed like sardines in their box, suffering from hunger, thirst, and wintry cold. One night it became necessary to take them out for refreshment. During that night the wind changed and blew up stream, but it took two days more to reach the harbor of Breda.

The boat had been there so often before that it was passed without difficulty by the guards, but it struck an obstruction in the river which developed a leak, with the result that the men were soon up to their knees in freezing water. The pumps were put to work, while laborers were busily unloading the turf. There was danger of these exposing the hidden men, but as night came on they were got rid of by the captain, who invited them out to have some beer, saying that the rest of the cargo might be left till next morning.

The remainder can be told in a few words. At midnight the hidden men, seventy in number, were released, carried the citadel by surprise, and admitted Prince Maurice and a body of picked troops. Before daylight Breda surrendered, the ordinary plundering being commuted by the payment of two months' wages to the soldiers engaged.

This exploit took place in 1590, but it was not until the following year that Maurice began his great career of conquest. It was his purpose to obtain control of the line of the Waal and Yssel

rivers, the strongholds along which, several of them lost by English perfidy, were in Spanish hands.

The first movement was against Zutphen, the great fortress of which, taken by Leicester, had been delivered to the Spanish by Stanley and Yorke. This fort was of great importance to the town. At dawn of May 23, 1591, five women and six men, apparently peasants and their wives, appeared before the fortress gates with baskets of eggs, butter and cheese. This was a common occurrence and soon some of the guard came out to chaffer with them for their goods. Suddenly one of the seeming women pulled out a pistol from under her clothes and shot the soldier who was cheapening her eggs. At once the rest of the party sprang upon the guard, overcame and bound them, and seized the gateway. A considerable party, ambushed near the place, now ran out, and in a few minutes this outwork of Zutphen was in their hands without the loss of a man.

The next day Maurice regularly invested the city, mounted his guns, and bombarded the place so actively that on the 30th it surrendered, this important place, which so long had resisted the States, being now taken within a week. Easy terms of surrender were granted, the soldiers being allowed to march out with their effects, while all citizens could remain who agreed to be loyal to the States.

Placing a garrison in the town Prince Maurice lost not a day, marching down the river the same day to Deventer, seven miles below, his artillery and munitions being boated down the Yssel. Within five days this city was invested and twenty-eight guns brought to bear upon the weakest spot in its walls.

The place was strongly fortified and was garrisoned by fourteen hundred Spaniards and Walloons, under Herman van der Berg, first cousin to Prince Maurice. He was a fervent Catholic, however, loyal to the Spanish King, and bent on a vigorous resistance. The council of the provinces visited Maurice in his camp and strongly suggested an abandonment of the siege, saying that it would be long and desperate and that there was a serious danger of an attack from outside. To such counsel as this Maurice was the last man to yield.

On June 9 the batteries opened, nearly 5,000 shots being fired before a practicable breach was opened. Here a hard fight took place, the assailants being in the end repulsed. The cannonade meanwhile was kept up on other parts of the town and the next day the place surrendered. Its walls shot to ruins, it was no longer tenable, and the terms offered by Prince Maurice were very favorable. The soldiers were permitted to march out with bag and baggage, and the burghers were treated like brothers, no plundering being permitted and no ransom demanded.

Thus in less than three weeks Maurice had won two cities of high importance. But he was after the whole tale of strongholds and with little delay moved his army upon Groningen, a place of leading importance. In the early days of July he captured several places in its vicinity, and on July 15 appeared before the strongly fortified city of Steenwick.

He now learned that the Duke of Parma, who had returned from France, was in the field and had made an attack on Fort Knodsenburg, on the island of

Batavia, between the two great horns of the Rhine. Without hesitation Maurice at once broke up his camp, deciding that this dangerous opponent must be met at once and, if possible, driven back.

It must suffice here to say that he was successful in this enterprise, Parma finding his army in peril in consequence of his having neglected to build a bridge over the Waal. He had not looked for such celerity on the part of the Netherlands and hastily transported his army by ferryboats over the stream. Fortunately for the success of Maurice, this formidable opponent was obliged by the orders of his King to return at once to France, and the most he could do was to offer promises of protection to Nymegen.

Every one expected that this place would be the next goal of the young commander, but, after making preparation of provisions and munitions in Zealand, he suddenly appeared before the gates of Hulst, a place of importance from its situation on the border of Brabant and within a dozen miles of Antwerp. Five days sufficed for the capture of this town, and, leaving it well garrisoned, Maurice suddenly appeared before the walls of Nymegen, bridged the swift river, and transported his army and sixty-eight pieces of artillery across the stream.

Surrender was demanded on October 20, the reply being that the Prince was too ardent a suitor and the city a spinster not so easily to be won. Yet the guns of the ardent suitor soon changed the mind of the spinster, and surrender was made on the second day of the bombardment. Thus another important city was gained, the progress of the new commander being so rapid as to seem incredible, in view of the

long time it had taken to subdue some of these cities in the past.

This ended the campaign of 1591. That of 1592, though not less important, must be more rapidly dealt with. The city of Steinwyck, which Maurice had threatened in the preceding year, was besieged on May 29, with an army of eight thousand men. Cannonading proved ineffective here and excavation and the explosion of mines became necessary, with the result that surrender was made on July 4, the terms being the easy ones given on former occasions.

On July 26 the army encamped before Coeworden, a place of great strength, being built between two immense marshes on a narrow, sandy pass of hard soil separating them. It was supposed to be impregnable, and much interest was taken in the siege. Having intrenched his camp and begun the work of approaches, he left Lewis William in charge and advanced upon Oatmarsum, a frontier town that might give him trouble if left in hostile hands. This fell at once and on July 31 he was back before Coeworden. Here sapping and mining were diligently kept up during the following month. Meanwhile a strong force was approaching to relieve the place and on the night of September 6 a sharp attack was made on the camp. Warned by an intercepted letter, Maurice was so fully prepared that the assailants were routed with nearly a thousand killed and wounded, while the Netherlanders lost seven in all. In the days that followed the siege was pushed so vigorously that the city fell on September 13, and Coeworden was added to Maurice's triumphs.

There are two more sieges to speak of, those of

Gertruydenburg and Groningen. The former was invested in March, 1593, the camp being turned into a second stronghold surrounded by caltrops and mantraps impassable by cavalry. The camp was abundantly provisioned by the surrounding peasantry, since everything brought in was paid for on the spot. The siege was carried on with pick and shovel, three thousand pioneers working willingly day and night, for they received special pay for this service. So thoroughly and with such admirable skill was everything done that military visitors from foreign countries came to inspect the camp and take new lessons in the art of war. On June 24 the great north ravelin was blown up by an explosion, soldiers rushed in, the garrison was driven back, and the city surrendered.

Groningen remained to be taken, its siege lasting from May 20 to July 24, 1594, when it, too, fell. It was last of the strongholds of the United Netherlands that had been held by the foe. Thus had the skill and courage of Prince Maurice and Count Lewis William, aided by the statesmanship of Barneveldt and his colleagues, rounded up the dominion of the Dutch republic, and consolidated it into a compact and independent commonwealth.

CHAPTER XXIX

HOW OSTEND WAS BESIEGED AND DEFENDED

THIS work has been largely a story of sieges, those on the Spanish side usually followed by ravage and massacre, those on the Netherland side never attended by these horrors. These tales of terror might well be here closed, but there is one more of remarkable character, the memorable siege of Ostend, too important to be omitted. In fact, the siege of Ostend, begun in 1601, was practically the whole war for a period of more than three years, and was one of the most striking events in the struggle with Spain.

Ostend, at that time a small and unimportant place, was the only one left to the Netherland republic in Flanders. An open village of about three thousand inhabitants, it was in no sense the center of fashionable resort which it has since become, and was chiefly known as a place for the pickling of herring. It had, however, been so strongly fortified by the Hollanders as to beat off an attack by the Duke of Parma in 1583. The republic, therefore, felt little inclined to give it up, and kept in it a garrison of seven or eight thousand men, of whom about two thousand were English, supplied by the Queen. For the same reason the Spanish authorities were as anxious to take it, and fought for it with a tenacity rarely equalled.

At the date of this siege Philip II. and the Duke of Parma had both ended their careers in death,

and Albert, an Austrian archduke, who had married Isabella, Philip's daughter, was at the head of affairs in the Spanish Netherlands. It was his determination to bring the whole of Flanders under his control that led to the protracted siege with which we are here concerned.

The struggle was preceded by a battle of unusual character, in which Maurice of Nassau and Sir Francis Vere, the English commander, led the Netherland troops and Archduke Albert those of Flanders. Maurice had been sent by the States-General to attack Nieuport, in the vicinity of Ostend. But, to his surprise, his enemies had been more prompt than he expected, and he found himself in the face of a powerful Spanish army, led by the alert Albert. There was other work before him than that of a quiet siege.

In fact, he soon found himself in imminent peril. A force of two thousand men, whom he had sent to hold a bridge which the enemy would have to cross, reached it too late, and were met by a hot attack. In a brief period the cavalry were put to flight in utter dismay, communicating their panic to the footmen, the whole force flying toward Ostend, and many of them being cut down without resistance in their uncontrollable flight.

This disgraceful panic left the army of the States in a critical position. Part of it had crossed the harbor at Nieuport, but two-thirds were still on the other side, with the tide at flood between. Had an attack been then made by the enemy it would have been fatal. It was fortunately delayed by the affair at the bridge, and at eight o'clock the tide had sunk

sufficiently for the men to wade across, with the water at places reaching their shoulders.

Such was the state of affairs with Maurice's army when the beach leading toward Ostend was seen to grow black with troops, and two troopers came galloping up with the news of the defeat at the bridge and that the troops seen were those of the Archduke. Lewis Gunther, a cousin of Maurice, sent them at once to headquarters, forbidding them to speak except to the commander. The news they brought was highly discouraging, but Maurice kept it to himself, and at once took a remarkable resolution, equal to that of the bold Cortez when he sank his ships on the coast of Mexico. The large fleet of vessels which had brought the army to that point lay floating in the harbor. At once he gave orders that every vessel should put to sea at once. He thus burned his bridges behind him. The men must fight their way to Ostend or die where they stood. Escape by sea was impossible, surrender not thought of. This he told to the men as he rode through the ranks. There was no alternative between victory and death.

We have not the space to tell the varied events of the battle that followed. It must suffice to say that, after several hours of fighting, the army of the State was driven from one sand-dune to another until it stood on the beach. It looked as if the retreating troops would be pushed into the sea. The day was, to all appearance, lost, and probably with it the existence of the Netherland republic. Maurice, who sat calmly on horseback, watching and directing the battle, seemed the only man free from fright in that dismayed host.

Fortunately for him, the pursuing enemy made a pause in its pursuit. It was one of those critical moments in a battle in which the tide of fortune turns. The cavalry, which had been firmly held in reserve until this momentous instant, was now ordered to charge. They did so with a fierce assault that rolled back the Spanish infantry. Some Zealand sailors at the same time opened fire upon them from a battery, and the infantry, with a sudden return of confidence, rushed forward in the rear of the cavalry. That wild charge decided the battle. The enemy in turn broke and fled and was pursued with such ardor that it was impossible to check its flight. Never had a lost battle been more brilliantly won again, and Prince Maurice, overcome with the emotion of the moment, threw himself on his knees on the sand, exclaiming: "O God, what are we human creatures to whom Thou hast brought such honor and to whom Thou hast vouchsafed such a victory?"

Thus ended the memorable battle of July 2, 1600. The expedition to Flanders had been of no value to the States, as Maurice had predicted. But he had proved himself one of the first generals of his time, and given new spirit to the republic. At the end of July he led his army back to Holland, where they were received with enthusiastic demonstrations.

On July 5, 1601, a year after his defeat, the Archduke Albert appeared before Ostend and began a siege that he fully expected to bring to an end within a few months. Certainly he did not dream that this insignificant town could hold out against the armies of Spain for more than three years.

By Christmas of that year, indeed, its garrison had

been so reduced and the coming of the looked-for reinforcements so delayed that it seemed impossible to hold it longer. In this dilemma Sir Francis Vere, commandant of the place, resorted to a shrewd artifice. The drummers were ordered to beat for a parley, and a proposal to treat for a surrender of the town was made, hostages being exchanged. But the commissioners sent by the Archduke were held by a variety of cunning devices until two days had passed and Christmas morning dawned.

On that day a great concourse of people gathered around the city, the news having spread through the neighboring villages that Ostend had agreed to surrender. Outside it was like a provincial fair, three thousand peasants and burghers having collected to witness the event. The Archduke, in complete armor, galloped about, expecting every minute the coming of a deputation with the keys of the town.

Inside the place a different feeling prevailed. That night the wind had changed and in the morning three Dutch war vessels were seen sailing in, crowded with troops. Vere now politely informed the commissioners that the reinforcements he had long expected were at hand and therefore he would not detain them longer. He had changed his mind about giving up the town. The news, making its way out, put a sudden end to the festival, while the exultant Archduke, furious at being tricked, withdrew like a sullen bear to his den.

One of his efforts had been to cut off supplies from the besieged. To do this he had sunk baskets of wickerwork, known as sausages, and filled with bricks and sand, in the narrow channel, making foun-

dations on which he could erect batteries. On the other side of the harbor, however, was a second channel, the Gullet, which could not be easily closed, the tides rushing through it broad, deep and swift. The best he could do here was to sink "sausages" along its outer edge and erect batteries to play upon the coming and going of ships.

These proved of little effect. Transports came in as regularly as if there had been no siege and the place was kept fully supplied. So abundant was the food that Ostend became the cheapest place in the Netherlands, meats and poultry being plentiful, while good French claret sold for two stivers the quart.

On January 7, 1602, a night assault was made, following a brisk cannonade that had continued all day long. The night was pitch dark and at seven the attack began, with sounds of drum and trumpet and the fierce yells of the charging troops. Later, when the tide was fully out, two thousand men rushed through the bed of the old harbor and fiercely assailed the works on that side.

Sir Francis, however, was well aware of what was coming and was fully prepared for the charge. Suddenly the whole place was lighted up, pine torches, tar barrels and other fuel being kindled and burning fiercely. A hot fire of artillery and musketry followed, spreading death through the assailing ranks, which, as they came nearer, were met with pike and dagger and hurled down the slope. For two hours the assault continued. Meanwhile the tide was rising, and the enemy in danger of being cut off. Some of them were already wading back when Vere ordered

the opening of the flood-gates and the waters poured wildly in. In a panic of fear the assailants now rushed back. It was too late. They were caught by the contending waters and great numbers of them drowned. In other parts of the town a like slaughter followed, the whole number of killed and drowned in this futile attempt being reckoned at two thousand, while the garrison escaped with little loss.

During the whole of 1602 the siege continued, the works of the besiegers creeping nearer and nearer. But all efforts to close the Gullet proved futile and on the last day of the year a fleet of transports arrived carrying whole droves of beeves and flocks of sheep, the ships sailing in despite all the efforts of the Spanish to check them with their batteries. And meanwhile the besieged, fearing that the Gullet might in time be closed, were busy in efforts to open a new channel into the harbor. In this work of digging and delving on each side the loss of life was great, but it went on without cessation.

The greatest loss suffered by the besieged was on April 13, 1603, after a hurricane which raged so fiercely that no soldier or sailor could keep his feet, and the town and its surroundings were deluged. The wind fell at nightfall, the Spaniards taking advantage of the opportunity to attack the outlying works, some of which they carried, turning their guns upon the town.

Another leader soon after took charge of the siege. The Marquis Spinola, a wealthy Italian noble, offered to supply the money to continue the siege. He was not a soldier, had no experience in war, but was to prove that he was born for camp and siege, since he

led the armies of the Archduke with great ability during the following years. He made his appearance in the camp in October, 1603, and quickly showed that he was as ready to bear hardship and expose his life as any veteran in the ranks. He changed the method of attack, depending chiefly upon delving and assaults, in the effort to win the works of the place, which was step by step accomplished.

And so the following autumn, winter and spring passed on and a new September, that of 1604, came. Spinola had now gained the whole town except the part known as Little Troy. Prince Maurice had it then in view to come to the rescue, but the weather proved so wet and the roads so deep in mire that the march of an army was impossible and surrender became inevitable. The terms were signed September 20, the garrison being permitted to march out arms in hand and take four cannon, but no powder, while prisoners on each side were to be set free.

Thus three thousand men marched out of Little Troy with the honors of war, the officers being entertained by Spinola at a splendid banquet. They had well earned it, for they had held the place for two years and seventy-seven days, more than a hundred thousand men having lost their lives in the siege and defence of that bank of sand, while eight millions of florins had been expended. All that the victors won was a ruin. Immunities were offered to all who would remain there, but beyond a blacksmith and his paramour, to whom entrance into Zealand was denied, not a human being would remain, and all that Spain had won was a heap of ruins and rubbish.

The war, which had continued without intermission for forty years, was now near its end. During the siege of Ostend there were few encounters in the field, and those that followed between Maurice and Spinola proved of little effect. It was high time for the struggle to end, and diplomacy now replaced war. The negotiations stretched drearily on for more than two years, ending in 1609 in a twelve-year truce in which the republic gained all its points, its independence being acknowledged, open Catholic worship interdicted and its foreign trade secured.

The new republic, however, included only seven States of the Netherlands, the remaining ten—the later Belgium—remaining under the rule of Spain. The persecution of Protestants, however, was at an end, this original cause of the war ceasing to exist.

CHAPTER XXX

THE DUTCH WIN EMPIRE ON THE SEA

We have so far been chiefly concerned with the exploits of the Dutch republic on land. Something must now be said of its prowess at sea. For centuries the daring mariners of Holland and Zealand had swept the seas in pursuit of fish and had shown their daring in exploration. A notable example was that of Willem Barentz, who in 1594 sought to reach China by way of the Arctic Ocean, and attained the high latitude of 78° north. Their main explorations, however, were in voyages to the East Indies and to America. In the latter they subsequently founded the colonies of New Netherland and the city of New Amsterdam, the later New York.

We are here concerned chiefly with their warlike exploits at sea, in which they showed themselves vastly superior to their Spanish foes. The efficient service which they rendered England in the battle with the Armada has already been described, but there are later examples of seamanship to be told. Their vessels were small, but stoutly built and capable of outsailing the large but clumsy galleys and galleons of Spain. And these were manned by a race of daring seamen who were capable of the most fearless feats of naval warfare.

The treasure ships of Spain, on their way home from America or the Indies, were fair spoil for the mariners of Holland, and in 1602 a great Portuguese carrack, richly laden and strongly armed, was attacked off the coast of St. Helena by a squadron of the little craft of Holland and overcome, a valuable

booty being divided between the victors. Nearer home they were equally audacious and skilful and played havoc with the warships of Spain.

The bold seamen of Holland had little respect for the lumbering galleys of Spain, the chief motive power of which was the oars of galley slaves. They, indeed, at times tried their hands at galley building, and one of these, built by them at Dort, had been rowed past the Spanish forts on the Scheldt, reaching the wharves of Antwerp, where the Dutch sailors boarded and captured a Spanish galley of the largest size, with seven smaller vessels, and bore them in triumph down the river, their bugles playing as they went the patriotic air of "William of Nassau."

Frederick Spinola, brother to the Marquis Spinola mentioned in the last chapter, had been sailing as a privateer from the port of Sluys and doing much damage to the merchant ships of Holland. In 1602 he obtained permission to man and equip at his own expense eight great galleys, built for the royal navy of Spain, in return for which all booty won was to be his.

In early autumn he set sail with this strong squadron for Flanders, but misfortune awaited him. Off the Portuguese coast he was met by a squadron of English frigates, and in the fight that followed two of the galleys were lost. More might have gone, but just then a great carrack from India, laden with rich merchandise, came within view, and the frigates set sail for this more promising prize, giving Spinola an opportunity to escape.

On October 3 the galleys entered the Straits of Dover, where they were sighted by the Dutch warships *Tiger* and *Pelican*. These gave notice to three

other Dutch galleots under Admiral Kent. Night fell. The wind had vanished. The galleys rowed on. It was hoped to reach the harbor of Sluys under cover of darkness. But with the rising of the moon came a steady breeze, filling the sails of the Dutch vessels and robbing the galleys of their advantage. The sea-fight that followed went all one way. Fiercely attacked and rammed by the iron prows of the galleots, two of Spinola's ships were sent to the bottom with all on board. Two more were driven into the shallows near Gravelines and there went to pieces. A fifth was wrecked near Calais, and only the one bearing Spinola reached port at Dunkirk, where the discomfited admiral had a dismal story to tell. In this fight about three thousand Spaniards lost their lives, while very few Hollanders were killed.

Despite this defeat Spinola was not dismayed. Reaching Sluys, he spent the winter in building new galleys. On May 25, 1603, a Dutch war-vessel, passing the Gulf of Sluys, saw signs of mischief there, and gave warning to Admiral de Moor, commander of the blockading squadron. De Moor's squadron consisted of four small ships, but he had in addition the support of a famous vessel called the *Black Galley of Zealand,* under Captain Jacob Michelzoon. Out from the harbor slowly came the galleys, eight in all, and of the largest size, each manned by two hundred soldiers and rowed by a large number of galley slaves. Four smaller vessels followed these great galleys, which came gliding over the smooth waters upon the little Dutch fleet, where it lay motionless for want of wind. The *Black Galley,* manned by rowers, was the only one capable of moving, and upon this rushed

two of the Spanish ships, rowed by five hundred men. They struck the *Black Galley* on its opposite sides, burying their iron prows deep into its timbers.

But these were of tough wood, and the musketeers on board, though only thirty-six against four hundred, were of far tougher material for a sea fight than Spinola's land soldiers. Great as was the disproportion in numbers, the Zealanders soon showed the stuff that was in them. They repelled every attempt to board their vessel. They swept with broadsides the benches of chained rowers. They clambered like cats upon the bowsprits of the Spanish ships, laying lustily about them with cutlass and handspike. Captain Michelzoon was killed and Lieutenant Hart wounded, but the valiant Hart swore that he would blow up the ship with his own hands rather than surrender. In the end the Zealanders broke off the enemy's bowsprits by main strength and floated free, the Spaniards glad enough to be clear from such an antagonist.

The galleot of Captain Lozier was attacked in the same way by four of the galleys, but here, too, the Dutch ship broke loose after a sharp contest, with the broken iron bowsprits in her sides. De Moor's ship was attacked by three galleys, but he met them with cannonade and musketry until they were glad to sheer off. A general attack was now made upon the *Black Galley* and that stout ship was in imminent danger. Captain Lozier alone was near enough to give her assistance, the other vessels lying becalmed and helpless at a distance.

The affair ended when Spinola, conspicuous from his armor and bravely exposing himself, was struck

by a ball from the *Black Galley* and hurled dead to the deck. At the same time a gentle breeze began to ruffle the waters and the galleys, with blood-stained decks and laden with dead and wounded, hastened to row back into harbor before the growing breeze should bring others of these sturdy antagonists against them. Thus ended the career of Frederick Spinola and thus ended the service of his twelve ships and three thousand men, beaten by a few Dutch vessels manned by not more than a tenth of their number. Rarely at sea has there been a victory against such a disproportion of force.

Other exploits of this character might be told, but we shall confine ourselves to a brief account of one that took place in the harbor of Gibraltar in 1607. Here lay a Spanish war fleet comprising many large galleons and other vessels, and here on the morning of April 25 came a Dutch fleet under the command of Admiral von Heemskirk, so much smaller in size that the Spanish admiral laughed at the suggestion that these puny vessels had come to offer him battle.

Heemskirk, heading towards the flagship of the Spanish admiral, gave orders to his gunners not to fire until the vessels had struck each other. "Wait till you hear it crack," he said. It was like Prescott's "Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes." The brave Heemskirk died before the broadside was fired, struck by a ball from the Spaniard's deck.

We have space to say no more than that, after a strenuous fight, the Spaniards were utterly and disastrously beaten. A hopeless panic seized them as the battle went on, and, when it ended, all of the great galleons were sunk or burned and several of the

lesser ones were destroyed. Near sunset the *St. Augustine* sent up a white flag, but in the fierceness of the fight no one saw it and the men from the *Eolus* and *Tiger* rushed together upon her deck.

A frightful butchery followed, no quarter being given. Even those who threw themselves overboard were pursued in boats and slain. As for the fleet, it was entirely destroyed, not a ship being left. But of the Hollanders not a ship had been lost and only about one hundred seamen were killed.

It was not alone in the western seas that the mariners of the Netherlands made their mark. They followed the Portuguese to the Indies, fought there for the privilege of trade, and when Admiral Mendoza sailed to Java with a strong fleet to punish its native rulers for daring to trade with others than Catholics, he was defeated by five Dutch trading vessels under a skipper named Wolfert Hermann.

This was the beginning of many sea-fights in the eastern waters, the outcome being to give the Dutch control of the spice islands, which they have ever since held, and from which such great profits have been derived. It was not the government of the United Provinces that won dominion in these seas. That government had enough to do at home and left all such distant ventures to private parties, like Wolfert Hermann and others, who were quite capable of winning new lands for themselves. For this purpose the Dutch East India Company was formed. This, like the later British East India Company, grew dominant in that far realm, but it came finally under the control of the national government, the benefits coming to the people at large.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE PROVINCES

THE period dealt with in previous chapters is that of most interest in the history of the Netherlands. The three centuries which have followed the truce with Spain in 1609 were full of wars and of political and economical changes, but so much has already been said about wars and sieges that these may be dealt with far more briefly, as they present much less interesting matter.

The truce with Spain, which ended in 1621, was a period of political controversy, and of religious disputes between the Lutherans and Arminians. In these Prince Maurice and Barneveldt, the famous statesman, took opposite sides. Their hostility ended in the arrest of Barneveldt in 1618, a highly unjust and unfair trial, and the execution of this great man on an unproved charge of high treason. Maurice followed him to the grave in 1625 and his brother, Frederick Henry, succeeded as stadtholder. He proved as successful as his brother had been in his contests with Spain, which had been resumed after the termination of the truce, important battles being fought and cities taken.

The new stadtholder showed much of the ability displayed by his father and brother, and in the end freed his country from Spanish control, Spain, in the treaty of Münster of 1648, finally acknowledging the United Provinces as an independent nation.

This included the seven northern provinces, the fifteen southern provinces remaining under the control of Spain, and becoming the seat of many later efforts of conquest. Thus finally ended a war which had continued with little intermission for eighty years.

During this period the ocean commerce of the Netherlands increased enormously, their ships coming richly laden from their prolific colonies in the far East, while trade flourished with the nearby countries. To protect their commerce and fisheries a fleet of warships and privateers was employed, while their Mediterranean merchantmen sailed for protection in fleets of thirty or forty sail.

The greatest peril to this thriving trade came from the privateers of Dunkirk, a seaport of France near the Belgian border. Despite all that could be done to prevent it, the damage done by the swift Dunkirk ships was very great, and spoils by the millions were taken into that port. In 1631 Dunkirk in conjunction with Spain made an attack in force on Zealand, this new armada numbering a hundred ships and a large army. But the sea-dogs of Zealand lived up to their old reputation and fought off their assailants with heavy loss, most of the ships being destroyed and 4,000 prisoners taken. The exploits of the Dunkirk buccaneers continued until 1646, when that city was taken by a land attack with the aid of a fleet under Tromp, the most famous of Dutch admirals. This put an end to the severe annoyance and loss from that nest of robbers.

Prince Frederick Henry was successful in several other quarters, being the victor in various hard-fought battles and sieges and winning such power in

the republic that his actual authority was equal to that of a king. He died in 1647, leaving a son William, who became known as William II., Prince of Orange, and who died in 1650. His career is of interest principally from his marriage with Mary, daughter of Charles I. of England, and the birth of a son named William who, as a direct descendant from the English King, inherited a claim to the throne of Great Britain and finally attained it as William III. of England.

During the period with which we are here concerned the Netherland republic, small as it was, gained a prominent position among the Powers of Europe. Its ships traversed all seas, the Hollanders becoming the general carriers of the world's trade. Amsterdam became a powerful and rich city, the Venice of the north and the center of a great commerce. The arts and sciences flourished. Printing, though not discovered here, attained a marked development. From Holland came the first optical instruments and the pendulum clock, while the foreign news-sheets of Holland, mostly printed in French, were sent and read all over the world, as they contained intelligence that was not allowed to be printed elsewhere.

Intellectual and artistic development was also great, and we meet with the names of Erasmus, Grotius, Vossius, Huygens, Rubens, Rembrandt, Hobbema and many others of fame and ability. Expeditions of discovery were sent in various directions, their success being shown in the names of New Holland, New Zealand, Tasmania, Van Diemen's Land and others that indicated the enterprise

of the Dutch republic at this flourishing era in its career.

The home industries of the provinces, aside from their thriving manufactures, were those of the prolific fisheries, agriculture and horticulture, and in regard to the latter there is a famous story to tell, that of the era of tulipomania. The great activity of the country in so many fields of industry and the formation of great trading companies led to active speculation, with the frequent losses that are so apt to attend it. The stocks of the various enterprises were largely dealt in, and great fluctuations in price were natural resultants.

In the autumn of 1636 the cultivation of the tulip became the most active field of speculative industry. The raising of bulbs and blossoms for garden use grew to be a very active industry. New varieties were developed and often held at high prices, and the meetings of the florists and sale of their productions produced a speculative fever which soon spread from the florists to the citizens in general. In every direction the sale of new bulbs became active, their prices rapidly advancing. Moore tells us: "The price of tulips rose above that of the most precious metals. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the high prices paid for bulbs—amounting in some instances to 2,500, and even 4,000 florins—represented the estimated value of a root, since these large sums often changed hands without any transfer of property. Bulbs were bought and sold without even being seen—without even being in existence."

In a single city transactions amounted to over ten millions. Large sums of money were made on

paper, people of all ranks investing their savings in the purchase of bulbs—seen or unseen. This speculative excitement soon reached its limit. In early February, 1637, a decline set in, prices falling as rapidly as they had risen, and thousands of people, who had invested their all in tulip bulbs, being reduced to beggary. The States-General and various town councils suspended payments, and it was agreed that upon all prices fixed after November only 10 per cent. should be paid. But nothing could be done to prevent failures on all sides. In April, 1637, the tulipomania reached its end, with widespread loss to multitudes of "get-rich-quick" speculators. This is the most famous, from the fact that only a flower was dealt in, of the many tidal waves of speculation the world has known.

We have said little of the wars of the period preceding the peace of Münster. It was one in which the United Provinces formed an alliance with France and vigorous though unsuccessful efforts were made to wrest the southern provinces from the hands of Spain. This was the era of Martin Harpertszoon Tromp, the most famous of Dutch sea lords. Chief among his exploits was his battle with a very powerful Spanish fleet, consisting of 67 heavy galleons, with 1,700 cannon and 24,000 soldiers and sailors. These were attacked by Tromp on October 21, 1639, in their place of refuge in the English roadstead known as the Downs and, owing to the skill and courage of the Dutch captains, were completely defeated, forty of the vessels being sunk or burned, fourteen carried off in triumph, and 1,800 prisoners taken, while the dead were estimated at over 5,000.

In this signal victory Tromp lost but one ship and one hundred men. The Spanish admiral escaped to Dunkirk with ten of his ships under cover of a dense fog.

The close of the war with Spain in 1648 left the Provinces only a brief interval of peace, a new war breaking out in 1652, this time with England, now under the rule of Oliver Cromwell. This was solely a naval war, and led to a severe loss to the Dutch cause, Tromp receiving a mortal wound in a battle on August 10, 1653. Meanwhile the Dutch were suffering so severely from the blockade of their ports, injury to their fisheries and loss of trade that thousands were reduced to beggary, the food supply grew dangerously small, and money was very difficult to obtain. In Amsterdam thousands of houses stood vacant, grass grew in the once crowded streets, and the want of work was such that "the whole country was quite full of beggars." The result was a treaty of peace in 1653 in which the republic was obliged to accept humiliating terms.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE DUTCH COLONIES IN THE INDIES

SOMETHING has already been said of the great enterprise of the Dutch navigators in distant seas and of the discoveries made by them, but this matter is of sufficient importance to give it fuller attention and to describe the activities of Holland as a colonizing country. Its intrepid seamen made their way through unknown seas in the far east and west, took possession of many rich ocean islands, and built for their country a great and prosperous colonial dominion.

Their voyages of discovery lay in all directions. They were among the first to penetrate the frozen north, making daring expeditions into the Arctic seas. One of the best known of these was that of Henry or Hendrik Hudson, a man of British birth, and whose first expedition sailed from London. It reached the high northern latitude of 80°. He afterwards entered the service of the Dutch East India Company, and with a Dutch ship and a Dutch crew discovered in 1609 the New York river still known by his name, on the banks of which a thriving colony of the Netherlands republic was founded. In the following year he reached and explored Hudson Bay, where he was left to perish by his mutinous crew. The Dutch navigators were alive to the opportunity of profit, the settlers of New Netherland being engaged in the fur trade, while their expeditions to the

north led to a prosperous whaling industry, the seas around Spitzbergen being the chief field of this occupation.

Abel Tasman emulated these northern navigators, being sent to make voyages of discovery in the South Seas. Here he discovered Van Diemen's Land, thus called in honor of his patron, but which has since been named Tasmania, in honor of its discoverer. His voyages were made in 1642 and 1644 and were prolific in important discoveries, the most signal of these being the ocean continent of Australia, named by him New Holland. New Zealand was another of his important finds, and many smaller islands were reached by him in the island-studded South Sea.

Other discoveries were made by Dutch navigators in this prolific field, and a valuable group of islands, commonly known as the Moluccas, or "Spice Islands," became and have since remained possessions of the Netherlands. In winning dominion in these seas the Netherlands republic came into active contest with the Portuguese, the original discoverers of the East Indies, and the conflicts of the Dutch upon the nearby seas were rivalled by engagements in those distant regions.

Three nations were long in contest for possession in those eastern seas, the Portuguese being followed by the Dutch and British, the first of these being devoted largely to conquest and religious proselytism, the two others more to the development of commerce.

The first Dutch vessel sailed into these seas in 1596, after the close of the era of persecution, and a

powerful trading association, the Dutch East India Company, was organized in 1602, the British East India Company being formed about the same time. The contests in that region, then, were those of rival trading companies instead of hostile nations, though in both cases the national interest was strongly enlisted.

The warfare between these enterprising organizations of merchants was devoted in general to the possession of the great island group lying between southwestern Asia and northern Australia, and in this the enterprising seamen of Holland proved victorious. By 1624 the British had been compelled to withdraw their factories, or trading stations, from nearly all the islands of the Malay archipelago. Thus shut out from the trade of the islands, they began to form settlements on the coast of India, from which in the end they were to drive all competitors.

The Portuguese and Dutch also came into active rivalry. One of their fields was Japan, which became the arena of an active trade contest between these nations. The efforts of the Portuguese to introduce Christianity led in 1624 to a prohibition of religious proselytism on the part of Japan, and in 1638 the country was definitely closed against Portugal and its religion. Japan now adopted a rigid system of isolation. No foreign vessel was allowed to enter a Japanese harbor, except those of the Dutch, which were permitted to call annually at the small island of Deshima and bring in cargoes of those European goods which the islanders had learned to crave. The restrictions were severe, but

the merchants of Amsterdam submitted to humiliation in view of the profit to be gained from the proud islanders.

About 1640 a Dutch trading settlement was made on the island of Formosa, where it conducted a trade with China in silk, lacquer work, carpets, silver, and other goods. But the trade with Japan and Formosa proved less lucrative than had been expected, and the attention of the Company was diverted to the more important field of Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and the group of smaller spice-producing islands in this fertile archipelago.

This splendid group of islands became the property of the East India Company, which successfully drove off all competitors and founded there a richly lucrative field of trade. Batavia, founded on the northwest coast of Java by John Pieterzen Coen, the colonial governor, in 1619, became its capital, and grew to be an important center of the island trade.

Twenty years later, in 1636, Anthony van Diemen, an able administrator, was appointed governor. Coen had proved a man of ability, and Van Diemen was an equally vigorous administrator, one who greatly extended the possessions of the Company and firmly established its power in the Moluccas.

Van Diemen especially directed his efforts against Malacca, the capital of the Malay Peninsula, which had long been the Portuguese stronghold in the East and the center of their trade. Hither Hindus, Chinese, Arabs, Siamese and others brought their wares and here a profitable trade had been built up. The possession of this stronghold became of leading interest to the Dutch, who made an attack on it in

1606, and on various later occasions sought its capture. Against it Van Diemen sent an expedition and a siege was begun in the spring of 1640. It was strongly defended, but fell in January, 1641. This victory was the last needed to expel the Portuguese from the archipelago, and added greatly to the standing of the Dutch East India Company.

Another important conquest had been made, that of the large and rich island of Ceylon, which was also under Portuguese rule, and was a prize amply worthy of a hard struggle. It was a center of trade in the valuable wares of India and a mart of commerce which the energetic Van Diemen ardently coveted. From 1636 the ships of the Company called there and established factories on its shores, and in 1638 a small fleet attacked the Portuguese settlements, aided by Rajah Singha, the ruler of Kandy. Two years of struggle gave the Dutch the possession of the principal Portuguese stations on the island, and vastly increased their influence in those waters. In June, 1641, a ten years' truce was concluded with Portugal, and the long contest with that country came to an end.

Van Diemen died in 1645. He had developed a broad field of Dutch commerce, extending from the southern coasts of India and Indo-China over the Malay Archipelago, embracing the western coast of New Guinea and reaching to the shores of the newly discovered Australia—Tasman's New Holland. Batavia was the capital of this broad realm of trade, and its two able governors, Coen and Van Diemen, had made it an important and powerful center of the Dutch East India dominion. It was strongly forti-

fied, and grew to resemble a European city transported to the eastern tropics.

The population was chiefly of Javanese and Chinese, the ruling Dutch power being sustained by a few officials and soldiers and a small number of colonists. These were not permanent settlers. Their purpose was to gain money as rapidly as possible and return to Europe for its enjoyment. They had the rivalry of the Chinese and the despotism of the Company's trading agents to contend with, and this did not encourage the development of a European colony.

What the directors of the Company sought was rich dividends, and these the capable Van Diemen supplied them. The East Indiamen habitually reached port with costly freights of spices and other tropical products, commanding profitable prices in Europe and paying the original members of the Company from 25 to as high as 50 per cent. on their outlay, while the shares of the Company advanced to 500 per cent. The charter of the association, however, was near its termination and strong efforts were made in the Netherlands to prevent its renewal and open this gold mine of trade to the general seagoing community. As a result the charter was renewed only for annual periods, at one time for only six weeks. But in 1647 a new charter for twenty-five years was granted and the nabobs of the Company breathed freely once more. The directors were placed under a fixed salary, and an accounting had to be made every four years to the States-General. In addition to this far eastern possession, a Dutch colony had also been planted in South Africa, at the Cape

of Good Hope. Beginning in the sixteenth century, this gradually grew into the Boer settlement which occupied so prominent a place in the closing decades of the nineteenth century. Unlike the East India settlements, this attracted numbers of farmers, who founded a permanent colony, developing eventually an independent state.

To return to the settlements in the north Pacific, some special attention needs to be given to the interesting group of the Moluccas, which, with the large islands of Java, Sumatra, Borneo and New Guinea, became the site of the chief Dutch holdings in those waters. The Moluccas are of interest as being the most important fields for the growth of spices, including the clove, nutmeg, mace, pepper, and other favorite condiments, which the Dutch traders have for centuries supplied to Europe.

West of these "Spice Islands" lies the large island of Celebes, also a spice producer and long in Dutch possession. To the east lies New Guinea, while north and south are the Philippine archipelago and Timor. The term Moluccas was originally applied by the Portuguese to a group of small islands, Ternate, Tidor, etc., lying west of Jilolo; but it was afterwards extended to include all the small spice-growing islands of these seas; the whole, with parts of Celebes and New Guinea, forming the three Dutch residencies of Ternate, Amboyna and Banda.

The Dutch control of these islands has been oppressive to the natives. The spices spoken of are indigenous to the whole group, but are now cultivated only in Amboyna and the Banda group, having been extirpated by the Dutch government from the other

islands with a view of monopolizing the spice trade. This rooting up of the clove plantations in the other islands has been a source of destitution to the natives, a result which the government has not let stand in the way of its plan of keeping up the prices, even going so far in this as to punish and in cases exterminate rebellious natives.

As for the trade of the East India Company, it embraced in time a vast variety of products, coming from Asia and the Pacific islands. Among these may be named the gums, balsams, perfumes, and coffee of Arabia; the rich fabrics, indigo, lacquer, opium, ginger, etc., from the dominion of the Great Mogul; the cinnamon and pepper from Malabar; the cotton goods and precious stones from Coromandel; the silken stuffs and other treasures of Bengal; the varied rich goods of Malacca; the cinnamon and ivory of Ceylon; the fine pepper of Java and Sumatra, and the cloves and nutmegs of the Moluccas.

The growth of the last two products, as above said, was vigorously restricted. The nutmeg was allowed to grow only on Amboyna and the clove only on Banda. Great pains were taken to prevent the growth of the clove plant elsewhere, it being destroyed annually wherever it appeared on the remaining islands. In the same manner Ternate and Tidor, with the other "little Moluccas," were confined to the tortoise trade, the small princes of these being paid annually to destroy the spice trees. Occasionally, in spite of all efforts, the production of cloves gained headway on other islands, and one governor, Schagen, went so far as to refuse to destroy the trees, on the ground that this would rob the poor

natives of their chief means of living. On the whole, however, the spice monopoly was vigorously maintained, the profits of the shareholders outweighing all consideration of the well-being of the natives.

It is well to say that the possession of these rich islands by the Dutch was not undisputed. Especially during the wars in Europe between England and the Netherlands victorious raids were made upon the island settlements. There were also outbreaks of the natives, in some cases difficult to overcome. But with all this, Holland clung with great energy to her possessions in the eastern seas, and still retains them after many centuries of ownership, having outlived every effort to deprive her of her island colonies, with the exception of Ceylon. Malacca, her mainland possession, has been in British possession since 1824.

The East India Company did not stand alone. There was also a West India Company, as eager in its way for profits, but much less successful. It failed to find so rich a field for its money-making proclivities. The charter of this company was granted June 3, 1621. It was given a monopoly of the trade of the Netherlands with the west African coast, and the coast of America and the West India Islands for a period of twenty-four years.

The purpose of these companies was not confined to trade. They were also required to annoy and injure the colonial possessions of their enemies by any means in their power. The West India Company quickly came into contact with the Portuguese of Brazil, seizing several points along the Brazilian coast, though at a large cost in money and effort.

It also took possession of a part of the coast of Guiana, and of the islands of Curaçao, Saba, and St. Thomas. As for its business relations with the west coast of Africa, these seemed mainly to consist in the carrying of cargoes of slaves for use on its American plantations.

The contest between Portugal and the Netherlands ceased in America as it had done in the East with the signing of the ten-year truce of 1641 between the two countries, each retaining the possessions it then held. But the cost of the war and the small returns from the trade with Brazil led to the gradual yielding of the Dutch Brazilian possessions, which were finally all lost. Little profit came also from the African holdings, the slave trade, and the islands in the Antilles, and the dividends and value of the shares of the Company fell off in an alarming degree. The Company finally went out of existence as a result of bad years in 1672 and 1673, but a new association was immediately formed which took over the debt of the old one at a great reduction. This had better success. It developed a degree of prosperity and early in the eighteenth century possessed a large number of sugar plantations, worked by 12,000 slaves.

There had been some prosperity also in the New Netherland colony on the Hudson River, a large and profitable fur trade with the Indians being developed. But the seizure of New Amsterdam by the English in 1664 put an end to this enterprise, and the possessions of the Netherlands in the New World were now confined to their few islands in the West Indies and the province of Dutch Guiana.

CHAPTER XXXIII

HOLLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

The long-drawn-out war with Spain, costly and terrible as it had been, ended with the northern Netherlands free and independent, possessing a republican form of government and in a state of high prosperity. The people of this section of the country, under the able leadership of the Prince of Orange, had put up a good fight and came out winners in every particular, with the exception that they were obliged to leave the southern, or Belgian, part of the country still under the dominion of Spain.

In the last chapter the colonial enterprise of Holland in the seventeenth century has been described. In the present one something will be said of the home activities and conditions of the United Netherlands during the same period.

Among the seven states of the republic, Holland, with its direct outlook upon the sea, its capacious ports and active mercantile interests, was the most progressive, and so prominent in its industries that the whole country has become commonly known by its name, though "The Netherlands" continues the official title.

Aside from its foreign commerce, the fisheries of Holland were its most active source of emolument. Of these the herring and cod fisheries stood at the head, and were spoken of as "very powerful means

of subsistence"; the number of persons engaged in them equalling those engaged in commerce. The whale fishery was also actively pursued, about 12,000 persons being employed in this branch of industry. The vessels engaged in this pursuit were required to bring the oil and whalebone obtained into Dutch ports for sale, and the export of fishing apparatus was strictly forbidden, the alert Hollanders proposing to keep this lucrative business as fully as possible in their own hands. The shipowners were called "Commissioners of the Greenland fishery," and were given full control of this interest, also of the small trade with the Eskimos in tools of various kinds.

As may be taken for granted, the commercial and fishing industries gave rise to much activity in the ports of the republic, alike in shipbuilding and the making of nets, ropes, anchors and other maritime necessaries. As regards the general manufacturing interests of the country, they were much hampered by the restrictions of the old guilds, a heritage from the Middle Ages. Raw materials were brought into the country from all parts of the world and the abundance of shipping gave the Netherlander facilities for sending his manufactured goods to foreign markets, but the ancient trade restrictions proved a serious obstacle. Yet, on the other side, measures of protection against competition from abroad, and even between cities of the land, in a measure compensated for these restrictions.

The leading products of manufacture were those of cloth, linen and woollen textiles, beer, and various

other articles of common use. Large factories, however, were rarely to be seen, the industry being mainly conducted on a small scale. But visitors to the country in that age were struck by the evidences of activity and prosperity to be seen on every side, alike in manufacture and in the enormous commercial interests of the province, which gave little evidence of being a land lately emerged from warfare lasting the greater part of a century.

As for the religious hostilities which had been at the bottom of these long years of war, little evidence remained, freedom of worship existing everywhere, while Protestantism had branched out into a great number and variety of sects. The Dutch Reformed Church was especially privileged, while among the sailors, fishermen and tradesmen the Mennonite faith was prominent, but toleration of religious opinion was common. Temple, an observant translator, tells us that "No man can here complain of pressure on his conscience; of being forced to any public profession of his private faith; of being restrained from his own manner of worship in his house or obliged to any other abroad." This indicates, even if it somewhat exaggerates, the toleration existing, a remarkable change from that of the days when men were burned alive in multitudes for daring to worship as their conscience directed.

Much was written in those days by travellers of the conditions existing in Holland, which province especially attracted their attention, few of them visiting any other of the seven provinces of the republic except the neighboring Zealand. The

THE FISH MARKET
From the Painting by J. Horemans, 1762, in the Possession of
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

country visited was especially notable for its great number of canals, its abundant meadows, its long stretch of dykes, and other evidences of efforts to keep out the encroaching sea.

The great feature of the country was its cities, especially Amsterdam, then with a population of 150,000, and with splendid canals surrounding it in concentric circles, long rows of warehouses, fine mansions of its wealthy merchants, handsome churches, asylums, and public buildings, and its magnificent City Hall, the "eighth wonder of the world," this first brought into use in 1655. As one author asserts of its mercantile standing: "Whoever has not seen Amsterdam has seen no ships and does not know what maritime affairs are."

Haarlem, in its vicinity, had fully recovered from the effects of its long siege, had become a seat of the beer and linen industries, and possessed a flourishing foreign trade. Chief among its attractions was St. Bavou's Church, one of the largest in Holland and noted for its lofty tower. Its great organ has been spoken of as the largest and finest ever constructed. Before the church stands a statue of Laurens Coster, whom the Hollanders regard as the inventor of the art of printing.

In 1667 a canal was excavated, connecting Haarlem with Leyden, the seat of the most famous siege of the Spanish war, and noted all over Europe for its active manufactures of cloth, baize and camlet. With a population at that time of 100,000 (much larger than at present), it was then esteemed the most beautiful city of Europe and praised as being among cities "what spring is in the seasons." The

University founded here in 1575 by William of Orange, as a reward to the citizens for their historic defence against the Spaniards, attracted students from all parts of Europe, and counts among its graduates numerous scholars of illustrious standing.

Rotterdam, "the second Venice," so called from its multitude of canals, which is now the busiest port in Holland, was then an active mercantile city, one of its most important buildings being the Gothic Church of St. Lawrence, which has a very large organ. It was at the date now under consideration notable for its prosperous trade with England and its cloth industry. Nearby lay the quiet and elegant little city of Delft, the seat of manufacture of the long famous delft-ware and of prosperous breweries. Its town-hall was a picturesque and richly-ornamented building. In the same vicinity was Gonda, a center of the pipe manufacture, and, like Delft, a dwelling place for retired men of wealth. This was doubtless due to its reputation for healthfulness, it escaping almost entirely the pestilence which was often a scourge to Dutch cities in the seventeenth century.

The Hague, long the capital of the Netherlands, was at first, from 1250 onward, a hunting lodge of the Counts of Holland, and continued of little importance till the sixteenth century. It became the seat of the Supreme Court of Holland in 1527 and of the meeting of the States of Holland and the States-General, the legislative bodies of the province and the republic, in 1584. It was also the place of residence of the stadtholders, or viceroys, of whom William the Silent and his descendants were the

most notable. This name, long applied to the royal representative, was given to the head of the republic after this was instituted.

This town, with its canals, its shady avenues of lime trees and fine public buildings, and its beautiful pleasure park known as "The Wood," continues the handsomest city in Holland, and at the date now under review was a place of great beauty. Its most noteworthy buildings were the Gothic Church of St. James, of the fourteenth century; the picture galleries, with their splendid collections of works by native painters; the museum, town-house, and other notable structures.

Outside the boundaries of Holland, the most important city was that of Utrecht, capital of a province of the same name, and one of the oldest cities of the country, it probably being founded by the Romans. Here was formed the union of the northern provinces which led to the republic and here a number of important treaties were signed. It is notable for its university, founded in 1634; St. Martin's Cathedral, founded about 720, and other interesting edifices, and had active manufactures.

Such were the leading cities of Holland and the republic, there being many others of minor importance and some four hundred villages, some with large populations, within the province. This was a good showing for a country of not more than sixty miles in circumference. It was, however, one of extraordinary activity as a center of commerce and manufacture.

So much for the cities of Holland. What for the people themselves! The Dutch have long been

noted for sturdiness and stolidity, differing widely from the more versatile Belgians. They have also the qualities of great energy and industry, sturdy perseverance, frugality, orderliness, and morality. Temple, who was for a time the English ambassador to Holland, tells us that the famous Admiral de Ruyter dressed like an ordinary sea captain, and De Witt, the great statesman, was equally simple in attire and mode of life. He divides the people into five classes: peasants, marines, merchants, men of wealth, and noblemen and officers. The first of these he speaks of as diligent but dull, simple and temperate, and content with little food. The marines were far more rough and stern, men of few words and of few wants, but toughened by their mode of life, and valiant, especially in defence. The mercantile class were more polished in demeanor, and were energetic in business, but not to be closely relied upon in a matter of trade.

The class living on their wealth, retired tradesmen or sons of former merchants, were men of education and standing, who furnished the necessary supply of magistrates. The final class, that of noblemen, stood but little above the magistrates, and was small in number, the long war having extirpated many whole families. It was the custom of these to imitate in manners and mode of life the French nobility, and the officers and sons of wealthy merchants had often the same inclination.

A common characteristic of the Netherland people was their strong love of home and attachment to family and friends. Some observers speak of a lack of control over their children, and others of

the independence of the servants, who refused to submit to the whim and caprice of their employers. As for the mistress of the house, she bore the sceptre in her own dominion, binding husband and all to strict rules of neatness and orderliness, and did not hesitate to meddle in affairs of state when any number of her family sought appointment to office. In his private life the Dutch householder would not permit any interference from the authorities, holding that his house was his castle, within which no one had rights but himself and family.

The Dutch house of that period was a peculiar structure, with its gables in the shape of steps. It grew steadily narrower and higher as time went on, and put on more lavish decoration of figures and ornaments. The garden, often originally a bleaching ground, was finely adorned with flowers and shrubs, hedges cut into figures, little fountains, statues, and the like adornment, white sand and gravel being arranged in the form of mosaic work. Great care was taken, within and without the house, to have everything spotlessly clean. Scrubbing and washing, polishing of door knobs and knockers, rubbing up of metal-work and furniture, went on so interminably that dusters and wash-pails, brooms and mops, seemed the born accessories of the Dutch housewife.

The front room was the important apartment of the city house, the one in which the family lived chiefly, though in case this was used as a place of business, the little office back became the living-room. White sand covered all bare floors, and this was brushed into mathematical figures. Rooms of

state, these usually on the second floor, were commonly supplied with costly furniture, fine glassware, mirrors, chests and cabinets, and often had valuable paintings on the walls, the work of Dutch masters. Over all this adornment the house mistress kept strict guard, and a careless visitor was not permitted to cross the threshold without first removing his boots or shoes.

As for these ultra careful householders, however, the cleanliness was limited in scope. While the needs of the house were carefully attended to, those of the person, and frequently of the clothing, were sadly neglected. Even in the highest circles an aversion to water was common, this extending to the hands and face, which often were left for days without cleansing. As for the covered parts of the body, these would frequently go unwashed for weeks or months. The hair was similarly neglected, and this filthiness of body and apparel was common to men and women alike, the latter being often the greater sinners in this respect. "Dirty as an eel," was a common verdict as applied to the Hollander of that period, the "shining counters" being often compared with the "foul faces."

While the people were temperate, as a rule, in eating and drinking, this was not the case at banquets or feasts, where they made up by immoderate gourmandizing for their ordinary abstinence. The most common drink was beer, usually "small" or "thin" beer, though they did not dislike a stronger brew. The Delft beer had the highest reputation, but several other cities had extensive breweries. Tea, appearing in the first part of the seventeenth

century at the apothecary shops as a cure "for all sickness and disease," came into use as an ordinary beverage about 1660. Tobacco also began to be used by men early in the century, and the long Gonda pipe was in common use by its middle period. This habit was not much practised at home, "tobacco houses" coming into favor. Snuff taking also became common, alike for men and women, and the snuff-box was in ordinary request.

As for attire, the old national dress was retained only by the country people, while captains and sailors clung to the old-time baggy breeches. The dweller in the city began to imitate the kind of dress goods used by the wealthy, even while adhering to the tasteless style of his forefathers. But the influence of French styles of dress made its way more and more among the well-to-do, and costliness and luxury in apparel became common among those able to ape these foreign fashions.

During this period science, art and literature attained an important development. Leyden University was especially active in the teaching of classical and theological studies. René Descartes, one of the foremost of the world's philosophers, though of French birth, dwelt in Holland from 1629 to 1649, and became the center of a philosophical and scientific movement which spread widely throughout the land. He wandered from city to city, spread his views in various books in the Dutch language, and his works on mathematics, chemistry, and other subjects gave new vitality to science in Holland.

Hugo Grotius, one of the most eminent scholars

of his time, was forced to spend a great part of his life outside his native country. When Barneveldt was executed, Grotius, his friend and supporter, was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. His wife contrived his escape by an ingenious stratagem, he being taken out of prison in a trunk, but he was never pardoned, and spent his remaining life in France and Sweden, where he produced various notable works.

Another famous writer and philosopher of the same period was Benedict Spinoza, his most important work being a treatise entitled, "Ethics Demonstrated by a Geometrical Method." Hallam speaks of him as "a reasoning machine," and Goethe was enraptured by his "Ethics."

In general literature Vondel stands at the head of all Dutch writers, his works including dramas of high standard and "Lucifer," a tragedy, which has been compared with Milton's "Paradise Lost." He was also a great lyrical poet and is regarded as the national poet of Holland. Like praise cannot be given to Jakob Cats, a voluminous poetical writer, who is still highly esteemed by his countrymen, though looked upon by foreign critics as dull and prosaic. Hallam says: "No one was more read than Father Cats, as his people call him; but he is often trifling and monotonous."

Other authors of whom we may speak are the dramatist Vos, and the poets Huygens and Heinsius. A second Huygens (Christian) stands at a lofty level, as the greatest of Dutch scientists, and among the greatest in all Europe during his period. His fame rests on his lofty standing as an astronomer

and geometer and on his admirable telescopic and other inventions, he vying with his contemporary Newton in ability.

It was in the field of art, however, that the Holland of that day reached its highest distinction, two of its painters, Rembrandt and Rubens, standing high among the "Old Masters" of the world's gallery. There were many of lesser fame, but of high ability in interpreting the home life of Holland. Among them may be mentioned Franz Hals, Wouvermann, Ruysdael, Maes, Hobbema, Ostade, and Velde, as prominent among the brilliant coterie. Of sculptors the man of highest fame was Verhulst, who produced admirable monuments to Tromp, De Ruyter, and various other worthies of his time.

The works of Holland's painters, devoted to Dutch interiors and genre work in various fields, found a ready market among their admiring countrymen, the man of wealth and the man of moderate means alike seeking to decorate their homes with art works within their means. Every family of consequence had its picture gallery, and there was hardly a governmental body or guild which did not adorn its halls with portraits of members of more or less moment. Art works of importance were produced in great numbers and were esteemed by their owners as valuable parts of their estates. The flourishing state of business made money plentiful and there has been no other time in Dutch history when the fine arts met with equal encouragement and reward.

CHAPTER XXXIV

WARS WITH ENGLAND AND FRANCE

For ten years after the close of the English war the United Provinces were in a thriving condition. Their commerce steadily increased, their home industries developed, and their diplomatic interests were in the hands of an able statesman, John de Witt, a brilliant successor to the renowned Barneveldt. The young Prince of Orange was growing up, feeble and sickly in body, but mentally vigorous, and already displaying some of the powers that had given luster to the earlier representatives of his family. As William III. a great career lay before him.

Spain and France let the republic alone during these years, but England, its commercial rival in all seas, grew hostile and began to interfere with Dutch interests and trade. A marked example of this feeling was displayed when, in 1664, the Duke of York, the King's brother, sent a squadron of warships across the Atlantic and took possession of New Amsterdam, the Dutch colony at the mouth of the Hudson River. The same hostile sentiment was manifested at home. English war-vessels began to seize Dutch merchantmen, and it was not long before a naval war began, under the efficient management of De Witt. Both sides had able admirals, those of the Dutch republic including Cornelis Tromp, son of a famous father, Michael de Ruyter,

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ADMIRAL DE RUYTER
By Frans Hals

another seaman of high repute, and other skilful leaders.

The most important event of the war was a naval battle in June, 1666, which lasted four days and is classed as the most murderous in the history of ocean warfare. The English fleet, under Monk and Prince Rupert, was attacked by the Dutch, under De Ruyter and Tromp, and the English Channel was the scene of this great contest.

The first day's fight was one of very large losses on both sides. On the second day De Ruyter broke through the British line, destroying its ships until only twenty-eight were left. Reinforced by Prince Rupert, the English renewed the battle, which continued for two days more, the fourth day's fight being so fierce and bloody that the very sea ran red and the heavens were darkened by smoke from burning ships. For a short period the Dutch fleet was in danger. Then, from De Ruyter's flag-ship, the blood-red flag, signal of a general attack, was flown, and soon the British line was broken and its ships in wild flight. Only the coming of a dense fog saved them from utter destruction. Back in triumph sailed the fleet of the Provinces, brilliant with flags, and bringing in six captured ships and 3,000 prisoners. A day of thanksgiving in the Netherlands followed this signal victory. On July 25, however, the Dutch fleet was defeated, with heavy loss. In the following year De Ruyter sailed up the Thames nearly to Gravesend and destroyed a considerable number of British ships, striking terror into the heart of London. This was the final event of the war, peace being made in July, 1667.

The republic, however, had another enemy, the ambitious Louis XIV. of France, and a more dangerous war was impending. It was for a time averted by a triple alliance between the Netherlands, England and Sweden. This Louis busied himself in overcoming and succeeded so well that on March 28, 1672, Charles II. of England declared war upon the United Provinces. A few days later, April 6, Louis XIV. did the same, and the independence of the Netherlands was as seriously threatened as in the palmiest days of Spain. Fortunately for it the young Prince of Orange had now reached the age of maturity and was to prove himself a match for all his foes. And in De Witt the republic had a statesman of the highest ability.

But the republic was in a poor state for war. Its army had been reduced in numbers and was feebly commanded. The magazines were empty, the fortifications in bad condition, money was scarce, incompetence and greed prevailed in the public offices. The fleet alone was in good condition.

De Witt lost no time in seeking to overcome this state of affairs. He succeeded with difficulty in putting the country into a better financial condition, increased the navy to more than one hundred and thirty ships, and brought up the army to over 50,000 men; making efforts to add still more to its strength. At the opening of the war, however, the army was still in a weak and incapable condition, and the hosts of the French king, under such famous captains as Condé and Turenne, made short work in overcoming resistance on land. But at sea, De Ruyter faced the combined fleets of France and

Spain, holding his own with a courage and energy that saved his country from invasion by water. He won, indeed, an important victory, and one in which De Witt took part, as he was on board the fleet and showed a courage equal to that of the best sea-dog of them all.

On land, city after city fell before the French forces, the provinces of Utrecht and Gelderland were overrun, and it became necessary to adopt strenuous measures to save the province of Holland from conquest. At De Witt's entreaty the Estates of Holland consented to open the dykes and overflow the land until the region about Amsterdam was buried beneath the inflowing sea. Within the "water-line" terror and misery prevailed, the trades were at a stand, the shops closed their doors, all was confusion and dismay. The end of the republic seemed at hand.

This perilous state of affairs incensed the populace against De Witt, who had made many enemies. On July 22, 1672, as he was on his way home from the council chamber, he was attacked and dangerously stabbed. "Up with Orange! Down with De Witt!" became a popular cry. He was assailed by his opponents, scandals were charged against him, and his brother Cornelius was arrested on a trifling charge and on the 19th of August was frightfully tortured to force from him a confession of guilt.

That same day the end came. A turbulent mob gathered around the prison, where John de Witt was then visiting his brother, the guard made no attempt to control them, and in the end they broke open the doors and swarmed into the building.

Cornelius was seized and thrown down the stairs, where he was wounded with clubs and pikes. On reaching the street the mob rushed upon the brothers with clubs and other weapons and in a few moments both lay dead. Thus fell one of the greatest of Dutch statesmen, as Barneveldt had fallen before him, a victim of false accusation, and in this case of virulent popular rage.

Fortunately for the United Provinces, there was a great man still at their head, one who was to prove himself in certain respects the greatest of the great house of Orange, which had produced a succession of distinguished men. Though now only twenty-two years of age, he was mature in many of his powers and abilities, and William III. of Orange was to prove a full match for the ambitious and warlike Louis XIV. As for statesmen, they were not wanting, a series of men of fine capacities succeeding the murdered De Witt.

The water-line, the last important project of the great statesman, gave Prince William an opportunity to make his preparations for defence, keeping off the French army, while the fleet on the Scheldt and Zuyder Zee saved those waters from foreign invasion. In the eastern provinces the Dutch troops won some advantages and held Groningen firmly against capture. At threatened points intrenchments were thrown up or the water let in. These movements proved effective and by September, 1672, Holland had been made safe against invasion and the young prince was ready to face the French in the other provinces.

We cannot attempt to describe the many events of

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WILLIAM III., PRINCE OF ORANGE AND STADTHOLDER OF HOLLAND, AFTERWARD KING OF ENGLAND
From the Portrait by Caspar Netscher

these six years of war. William won victories and met with defeats, but his courage remained firm and his strength steadily increased. In December a French army was led across the frozen flood into the province of Holland and committed serious depredations. But a sudden thaw followed, thousands of armed peasants blocked the road out, and only the panic of a colonel, Pain-et-Vin, enabled the French army to avoid destruction. William had the coward executed, but the invaders had escaped with their spoils.

Meanwhile the fleet was active and kept the English so constantly engaged in dealing with it that they made no attempt at a land invasion. The Prince, as active in diplomacy as he was in warfare, finally succeeded in withdrawing England from its alliance with France, a treaty of peace being signed in February, 1674. New Netherland, which had been captured by the Dutch in 1673, was given back to England by the terms of this treaty, and, as New York, remained an English settlement. The German states which had taken part in the war were also induced to withdraw, leaving the republic only France to deal with. This diplomatic success was in great part due to the young prince, who was manifesting unusual ability alike as a soldier and a statesman.

During the remainder of the war the tide of success between the combatants ebbed and flowed back and forth, Louis gaining no permanent accessions, while William, by dexterity in dealing with Holland's various enemies, succeeded in isolating France. Finally, in 1678, Louis was compelled to

sign a treaty of peace, and the long and hopeless war came to an end, France gaining nothing by the struggle. Meanwhile William, a grandson of Charles I. of England, gave himself a still stronger hold upon that kingdom by marrying Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, soon to become King James II. This gave him a claim upon the throne of England that was soon to bear fruit.

The war by which the ambitious Louis XIV. proposed to capture and annex the Netherlands had ended without the accomplishment of his aim. But the great stadtholder knew that the peace he had won was little more than a truce. Louis had only withdrawn from the struggle to gain strength for a second effort. And his purpose was not only political, but religious domination. His ambitious soul held the dream of extending the dominion of France throughout Europe and also of uprooting Protestantism in the continent, replacing it by Catholicism. Of this William of Orange was well aware, and he felt that in his hands lay the cause of political and religious liberty in Europe. For the defence of this he deemed himself to be the God-appointed champion.

The interval of peace was spent in active preparation for the struggle to come, troops and money being gathered, ships built, and the Protestant Powers of Europe coördinated in preparation for the inevitable struggle. One of the chief of these Powers was then under Charles II., a monarch secretly inclined to Catholicism, and who, instead of opposing France, was in secret sympathy with its aims.

The danger assumed a more prominent shape in

1685, when Louis revoked the Edict of Nantes, which had given freedom of worship to the Huguenots (French Protestants) since 1508. There were more than a million of these in France, one-twelfth of the total population, and among them many of the most industrious and capable people of the land.

The result was terrible. The act had been preceded by a persecution that drove hundreds from the land and led to the plunder, torture, and death of hundreds of others. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes robbed them of all protection, and hundreds of thousands of these useful citizens left their homes and country to seek freedom in foreign lands. Many thousands of the fugitives found a new home in Holland, where they were gladly received, especially in the cities, which profited greatly from this influx of the most industrious people of France. New branches of industry were established by them, while they gave renewed vitality to older branches. The result was that the bigoted French monarch had driven from his country half a million of its best inhabitants to carry their skill and vital energy to distant and hostile lands. Never had there been done a more insensate act. It not only robbed his own land of useful and loyal subjects for the benefit of other countries, but roused all Protestant Europe against him as never before and put new strength into the hands of his arch-enemy, William III. of Holland.

Events were taking place that would add greatly to the power and influence of the great stadtholder, by making him also William III. of England. Charles II. died in 1685, leaving the throne of

England to his brother James, Duke of York, a man of more ability and energy and one ardently devoted to the Catholic faith, though he promised to maintain and defend the Established Church of England. He professed, moreover, to be in favor of maintaining the balance of power in Europe, and William III. hoped to win him over to his plans.

It was not long, however, before James showed his true character and sentiments. Protestants were discharged from office and Catholics put in their place. Episcopal dioceses were given to professed Catholics. Numbers of the clergy were dismissed from the colleges of Cambridge and Oxford and foreign priests appointed to their chairs. So zealous did James become to restore Roman Catholicism in England that even the pope advised him to be more cautious.

Yet he was past being governed by discretion, and entered secretly into league with Louis XIV., as his brother had done before him. Such a course could lead only to one end. The people of England, nobles, gentry and commoners alike, grew hostile to the King, and in 1688 the Prince of Orange was applied to, as the nearest Protestant heir to the throne (being grandson of Charles I.), to aid them in deposing their disloyal King. William readily accepted the invitation, made careful preparations for the proposed invasion, and in November, 1688, landed in Devonshire with an army of about 14,000 men. The army and navy of England came to his aid, hardly a friend or partisan remained to James, and he quickly fled from England to France, where he was kindly received by Louis XIV.

Shortly afterwards William and his wife Mary, daughter of the deposed James II., were crowned King and Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. In 1689 James landed in Ireland with a small force given him by the French King, and trusting to a general rising of Catholic Ireland in his cause. He besieged Londonderry, but was unable to take it, and on the 1st of July, 1690, was totally defeated by King William at the battle of the Boyne. This established "Dutch William," as his enemies sarcastically called him, firmly on the English throne and turned that strong country definitely against the projects of the French king.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE POWERS COMBINE AGAINST FRANCE

Louis XIV. was confronted by his greatest enemy, the ablest statesman and ruler then in Europe, William III., Prince of Orange, Stadtholder of the Netherlands republic, and King of Great Britain and Ireland. Sombre and uncommunicative in character, he was far more worthy of the title of William the Silent than the man who bears it in history. Yet while taciturn and reserved in disposition, he was energetic in action, inflexible in purpose, cool, crafty, ambitious and persistent, a man of ripe judgment and clear discernment, at rare times breaking into passion, but usually calm, rational and deliberate. The ambitious Louis of France was to find in this great organizer and able soldier his chief enemy, the one man in Europe capable of forming a coalition of the Powers strong enough to overcome his armies and defeat his schemes of conquest.

The league or coalition formed by William included the German emperor, Bavaria and other German kingdoms or principalities, Sweden, Spain and the United Netherlands. To this he was now able to add Great Britain. War quickly followed the crowning of William as British king and was not at first favorable to his projects. In 1690 Luxembourg, in command of the French forces in the Spanish Netherlands, defeated Waldeck, the aged commander of the Dutch forces, at Fleurus, on

July 1. But though defeated, it was not with dishonor. The infantry of Holland and Friesland showed great courage, and the army held its own stubbornly, not leaving the field until nearly half its soldiers lay dead or wounded.

A few days later came a second defeat, this a naval one, the fleet of the allies being beaten by the French Admiral Tourville off Beachy Head. This disaster was due to the ill conduct of Lord Torrington, the English admiral, who deserted the Dutch and left them to bear the brunt alone. Torrington was dismissed from his position in consequence of his treachery, but was not otherwise punished.

These two defeats caused much depression in Holland, and only the coming of the King in the spring of 1691 to take command in person restored confidence. He had been absent from his native land two and a half years, during which he had driven King James out of England and defeated him in Ireland, and he was enthusiastically received, with triumphal arches and bonfires, and with poems and speeches of warm welcome. A conference of the allies was subsequently held at the Hague, where it was resolved to put 220,000 men into the field, the republic supplying 35,000 of these. England's part was in the form of subsidies.

Yet ill fortune awaited the allied cause. A French army made a sudden attack on Mons and took it before William was able to come to its assistance. The victors also committed frightful ravages, especially at Hull and at Liège, 3,000 houses being plundered and burned in the latter

place in revenge for Spain's part in the alliance. Brussels was threatened but escaped, and though two large armies, of 60,000 each, faced each other in the south, little more was done.

In 1692 the cause of the allies took a favorable turn. William brought a considerable body of English troops to the Netherlands, proposing more energetic action. Louis planned to avail himself of this removal of soldiers from England by invading that island and restoring James II. to the throne. Troops were gathered in numbers on the coast of Normandy, it being proposed to make the invasion with 20,000 or 30,000 men, under escort of a strong French fleet. At the same time steps were taken to promote a rising of the adherents of the deposed king. Meanwhile the British forces in Holland were to be kept busy and their return to England prevented by an attack on Namur.

This proposed invasion of England met the fate of others of its kind. England rose against the danger. A conspiracy to overthrow the government was discovered and frustrated, a large force of defenders was gathered, and the British and Dutch fleet awaited in the Channel, while English and Dutch forces were held in readiness in the Netherlands for a quick crossing if necessary.

They were not needed. The invasion was prevented. Contrary winds and slowness in equipment detained Tourville at Brest. His associate, Admiral D'Estrées, sailed from Toulon to join him, but was delayed by a storm and was too late in arriving. Tourville had only sixty ships to oppose to the one hundred and twenty of the allies. The French

hoped that the English fleet would act as it had done at Beachy Head, but Queen Mary succeeded in allaying the discontent that existed, and in late May the Anglo-Dutch fleet, with 40,000 men and 7,000 cannon, met Tourville off La Hogue.

Tourville was brave and daring, but his force was badly outnumbered. He began the attack and kept it up from early morning until sunset, when, badly beaten, he fled in the darkness for the French coast with the battered remnant of his fleet. The brunt of the battle had been between the English and French, Almonde, the Dutch admiral, getting only a few of his ships up to the fighting line. Tourville had begun the attack on the British with the hope that some of the English captains would desert to his side, but no such treachery took place. During the next day fog and calm weather prevailed, and further fighting was prevented, while some of the French vessels reached harbor at Cherbourg and others at La Hogue. But the British followed these during the succeeding days, assailed them with gun-boats and fire-ships, and burned, sunk or drove ashore so many of them that nearly half the French fleet was lost. This included its best ships. So signal was the victory, in fact, that for long afterwards France remained a second-rate naval power. Its signal defeat at La Hogue put a final end to the proposed invasion.

After that time the war on the sea became unimportant. Much damage was done to the Dutch and English commerce during the following years, and Jean Bart, a famous French privateer, became a terror of the North Sea, but there were no naval

battles of importance during the remainder of the war. The fleet of the allies was kept busy in guarding the merchantmen with their valuable cargoes, though a large fleet of merchant vessels, insufficiently guarded, was attacked by Tourville in 1693 and met with severe loss.

On land the war was actively kept up. The French attack on Namur in 1692 proved successful, after a sturdy resistance. At Steekirke William won a victory which was changed into a defeat by Luxembourg. Another loss to the allies was the death of Waldeck, one of their ablest generals, at the age of seventy-two.

In 1693 also William suffered defeat, this time at Neerwinden. Attacked by Luxembourg with a much stronger army, he lost nearly all his artillery and narrowly escaped capture, saving himself by a hasty flight. Only his masterly retreat prevented this repulse from becoming an overwhelming disaster. William also found himself thwarted by the difficulty of obtaining funds from Parliament, the intrigues of the friends of James II., and opposition in the republic, all this preventing a vigorous prosecution of the war. Queen Mary died in January, 1695, an event which threw him into weeks of deep depression.

Yet despite all this the war was prosecuted in 1695 with greater vigor than heretofore, each side having an army of over 100,000 strong. This force enabled William to fight offensively, and in July he laid siege to Namur, which Louis had taken two years before. It had been fortified by the brilliant engineer Vauban and was defended by Boufflers, a

brave and capable commander. As William said, it was "a hard nut to crack." Yet it was taken in a month, the attack being conducted by Coehoorn, a rival of Vauban in military engineering.

The citadel was separately besieged, the garrison having taken refuge in it. Villeroy, who sought to relieve it, was kept away by an army of the allies, and then sought to draw off the besiegers by an attack on Brussels. He failed in this and the citadel fell, the garrison being permitted to march out with the honors of war.

This was the last important event of the war, though it was continued for two years longer. It lasted in all for eight years, extending to Germany, Spain and Italy, as well as to the Netherlands and the ocean; but neither party gained any decisive advantage, while both had become worn out, physically and financially. As a result negotiations for peace began, to be completed at Ryswick in September, 1697. In the treaty William was recognized by France as King of Great Britain, the Dutch obtained favorable commercial conditions, and the right to garrison the barrier towns of the Netherlands was granted them.

As usual, however, Louis XIV. troubled himself little about living up to his obligations. In 1701 he succeeded in elbowing the Dutch out of the frontier towns and defied England by recognizing James III. as its king, his father, James II., having died. It was becoming evident to all that another war was imminent, when, in 1702, William III. also died. As he left no children, the throne descended to Anne, Queen Mary's sister.

The brunt of the war, just finished, as of the preceding wars, had fallen upon the Spanish Netherlands, the modern Belgium, and as in our own days this unfortunate country, "the battlefield of Europe," had suffered terribly from the strain. Its cities in ruins, its villages destroyed, its land untilled, its people suffering from the misgovernment of Spain, it was little more happy than in the days of Philip II. and the Duke of Alva.

Fortunately, in Maximilian Emanuel, elector of Bavaria, it had a governor capable of repairing the disasters of war. Brussels, then in a desolate state, was restored by him, plans were made to connect Antwerp with the sea by a ship canal and to revive industry and commerce, and steps were taken to found an East India Company in Flanders. All this promised well for the future, but the wings of the eagle of war were not yet folded. Though William of Orange had passed away the work he had done had not died with him. The coalition against France built up by him still held together, and when hostilities were renewed, as was the case in 1702, commanders of the highest ability appeared on the side of the allies, the famous Marlborough in command of the British forces, the equally famous Prince Eugene on the side of Austria, while Antonie Heinsius, one of Holland's ablest statesmen and a man on whom William III. had largely depended, became the leading agent on the side of the republic. These three formed a great triumvirate with which Louis XIV. had now to deal.

In the war that now broke out, known as the

"War of the Spanish succession," the Netherlands played a minor part, so that it may be hastily disposed of. In 1703 the Dutch invaded Flanders and fought a drawn battle at Eckesen. In 1704 they aided England to capture Gibraltar and took part in Marlborough's great victory at Blenheim. In 1706 this great soldier, aided by them, won the battle of Ramillies and drove the French out of the Netherlands. The victory of Oudenarde was won in 1708. In 1709 Louis made an unsuccessful attempt to withdraw the Dutch from the coalition and the terrible battle of Malplaquet was fought, followed by the capture of Mons. This ended the series of great victories for the allies, negotiations for peace were resumed in 1713, and the peace of Utrecht was signed, bringing to an end the long and terrible struggle.

In this treaty the Spanish Netherlands were passed over to the republic, which in turn transferred them to Austria, they becoming known as the Austrian Netherlands. A favorable commercial treaty was made between the Dutch and the French. The peace that followed made the republic almost as powerful on land as it had long been at sea. Wisely, however, it determined for the future to stand clear of foreign complications and its importance in European politics came almost to an end.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE DECLINE OF THE NETHERLANDS

THE events narrated in the last chapter bring to an end the active part which for two centuries the Netherlands had played in the politics of Europe. In the two centuries that followed, from the Peace of Utrecht in 1713 to the present time, this part was a minor one, and its history may be very briefly dealt with.

As regards the provinces now known as Belgium, then as the Austrian Netherlands, they remained under the rule of Austria until late in the eighteenth century and had no separate history calling for description. In 1789, the date of the beginning of the French Revolution, a revolt against the Austrians broke out in Brussels, and soon spread throughout Brabant, which on December 27 declared its independence. The other provinces quickly followed, and on January 11, 1790, the whole formed themselves into an independent state, taking the name of United Belgium and governed by a congress. This new nationality had a brief existence. In November came a strong Austrian army, which met with little opposition, the old constitution being restored. Two years later, in November, 1792, came a French invasion winning a victory at Jemappes. In 1794 a second victory, at Fleurus, put an end to the Austrian Netherlands. Subsequent battles confirmed the French dominion and in 1801 Belgium was annexed

to France and became an integral part of that country.

The history of the United Netherlands during the eighteenth century was little more exciting. Life was quiet there from the Peace of Utrecht until 1745, when the Dutch took part in the rout of the English and Austrians at Fontenoy by the French under Marshal Saxe. In the war that followed the republic lost all its frontier towns, the French invaded Dutch Flanders, and the independence of the country was seriously threatened. The Provinces had fallen so low that their people began to wish for a dictator.

Under these circumstances the Orange party, in eclipse since the death of William III., began to lift its head, under English support. Prince William Charles Henry Friso, the successor of the house of Orange, was proclaimed Stadtholder and Admiral-General of Zealand in 1747, under the title of William IV. This movement spread rapidly, Holland followed Zealand, and the prince quickly attained the same rank throughout the United Provinces. A new Prince of Orange was at the head of the government and the people expected much of him—more than he was capable of accomplishing. Fortunately for Holland peace was made in 1748, and affairs were restored to their previous standing. But the republic had been deeply humiliated and it failed to regain prominence under the weak rulers that followed between that time and the coming of the French Revolution.

Not only politically but industrially the United Netherlands were now upon the downward track.

Their commerce had long since passed its highest point and was in its decline. Other and active rivals were in the field and England had become a powerful competitor upon the sea. No longer were the ships of Holland the swiftest, their captains the ablest, their crews the most efficient. In fact, so low had the art of naval architecture fallen in that country that English shipwrights were called in to help in the building of war vessels. The Dutch merchant no longer sailed to distant shores in the interest of his business. He now sat in his office and waited for the influx of trade. Grown wealthy by former activity, the commerce of the land had fallen into a state of dry rot, from which it was not again to emerge. The rich East India Islands were held, but there were troubles and losses in these and dividends fell off rapidly.

The fisheries were also in a state of decline, the number of ships engaged greatly diminishing, while the competition of other countries had grown very active. As for manufacturing industries, these had likewise decayed, partly from the active foreign rivalry, partly from high wages, heavy taxes, and the opposition of the cities to any transfer of industries to the country. The rules of the guilds also affected injuriously the free growth of industry, and there were on all sides symptoms of a material decline.

Such was the commercial and industrial status to which the Provinces had fallen by the middle of the eighteenth century. They had lost their predominance alike on land and sea, in war and peace, and during the succeeding years were to be relegated to a still lower rank.

Passing onward to the date of the controversies between England and its American colonies, Holland again comes into a position of interest to American readers. While the Stadtholder and his party favored the English cause, the people at large widely sympathized with the colonists, and the attempt to force taxed tea upon the Americans was largely frustrated by the smuggling of Dutch tea into the colonies. During the war that followed, the chief Dutch islands of the West Indies, St. Eustatius and Curaçao, became the center of an active contraband trade, in which the first-named flourished so greatly as to be converted from an insignificant, bald rock into a "magazine of all the nations of the earth."

The inhabitants greatly increased, merchants gathered there in numbers, and the ships that called there were numbered by the thousands. Despite the complaints of the English, smuggling went on unchecked, and the first foreign recognition of the flag of the revolted colonists, the red, white and blue, was made by the Dutch governor of St. Eustatius, who saluted it with the firing of cannon on November 16, 1776. All the supplies the rebels wanted were to be had from this island. Here they found a market for their own products. For some years of the American war this island was, in the words of Burke, the "Tyre" of the Antilles, the rich "mine of fortune" for Dutch and Americans, and even for such British traders as placed profit above loyalty.

When France declared war against Great Britain, as an ally of the Americans, active efforts were made to bring the States-General of the Provinces to the same state of mind. But these were in no condition

for war, either on land or sea. In 1779 the famous John Paul Jones sailed into the port of Texel with prizes taken in British waters. England demanded that the privateer should be sent away and the prizes returned, but Jones declared himself no privateer, but an American naval officer, and sold his booty to the Dutch. He also frequently visited Amsterdam and the Hague and was received there as an ally and hero. Jones remained at Texel for three months and when the States-General finally ordered him to depart, he coolly produced a French commission and stayed on.

All this brought England into a warlike mood. Dutch ships were searched and captured, and a number of merchantmen convoyed by a Dutch admiral were seized. A skirmish ensued, ending in the admiral striking his flag before a superior force. This was practically an act of war and created much hostile feeling in the Provinces. They were in no state for hostilities, but England was, and in December, 1780, a declaration of war was issued and immediate attacks on Dutch commerce began.

In the following February a British fleet appeared before St. Eustatius, which was in a very poor state of defence, and seized the place, the spoils taken being valued at forty millions, while 2,000 prisoners were taken, mostly American. Other captures were made, the island of Demerara being surrendered, while attacks were made on the Dutch islands in the East Indies. Here, and at the Cape of Good Hope, a French fleet saved the Provinces from loss. Only one battle of importance took place in this short war, this being off the Dogger Bank, between a Dutch and

an English convoying fleet. They were equal in numbers but the British ships were much the heavier. For several hours the fight continued, Parker, the British admiral, finally withdrawing, while Admiral Zoutmann, equally disabled, waited half an hour for a return of the British. They failed to reappear, and he returned in triumph to Texel.

This affair greatly raised the spirit of the republic and Zoutmann became the hero of the day. But the Dutch trade was in a serious condition, warships and experienced sailors were wanting, and the Provinces were glad enough to conclude peace in 1783. It was an inglorious peace for the Provinces, and one that signified the loss of its position as an independent great power. The English obtained the island of Negapatam, the seat of the cinnamon trade, and the right of free traffic with the Dutch East India colonies, a matter of much commercial importance.

CHAPTER XXXVII

HOLLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

SOMETHING has been said in the preceding chapter about the great difference in the commercial and industrial condition of Holland and its sister provinces in the middle of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the former was prosperity. The long war for independence and its triumphal result had left the United Netherlands mistress of the seas and the most active center of commerce in all Europe. The whole country was in a thriving condition, plenty and wealth prevailed, and the trade of Amsterdam and the other commercial cities extended to the utmost parts of the earth.

In the latter period the long war with Louis XIV. had produced a different result and proved disastrous to the prosperity of the Dutch merchants. The commerce of Holland had long been in considerable part a carrying trade, collecting the desirable products of one country, selling them at a good rate of profit to another, and then loading up with new cargoes to find a market at home or elsewhere.

But while the fleets of the Netherlands had been engaged in war, and the merchant ships needed to be guarded by convoys of war-vessels, other maritime nations were entering the market for a share of this profitable carrying trade. Bremen and Hamburg and the ports of Denmark entered into active competition with Holland, while the war in the

Baltic greatly hampered the Dutch trade with the North. It was the same in southern Europe, the trade with Spain and France largely vanishing, while that with the Mediterranean ports was seriously impaired. Holland had ceased to be mistress of the seas. Dunkirk continued a haunt of privateers which made it dangerous to send out a vessel without an armed escort. In the Mediterranean were the Barbary corsairs, and the Antilles swarmed with pirates. As for the valuable clandestine trade carried on with the colonies of Spain in America, this largely vanished before the growing alertness of the Spanish official agents.

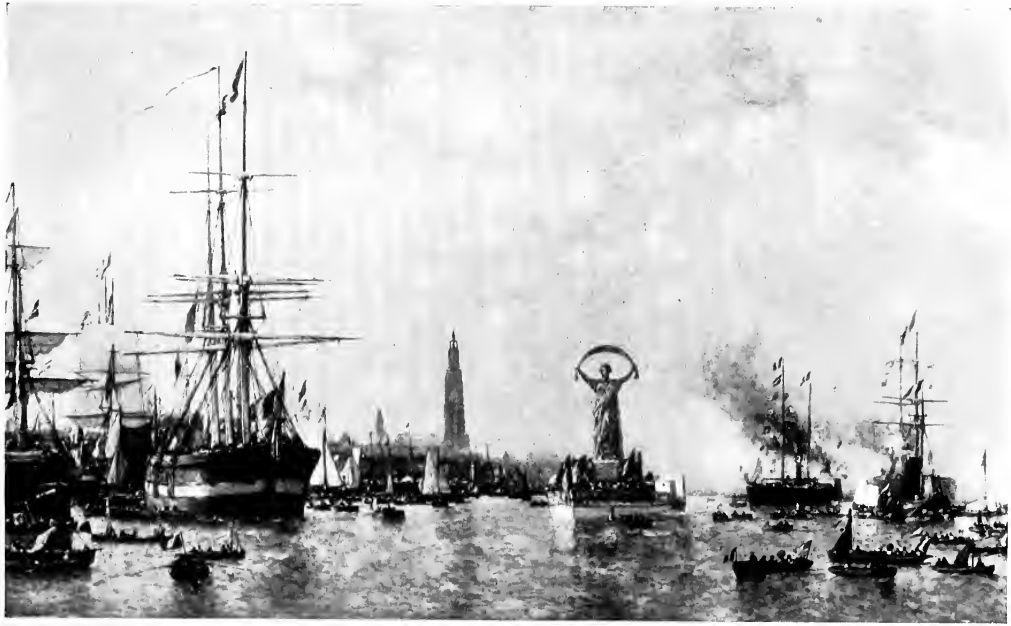
The neutral nations gained much of the trade lost by the belligerent Dutch. And when the war ended neutral countries had won a hold on the carrying trade of the world not easy to be thrown off. These nations had found in ocean commerce a source of prosperity which they made vigorous and successful efforts to retain. Denmark, Sweden, Prussia and Russia all took part now in sea traffic and commercial companies, actively seeking world commerce, sprang up in all the maritime nations of the continent.

France and England after the war became the most dangerous competitors with which Dutch commerce had to contend. France gained important trading concessions in Spain and the Spanish possessions in Italy, while English commerce took on a new life and developed actively, London, its chief center, growing in population until it more than doubled Amsterdam. England now possessed the most powerful navy in the world, the Dutch empire of the

sea had disappeared never to return, and the merchant ships of the island kingdom found protection in all waters. Where the Dutch merchant had once held a monopoly of trade the merchants of England now came into active competition with him, and threatened to surpass him in all his chosen fields.

This crowding out of Dutch commerce was a slow process. A large trade was retained after the peace of Utrecht, there being some four hundred ships sailing to Spanish and French ports, while the flag of the republic continued a familiar sight in the world's harbors. As for the East India Company, it sent home every year twenty-five to thirty shiploads of valuable goods. Amsterdam, indeed, was an emporium of the world's products for half a century later. Yet it was easy to see that the Dutch commerce was not holding its own, and the competition of England and other trading nations pushed it more and more toward the wall.

The Austrian Netherlands at this juncture also came into competition with the provinces of the north. In Antwerp was formed about 1720 an "Imperial and Royal Company" which was chartered in 1722 by the Emperor. Both England and Holland protested against this act, as if to them alone belonged the empire of the sea, but the Belgians persisted, claimed the freedom of the waters, and for a number of years afterwards their ships kept up an active trade, selling the products of the Indies at prices which paid good profits, but caused prices to fall in the marts of Amsterdam and the shares of the East India Companies of the English and Dutch alike to decline in value. Finally pressure was



CELEBRATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE PORT OF ANTWERP
From the Painting by P. J. Clays in the Possession of The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

brought to bear upon the Austrian government which induced it in 1733 to withdraw from this East India traffic and leave it in the hands of its former holders.

But if political influence could be brought in this way to bear on Belgian commerce, it did not affect the other rival trading nations, and the Dutch trade continued to fall off. As for the East India Company, there was a serious decline in its dividends, which, rising to 40 per cent. in the first year after the war, fell off gradually to 30 and 25, and after 1737 to 15 and 12½ per cent.

While this was going on in Europe, the directors and officials of the Company in the East were enriching themselves at its expense by every means in their power. There was shameless corruption, hard to discover and harder still to eradicate. One trouble which needed to be met was the great influx of Chinese into Java, arising from the extension of sugar plantations in that island about 1700. These undesirable immigrants came in such numbers that Batavia overflowed with them, about one hundred thousand Chinamen gathering in and about that city. Many of these became wandering vagabonds or brigands, bands of them roaming about, plundering the plantations. Fear of these marauders grew so great among the small population of Europeans that the council resolved to arrest all "suspicious Chinese wanderers" in Batavia. Those who went outside the Company's forts or posts were obliged to show "letters of permission," on penalty otherwise of being sent back to China. It was a case not unlike that which for years past has existed in the United States.

This state of affairs led to a serious outbreak in 1740. Exaggerated reports of extortions and ill usage had excited the Chinamen and fears of an attack by them were entertained. Van Imhoff, a member of the council, with two others, was commissioned to prevent any trouble of this kind by "gentle means." But when news of destructive disturbances in the upland region reached Batavia something more than "gentle means" was deemed necessary and the city was put in a condition for defence.

News came that the Chinese in the vicinity were in open revolt, firing houses and plantations, and moving on the city. This gave rise to a violent panic, and on October 9 the question was put to the council whether it was not time "to clear the city of the Chinese." Van Imhoff, however, carried a resolution in favor of milder measures.

The council was still in session when the report of a fire gave rise to a wild excitement among the Europeans and natives, who believed that Chinese incendiaries were at work. In their terror and fury they broke upon the Chinese quarters, plundering and burning the houses and murdering all they met, men, women, and children, sick and well alike. Soldiers and sailors joined the insensate mob, and even the prisons were broken open and the Chinese in them slaughtered. For a whole week the scenes of outrage continued, the authorities unable to control them, Chinese being slain wherever found, until, as estimated, ten thousand of them had been killed.

It was claimed that Valckenier, the Governor-General, had ordered the massacre, but he vigorously denied it and probably had nothing to do with it.

But dissensions broke out in the council and Valckenier had three members, Van Imhoff and two others, arrested, and a month later shipped for Europe as military prisoners. When they arrived in Amsterdam Van Imhoff learned that he had been appointed to succeed Valckenier as Governor. His appearance before the Company members as a prisoner filled them with surprise and anger. Valckenier was now on his way to Europe, but on arriving in the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope the surprise was his, for he found orders there for his arrest and return to Batavia for trial as the instigator of the massacre. It was three years later when Van Imhoff returned to Batavia, full of plans for a great reform in the administration of colonial affairs.

The West India Company suffered from similar causes to those that had affected that of the East. Its dividends, never so high as those of the other company, were only 5 per cent. in 1700 and fell off gradually to 2 per cent., and in many years no per cent., in the period of about 1740. Reforms were as necessary here as in the East, but the business done was much less extensive and could never be made very profitable.

Affairs at home, as already stated, were in an equally depressed condition. The fisheries were in a state of decline, from which they were very unlikely to recover; home trade, as stated, had a host of enemies and obstacles to contend with; manufactures were in anything but a flourishing condition, this being a result in part of high wages, heavy taxes, hindrances to the removal of industries from the cities to the country, and the constraining rules of the

guilds. Competition from abroad had seriously affected the cloth mills, while several other branches of manufacture felt the same depressing influence. The hat making, the silk industry, the once flourishing sugar refineries, and other lines of manufacture suffered similarly. As for the breweries, once numerous and flourishing, the taste for the new and more ardent beverage, gin, caused a rapid falling off in the beer trade, not much to the benefit of the people, who were fast substituting the fiery gin for the mild beer.

Excess in the use of intoxicating beverages had long been common in the Netherlands, both men and women indulging, and in the lower and higher classes alike. In addition to gin, French and Spanish brandy had been introduced, while wines of many varieties came into common use, and the practice of drinking healths on every pretext, alike at social entertainments and public dinners, adding much to the flood of intoxication that swept over the land.

Grace before meals and thanks at the dinner's end did not interfere with the devotion to the cup. After the women left the table with a farewell glass the men returned to their wine and beer, and at the evening meal devotion to the cup was renewed, bed being finally sought in a fuddled state.

What should have been solemn ceremonies were marked by a like excess. At marriages, christenings, even funerals, the cup was always in evidence, the funeral feasts being scenes of indulgence in food and drink that were strongly condemned by those of serious mind. In the country a funeral feast was apt to lead to a drunken carouse in which all thought

of the solemnity of the occasion disappeared, the guests leaving the house of death to reel home in mad merriment late at night, the pall-bearers perhaps ending their service by a resort to some neighboring inn to drink a final toast to the health of their deceased friend.

This excess in strong drink was attended by an equal excess in the use of the pipe. Tobacco, introduced during the preceding century, had now come into universal use, the long pipe had grown to be a national characteristic of the Dutchman at leisure, and the use of the weed extended to children of eight or ten years of age. This excessive devotion to tobacco still persists in Holland; everywhere men and boys may be seen puffing at cigar or pipe, the little lad, in his early school years, being a miniature copy of his father alike in his style of dress and his devotion to the fragrant weed.

After the death of William III. the power of the princes of Orange declined in Holland, pure republicanism long held sway, and the title of stadtholder survived only as a minor rank. The administrative heads of the state now bore the title of regents and the government was conducted in democratic fashion. But as time went on the regents grew proud of their station and aristocratic in their pretences, looking upon themselves as the supreme power in the state, and holding themselves responsible only to God for their acts.

These proud dignitaries, whose power was simply that which the people chose to confer, put on airs of princeliness. The sober black gowns of the dignitaries of the past were exchanged by the lordly re-

gents, "strutting in a little brief authority," for a showy attire of velvet breeches, colored coats, lace ruffs, and sword at side, while by a lordly coat of arms they sought to give special distinction to their dignity.

In speaking they affected French words, as in dress they affected French fashions, and sought alike in attire and demeanor to lift themselves above the common herd. Their houses put on the aspect of palaces, the latest French style of building replacing the old Dutch gabled residence. These lordly mansions were often magnificently furnished, with chairs, tables and cabinets of costly woods and elegant finish, with handsome mirrors, finely painted porcelain vases, expensive Persian or Turkish carpets, valuable paintings and ceilings richly decorated with allegorical designs. The gardens were treated in the highest style of decorative art and brilliant with floral bloom. In addition to these regal residences the country seats of the regents were of like showy display.

The old simplicity of Dutch life was thrown into the shade by this affectation of the proud regents, whose methods of display were imitated by others of wealth, there being large numbers of sumptuous town houses and villas whose elegance within and showiness without were sadly out of consonance with older ideas of good taste and dignified elegance.

The people at large clung to the ways of their forefathers in style of dress and residence, and made little effort to imitate those introduced foreign fashions. The country house to which the busy city merchant loved to retire after his day of activity in his office was apt to be small and plain, with a few

bedrooms and living-rooms, a plain flower garden, an orchard and kitchen garden, canals nearby with boats, chickens in the yard and pigeons in the air, the whole forming a peaceful prospect within which the owner might smoke his evening pipe with content, his family around him, and the outlook enlivened with passing coaches or canal boats. Tranquil rest and home enjoyments were what he sought, and these he found in this quiet way of life.

But between the Frenchified dignity of the regents and men of their social standing and the Dutchified content of the quiet citizen had grown up a diversified intermediate class, affecting foreign fashions and making a stilted effort to be regarded as citizens of the world. The old Dutch character, sturdily holding its own among the peasantry, was gradually giving way before the affectation of those of superior rank or wealth, this being shown in dress as in other ways.

Thus with growing excess in eating and drinking and showy display the new tide of life ebbed and flowed in Holland and to a lesser degree in its sister provinces, while even the language was laid aside in the circles of life dominated by the regents, French elbowing out Dutch until in those circles only a mixed medley of language remained.

During this period the title of stadtholder had been preserved in several of the provinces, the incumbent being William Charles Henry Friso, prince of Nassau and the nearest in descent from the house of princes of Orange. As no prince of Orange had existed after the death of the childless William III., the youthful Friso adopted the title, calling himself

Prince of Orange and Nassau, but his authority over the provinces that acknowledged him as stadtholder was no greater than that of the regents.

By 1747 the people were ripe for a change in the form of government, being indignant at the existence of evils which they attributed to the corruption of the regents. A revolutionary movement in consequence took place for the deposition of the regents in favor of the young Prince of Orange as stadtholder. This was accomplished, the Prince taking office under the title of William IV. The office was made hereditary in his family, and a degree of authority was given him that gave him more power than had been held by any of his predecessors.

The new stadtholder, however, had but a brief period of rule, he dying suddenly in 1751, when his son and heir was only three years of age. He had proved a man of small ability, and his death called out few expressions of regret. His widow, Princess Anne, took control as regent for her young son, but her rule also failed to give satisfaction and her death in 1759 was coolly received. The Duke of Brunswick, a man of authority in the republic, replaced her as guardian of the young prince, and though the full authority of the stadtholder was not granted him, he became the leading official in the republic. The young prince assumed the stadtholdership in 1766, as William V., though the Duke remained for a number of years in practical control. The new stadtholder proved as incapable as his father had been, but he held the office till 1795, when he was deposed, in consequence of the disturbances due to the French Revolution.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

NAPOLEON AND THE NETHERLANDS

In the outbreak of war that followed the French revolution of 1789 the Netherlands were the first to respond to the energy and enthusiasm of rejuvenated France, which proposed to set free all the peoples of Europe. This new crusade began in Belgium, where Dumoriez defeated the Austrians at Jemappes, December 15, 1793, and freed from their control the Austrian Netherlands. They soon went farther than this. Early in 1794 Belgium was incorporated with France and the Dutch republic was threatened by the victors, the National Convention of France declaring war against the king of England and the stadtholder of the United Netherlands.

From this time on matters moved rapidly. Maestricht was bombarded, Breda was captured, Amsterdam was threatened. But at this point the republic began to hold its own, especially as Prussian and Austrian armies came to its aid. Hard fighting went on during the two succeeding years, now the allies, now the French, winning. But France gradually strengthened its hold on Belgium and in December, 1794, crossed the frozen Meuse and made a vigorous inroad into the republic. It was against the aristocratic stadtholder, William V., Prince of Orange, that the movement was directed. Convinced that his power of resistance was at an end, he took ship for England January 18, 1795. With his de-

parture the republic, now more than two centuries old, ceased to exist in the form it had long maintained.

It was quickly reorganized in a new form. The old aristocratic ideas were replaced by the "liberty, equality, fraternity" spirit of new France. The office of stadtholder was abolished, a president and an elected legislative body were chosen, and what is known in history as the Batavian Republic came into existence—retaining, however, the official title of the United Netherlands. The influence of the democracy of France and the United States was upon it.

Yet it came out of the struggle sadly shorn. France demanded an indemnity of 100,000,000 guilders and kept an army within its borders, paid and maintained by it. England seized most of its colonies in the East and West Indies and the Boer settlement at the Cape of Good Hope. Its naval power sank into insignificance compared with that of England, which swept the Dutch commerce from the sea. Its goods lay rotting in the warehouses for lack of ships to transport them. Its great grain and lumber fleets vanished, and foreign ships, some of them American, had to be chartered to carry its goods to market. Its widespread banking business, which had covered the whole world, was also lost, and the control of the republic by France promised utter ruin to the Dutch merchants and people. Poverty increased frightfully, a large portion of the people became paupers, and every road was filled with beggars in a country which had long been famous for its prosperity.

New changes were at hand. The shadow of Napoleonism fell over Europe and the whole continent was in dismay. The Dutch republic, though nominally independent, was garrisoned by French troops and in 1803 was ordered to build a fleet of warships and transports to aid in Napoleon's projected invasion of England. Thus matters went on, the hand of Napoleon falling more and more heavily on the country, until in 1806 the Batavian Republic came to an end. Louis Bonaparte was put over it by his imperial and imperious brother with the title of King of Holland, and a new phase of its history began.

The career of the Netherlands as the "Kingdom of Holland" was not destined to be a long one. The new king went there with the purpose of being a real monarch, not a puppet at the beck and call of his arbitrary brother. "From the moment I set foot upon the soil of the kingdom I became a Hollander," he said, and it was not long before he came into conflict with the imperial tyrant of France. He made earnest and honest efforts to consider the interests of Holland before those of France and in doing so roused the ire of the Emperor.

In 1808 Napoleon offered to transfer him to Spain, which was now under his control and needed a king. But Louis refused, saying that he was a sovereign, not a pawn to be moved about the European chess-board at will. Spain was accordingly put under the rule of Joseph Bonaparte and Louis remained king until the end of 1709. At his brother's request he then attended a meeting of allied sovereigns at Paris. He had hoped to return to the Hague by January 1, but

Napoleon would not let him go until he had yielded to certain arbitrary demands. Meanwhile the French army grew dominant in Holland. On April 7, 1810, Louis was permitted to leave Paris, but his career as king was near its end. Less than three months of his rule remained. On July 1, finding his position hopeless and his freedom of action gone, he resigned in favor of his eldest son. But the latter was not given time to become fixed in his seat. In less than two weeks afterward, on July 13, the kingdom of Holland was wiped off the roster of nations, its liberty abolished, and the country added to the territory of the French empire. Thus the entire Netherlands, Belgian and Dutch alike, had come under Napoleon's rule.

Under the autocratic hand of the Corsican usurper events moved rapidly in the Netherlands, as they did over all Europe. In September, 1811, the Emperor sought this new part of France in person, visiting its leading cities, where he was received with every show of respect and loyalty, especially at Amsterdam. There the bells rang, cannon pealed, and fireworks, illuminations and addresses of welcome testified to the heartiness of the reception. It was one of the last triumphal journeys of the great conqueror, who had reached the summit of his power, with the era of his decline and fall near at hand.

In 1812 came Napoleon's greatest enterprise, the invasion of Russia. To the " Grand Army " Holland contributed 15,000 troops. Few of these were to see their native land again. In December of that year all that was left of the " Grand Army " came straggling back, about 18,000 in all, of whom a few hun-

dreds represented the Dutch contingent. The remainder lay dead on the soil of Russia or were prisoners in Russian hands.

Now all Europe sprang quickly into arms against the beaten conqueror. The fatal battle of Leipzig was fought and Napoleon's beaten columns reeled back to France. Everywhere the subject nations renounced their allegiance. The Netherlands were quick to join in the rising against the defeated Emperor. The French garrison was withdrawn from Amsterdam November 14, 1813, and the people rose in patriotic revolt. Fearing that the allies might seize the country given up by the French, Karel van Hogendrop, a partisan of the house of Orange, hastened to issue a proclamation claiming the country for its exiled stadtholder.

The news of the rising in his favor quickly reached the prince in London and without hesitation he took advantage of it, crossing in an English frigate and landing at Scheveningen on November 26. With General Van Stirum he rode through the crowded streets of Amsterdam, greeted with wild applause, to the house of Van Hogendrop, who awaited him "nailed to his chair by the gout."

The coming of the Prince was celebrated by illuminations at the Hague and enthusiastic applause wherever the news reached. He brought liberation and independence and in his train would come prosperity, so the hailing multitude hoped. What was he to be, stadtholder of a republic as of old, or king of a monarchy as of the later régime? This question was answered by the commissioners at Amsterdam. On hearing of his arrival they issued a proclamation

greeting him as sovereign prince of the United Netherlands under the title of William I. This settled his wavering mind. He refused to take the title of king, but as sovereign prince he awaited the action of the allied powers and the end of the struggle with Napoleon.

There was much yet to be done. Many of the fortresses remained in French hands. Troops were called for and money demanded. The Prince's young son William, arriving from England, was made general of infantry and inspector of arms. Everywhere was restless activity, the new sovereign showing great energy and excellent governing talent. Cossacks, Prussians and English troops came to aid in the work of liberation, but home recruits were slow to respond to the Prince's call, money came with discouraging slowness, and the French were seeking to win back their lost ground. However, all fear of French control soon ended. On March 31 the allies occupied Paris; on April 11 Napoleon abdicated, and on May 3 he reached his new kingdom, the little island of Elba, with the title of Emperor and an "army" of four hundred men. As for the Dutch and Belgian fortresses, their French garrisons held firm until ordered by Louis XVIII., the new King of France, to surrender. Before the spring of 1814 ended the Netherlands were free from the troops of France and ready to enter upon a new career.

In the conference at Paris that followed the Prince found his domain much extended. It was decided to combine Belgium and Holland into a single kingdom, under William V., who was to assume the title of William I., sovereign prince. Subsequently Eng-

land agreed to return all the possessions of the United Netherlands in the East and West Indies and at the Cape of Good Hope which it had seized, with the exception of Ceylon, this a concession of great value for the future of the Netherland kingdom.

The Prince hesitated to adopt the title of king. But in March, 1815, came the news that Napoleon had left Elba and was again in France, and a final decision on this subject was deemed advisable. The States-General was received by the Prince with an address in which he resolved to take the supreme authority and royal dignity over the realm to be entitled "the Kingdom of the Netherlands." "Long live the King," cried Van Hogendrop, president of the States-General, and a week later the powers at Vienna confirmed the title, recognizing William I. as "King of the Netherlands and Grand Duke of Luxemburg."

The Netherlands furnished the stage for the final scene in the drama of Napoleon the Great. In Belgium, on the field of Waterloo, met the last army under the mighty conqueror and the combined armies of Wellington and Blücher, and before the sun of June 15, 1815, set, Napoleon's conquering career was at an end. Wellington's army included a Dutch-Belgian force, led by the young Prince of Orange and his brother Prince Frederick. It numbered over 30,000, but these were raw troops. Those under Prince William did good work in the preliminary struggle at Quatre-Bras, driving back Marshal Ney. At Waterloo also they fought against Ney and contributed to the great defeat.

No country in Europe needed the peace that fol-

lowed more than the new kingdom of the Netherlands. The vanished commerce of Holland at once began to appear again and the manufactures of Belgium were restored to life. Trade grew apace, new canals were dug, and means of communication generally improved. By 1830 the Netherlands had gained the credit of being the second maritime country in the world, England alone surpassing. But England had then a population of 22,000,000 to 6,000,000 in the Netherlands. Factories also flourished, cotton and woollen mills, sugar refineries, machine works and the like, while the coal mines of Belgium were actively worked. The country was therefore able to furnish its ships with goods of its own making and much of the old-time prosperity was regained.

CHAPTER XXXIX

SEPARATION OF HOLLAND AND BELGIUM

THE Union of Holland and Belgium was not a happy one. It had been forced upon the two countries by the delegates at the Congress of Vienna for purely political reasons, without regard to the incompatibility of temper between the bridegroom and bride. In truth they were sadly unfitted for such a marriage, being vitally unlike in conditions and opinions.

No thought had been given to the fitness of the two countries for union, the only idea entertained being to form a strong kingdom as a check upon the ambition of France. In character, language, habits, industries, and religions they were unlike, and in a degree hostile. The Belgian people, through their long intercourse with France, had acquired much of the versatile spirit and ideas of the people of that country, and were out of touch with the staid and conservative mental habits of the Hollanders. They differed in language, French being the common tongue of the Belgians, at least among the educated and in public proceedings. They differed in industry, the Belgians being chiefly engaged in agriculture and manufacture, the Dutch in commerce and the fisheries. They differed in religion, and the Roman Catholics of Belgium did not tone well in feeling with the Protestants of Holland. The Belgian people were largely ignorant and much under the control

of the priests, while higher education and fuller religious liberty prevailed in Holland.

This was not all. These differences might have been reconciled had a mild and conciliatory spirit been adopted. But the spirit shown was the reverse of this, the Belgians being treated by the Dutch largely as if they were a conquered people. While Belgium had a population of 3,400,000 and Holland only 2,000,000, the latter had as many representatives on the States-General as the former, the minority thus equalling the majority in power and influence. And the great majority of the public offices were held by the Dutch and the government conducted largely in their interest. In 1830 only one of the seven government ministers was a Belgian; of the public officials very few were Belgians; of the 1,967 army officers only 288 were Belgians. An effort was made to abolish the use of the French language in all government and judicial proceedings. The difference in religious views also led to friction, the priests of Belgium bitterly opposing the control of education by the government.

In material conditions, on the contrary, the two people were well mated, the active commercial spirit of the Dutch finding ready markets for the abundant manufactured products of the Belgians. In this respect each helped the other and by 1830 they had regained much of their old prosperity.

Such was the state of affairs in the Netherlands when in 1830 France again broke out into revolution, and the effect of the popular revolt was felt throughout Europe, especially in Belgium, where discontent with the government became as rife as in France.

A play called *Le Muette,* full of passionate revolutionary sentiment, given at Brussels on August 25, inflamed the audience, who rushed from the theater into the street with wild shouts of "The Parisians! Imitate the Parisians!" Others joined them, a howling mob filled the streets, and quickly acts of violence began, public and private buildings being attacked and damaged.

The troops were called out, but they were too few to control the outbreak, and a burgher guard had to be enrolled for the protection of life and property. The revolt rapidly spread, there were similar scenes in all the large cities, the dismissal of the minister Van Maanan, who was very unpopular, was called for, and a separate administration demanded for Belgium.

In this emergency the government showed a weakness and lack of decision which fanned the flames of revolution. An extra session of the States-General was called on September 13, but was dilatory in action, and, while it slowly debated, the exasperation of Belgium rapidly increased.

The influence of the party in favor of stern measures finally prevailed and an army under Prince Frederick, 21,000 in number, was set in march against Brussels, the Prince being ordered to take possession of that city. This movement led to no result. There was fighting in the city, lasting for three days, and in the end the Prince ordered a retreat, the only result of this feebly conducted movement being to add to the spirit of revolt.

Other towns joined Brussels in demand for separation, a provisional government was formed which

declared Belgium to be an independent state, and soon, of all the towns, Antwerp was the only one of importance held by the government. This was attacked by an insurgent army, which cannonaded it for two days, doing much damage. A suspension of hostilities followed, and on November 10 a Belgian national congress met at Brussels, at which independence was unanimously demanded. A convention of representatives of the five great powers was soon after held in London at the request of King William, and this also decided in favor of independence for Belgium.

Early in 1831 the congress at Brussels took steps for the election of a new monarch, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg being finally chosen. He made a public entrance into Brussels on June 21, where he was cordially received, and afterward made a tour of the country, the people everywhere greeting him with manifestations of respect and loyalty.

Matters were thus moving swimmingly toward independence in Belgium, but they were suddenly halted by the news that a Dutch army, more than 50,000 strong, with 72 pieces of artillery, was on the point of invading the country. This had been brought together with the greatest secrecy, and Leopold had not half its number to oppose it. A battle took place on August 9, ending in quick defeat of the Belgians, and the narrow escape of Leopold from capture. This promising movement was halted by the appearance of a French army on the border, before which the Prince of Orange felt it necessary to retreat.

Meanwhile the conference of the powers at London

continued in session, engaged in drawing up terms of settlement. These the King of the Netherlands rejected, following this by the invasion just mentioned. The feeble resistance of Belgium to this invasion led to new terms being offered, much more advantageous to Holland. These, at first bitterly opposed in Belgium, were finally adopted and strong hopes of a settlement of the difficulties arose. One of the terms was that Belgium "shall form an independent and perfectly neutral state."

This agreement was accepted by the representatives of the powers, but Holland protested against it, and refused to give up Antwerp. As King William and his advisers could not be induced to submit, it was decided by the Powers to adopt force, and the British and French fleets set sail for the coast while a French army marched upon Antwerp. This city had a garrison of only 5,000 men, while the army that marched upon it was 60,000 strong. It is somewhat surprising, therefore, that it held out for nearly a month. It was surrendered December 23, 1832, and was handed over to the Belgians December 31, the French soon after recrossing the border. A convention was agreed to and signed by all parties May 21, 1833, the new king came into control, and it is of interest to state that on May 1, 1834, he signed a bill authorizing the building of a railroad, the first on the continent of Europe. Several years more passed, however, before all the terms of the convention were accepted, and it was not until March, 1839, that the separation of the two countries was completed and the independence of Belgium assured.

From that time forward until a very recent date

the history of the two countries into which the Netherlands were divided, now commonly known as Holland and Belgium, presents little of striking interest. The revolutionary year of 1848, in which France threw off the bonds of kingly rule and for the second time adopted a democratic form of government, created a degree of agitation in Holland, which ended in the adoption of a revised constitution and a parliamentary form of government. The old, personal, "fatherly" ideal of kingship, which had so long prevailed, ceased to exist and Holland swung into line with the new theory of the right of direct representation of the people at large. Belgium had already adopted a liberal form of government, both the Netherland nations thus swinging into the arena of modern governmental conditions.

In its new stage of existence Holland retained its colonies and found there sources of commercial prosperity, though the old system of oppression and exploitation of the colonial nations passed away before the flood of new ideas of administration. Belgium also came into line as a colony-holding state when, in 1885, the Congress of Berlin organized the great Congo Free State in Central Africa. As Leopold II. of Belgium had been instrumental in the discovery and exploration of this region, he was asked by the Congress to add the new state to his circle of kingly rule.

Leopold's idea of colonial administration, however, was the old one of exploitation of the people of the colony, and reports of inhuman treatment of the natives by his agents grew so prevalent that in 1908 he felt obliged to give up his sovereignty of

the Orange Free State, transferring it to the Belgian government. In the following year this far from admirable monarch died, his son, Albert I., succeeding.

In Holland, William, who had become stadtholder in 1766 as William V., presided weakly over the government until 1795, left the country during the era of the Batavian Republic, returned to Holland as sovereign prince in 1813, and took the title of king as William I. in 1814, resigning in 1840 in favor of his son William II., seventy-four years after first coming into power. The reign of William II. ended in 1849, and that of his son William III. in 1890, when Wilhelmina, his daughter, came to the throne. In her is still represented the famous house of Orange, which furnished Holland with so many able rulers in the past centuries, notably the famous William the Silent, and William III. of Holland and Great Britain.

CHAPTER XL

THE NETHERLANDS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE long-continued wars of Holland, as we have seen, had interfered seriously with its prosperity as a maritime nation and made an opening for other powers to compete with it in its valuable carrying trade. Yet despite the decline in its prosperity during the eighteenth century its trade was still a large and valuable one, and during a considerable part of the nineteenth century it continued to rank as the second maritime nation of the world, Great Britain alone surpassing it. The rivalry of the United States and Germany was yet to come.

So far as comparative population was concerned Holland remained a close competitor with the British Isles. These possessed five times as many vessels, but there was almost as large a discrepancy in population.

William I., former stadtholder, while king of the Netherlands did his utmost to foster the East India trade. The old-time East India Company had ceased to exist in 1798, but in 1824 a new association, the Dutch Commercial Company, was formed, and its effect upon trade was quickly seen, Dutch commerce rapidly increasing in the period following this year. A treaty was made with England giving that country free navigation in the Dutch East India colonies on the proviso that Dutch ships should enjoy similar advantages in the English colonies.

Trade with America, through the channel of Curaçoa, also became active, and a plan was formed to excavate a ship canal across Nicaragua—one far beyond the financial ability of the Netherlands, as subsequent events have proved. But these ambitious plans came to nothing, the political trouble between Holland and Belgium putting an end to them.

This activity at sea was matched with equal activity on land, the manufacturing industries feeling the impetus. In metal work and various other lines of industry Belgium grew active, the factories of Brabant, Flanders and Liège becoming especially active, while in Holland like activity was manifested. In these lines the Netherlanders competed with the British industries, and in articles of apparel and luxury with France.

The coal mines of southeast Belgium made work for 60,000 miners and supplied fuel for the industries of the provinces, the metal works of Liège and Ghent and the numerous cotton mills and sugar refineries of the latter city. The same was the case elsewhere, and manufacture and commerce alike regained much of their earlier activity.

Though the republican institutions of the northern provinces had been overthrown by Napoleon, and a kingdom subsequently built upon their ruins, the liberal institutions did not vanish. The new king proved himself capable and sensible, and after the trouble with Belgium ended, and the single kingdom became definitely divided into two, active movements towards a revision of the constitution were set in play by the liberals.

But the king, who had begun his career as stadt-

holder in the eighteenth century, found it difficult to adapt himself to the ideas of the new century, and in 1840 resigned the throne in favor of his son William II., dying three years afterwards. The year before his resignation the first railroad was opened in Holland, covering the short distance between Haarlem and Amsterdam. The steamboat was also beginning to replace the sailing vessel, and these steps towards greater rapidity in travel were significant of others towards fresh activity in political development.

The movement in favor of a liberal constitution was engineered by Jan Rudolph Thorbecke, professor of law in the University of Leyden, and the leading Dutch statesman of the century. He headed a commission appointed by the new king to draw up a plan for a revised constitution. But he and his *confrères* proved too liberal in their views, and their draft was rejected by the King in 1844. Four years later, however, came the French revolution, which in 1848 sowed all Europe thickly with the seeds of liberalism, and William II., foreseeing worse if he did not give way, was wisely ready to accept a new constitution devised by Thorbecke in that year, though similar in its provisions to the one he had recently rejected.

The new Kingdom of Belgium, established under Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg in 1831, and cutting loose definitely from Holland by the treaty of 1839, obtained a similar revision of the constitution in 1850, but a sharp struggle continued for years afterwards between the two political parties. Leopold died in 1865, his son taking the throne as Leopold II.

In 1885 the latter, as already stated, was made president of the great Congo Free State, in Central Africa, a charge which he managed for his own personal profit, oppressing the natives to further his own aims. The results of this policy have been stated in the preceding chapter.

It may be of interest to say here that within recent years the doctrines of Socialism, so active in Germany and France, have made much progress in Belgium, and that the demand for a more equitable system of franchise led to a strike of workingmen in 1913 that grew almost into a revolution. In the whole history of labor no other strike of such proportions has appeared, 400,000 men out of a population of 8,000,000 throwing down their tools with the threat that they would not be lifted again until universal suffrage was granted. The strike was admirably managed, no disorder or violence attending it. But the people were evidently determined and after two days the government gave way, agreeing to establish the reforms demanded. The Socialists, who controlled the strike, voted thereupon to resume work. The agreement was that the constitution of Belgium should be so adjusted as to bring actual conditions in conformity with its provision that "All Belgians are equal before the law."

With this brief review of recent political movements in the Netherlands, we may return to a survey of the general conditions there existing. While Belgium boasts something in the shape of highlands, its western section rests at a sea, or under sea, level, and this is the condition of Holland throughout, great part of its surface being below sea level and

depending upon its dunes to keep the waves of the ocean out of its fields. These dunes, partly composed of sand-banks thrown up by the sea itself, partly strong retaining banks and walls built by the hand of man, are the Hollanders' only pledge of security against the incessant efforts of the ocean to reclaim its old heritage.

More than once the mighty ocean has thundered its way through and flooded vast districts of the land, drowning out its inhabitants by the thousands. More than once the people themselves have opened their sluice gates and let the water in, to drown out armies of invaders. Only one of these inroads of the ocean has defied the power of the people to overcome its effects, that of 1282, when the waters broke through the sand barriers between Friesland and North Holland and, uniting with the small lake Flevo, formed the grand gulf known as the Zuyder Zee, penetrating 60 miles inland. That part of the gulf known as the Y, on which Amsterdam stands, has been reclaimed, and about 12,000 acres of richly fertile land restored to agriculture. A more ambitious project has long been entertained, that of building a dyke across the mouth of the Zuyder Zee and reclaiming the whole 450,000 acres which it covers. It is very shallow and by pumping and draining the whole may be recovered, but only at the cost of years of labor and large sums of money.

Holland, aside from irruptions of this nature, is very largely an overflowed land. Canals traverse it in all directions; some wide, some narrow; some serving for ship navigation, some for produce boats, some as narrow passages between farms or separating

field from field. Thus they take the part of fences or hedges elsewhere, or of roads for traffic, while the meadows between them, always irrigated, serve as pastures for the abundant cattle or as farm lands.

At all times boats may be seen traversing these waterways, laden with produce or goods, and taking the part of the wagon or cart elsewhere. It is said that about 50,000 people spend their lives on these canals, the stern of the boat forming a dwelling place for the boatman and his family, the forward part serving for freight. Only when the wintry chill comes and ice locks in the boats do they come to rest, they being at other times in constant motion.

Another of the prominent features of Holland is the windmill, everywhere to be seen, and kept actively engaged in pumping out the water which seeps in from river and sea and which would otherwise overflow the fields. By this means the winds are kept steadily employed for his benefit by the frugal Hollander.

The windmills are innumerable, and are one of the most interesting features of Holland scenery. We are told that in a ride of twelve miles along the river Zaan four hundred of them were counted. These busy mills represent much of the wealth of Holland, a man who owns a number of them counting himself well-to-do. They serve at once for shelter, occupation, and income, taking the place of the steam engine elsewhere. While many hundreds of them are kept at work pumping water over the dykes, others are engaged in labor of various kinds, grinding out wealth for their owners.

It is well to say here that among the rural occu-

pations of Holland that of cheese-making is one of the most common. Large quantities of butter are produced, but the making of cheese takes on the proportions of a national industry. Among the hundred and fifty varieties of cheese said to be produced in the world Holland yields a fair proportion, the Edam cheese being the best known variety. Though the town of Edam is its native place it has migrated far over the land. It is a small, cylindrical cheese, yellow in color, and weighing from ten to fourteen pounds. The town of Alkmaar is the principal mart for this valuable product, exporting the golden globes in immense numbers. Of cannon-ball shape, thousands of tons of these yellow globes are handled in this town yearly, the old weight-house, built in 1582, still standing in the center of the town. Here all the cheeses are weighed by officials before they are loaded in the barges waiting in the canals nearby. These yellow cheeses are famed throughout the world as a table delicacy. Another variety is the celebrated one known as the Limburger cheese, enjoyed by some epicures as a delicacy, yet possessing an odor of so obnoxious and insistent a character that one must have largely lost the sense of smell before he can appreciate that of taste.

Of the ports of Holland, the two leading ones are those of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, the first of old repute, the second now gaining precedence. Belgium's chief port is that of Antwerp, for centuries an active mart of trade.

Of these cities Amsterdam is in some respects the most interesting. A poor fishing village in the eleventh century, by the seventeenth it had grown to

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THE CITY OF AMSTERDAM

be the great grain market of northern Europe, while its bankers have gained a standing that enables them to wield a great influence over the world's finances. It is looked upon as one of the wealthiest cities in the world.

The peculiar feature about it is that it is built on a great number of small islands, some ninety in all, at the mouth of the Amstel, where it empties into the Ij or Y. Hence its name, signifying "dam of the Amstel." The passages between these islands form a multitude of canals, traversing the city in all directions, and crossed by about 400 bridges. The map of the city, displaying its canals, bears some resemblance to a spider web. The buildings are erected on a wilderness of piles driven through peat and sand to a layer of clay forty or fifty feet below. Among these buildings is the Royal Exchange, standing upon 3,400 piles, and the Royal Palace, built in 1648 on more than 13,000 piles. The ballroom within the latter is said to be the largest in Europe. The industries of the city are varied and numerous, an interesting one being diamond polishing, in which 12,000 Jews are said to be engaged. As a port Amsterdam formerly had to depend upon the Y and the shallow Zuyder Zee, but now possesses a navigable canal connecting it with the North Sea.

Rotterdam, once of minor importance but which within the past century has grown to be the busiest port in Holland, is seated on the Maas, nineteen miles from the sea and forty-five miles southwest of Amsterdam. Its trade has grown at an enormously rapid rate since the separation of Holland and Belgium and it now receives more than half of all the

vessels that trade with Holland. Since 1872 its trade has followed a new waterway, that brings it within two hours' travel from the sea. The city is intersected by canals, the banks of which serve as wharves.

Antwerp, Belgium's chief commercial city, needs little description here, so much having been said of it in preceding pages. Its history has been one of much turbulence and many disasters, but it is now an active and busy seat of trade, the "Liverpool of the Continent." Its commerce is large and has increased rapidly for many years past, while it has many manufactures, these, like Amsterdam, including the cutting and polishing of diamonds and other precious stones.

Of Brussels, the capital of Belgium, much has also been already said. It is built partly on the side of a hill, some of the streets being so steep that they can be traversed only by means of stairways. Yet it ranks among the finest and most beautiful cities of Europe. The Upper Town is the seat of the King's palace and the public offices and of the most fashionable residences, it being much more healthful than the Lower Town, which is greatly subject to fogs, due to the canals and the neighboring river.

The city dates back to the eighth century and has long been a place of celebrity, it possessing many handsome buildings. It is one of the chief centers of industry in the country, its most famous product being its lace. Its carpets also have long been esteemed, though Brussels carpets are now chiefly manufactured elsewhere.

CHAPTER XLI

THE DESOLATION OF BELGIUM

THE last word in the history of the Netherlands comes with the great war of 1914–1915, that vast and mighty conflagration of the nations in which all the greater Powers of Europe became involved, and the far-reaching effects of which were felt by all the world. Fortunately for Holland, it lay out of the track of the fighting armies. But unhappy Belgium lay across their path, and long before the dire work of devastation ended Belgium existed in great part only as a ruin, its people a starving multitude, its industries shreds and tatters, many of its thriving towns and villages heaps of ashes and fallen walls.

Belgium was unluckily situated. It formed the only open road by which Germany could invade France. The Kaiser found the highway to France that was followed in 1870 closed and locked. There was a new frontier, that of Alsace-Lorraine, and against this the French strategists had erected a line of strong fortresses: Verdun, Toul, Nancy, Epinal and Belfort. These were joined by an elaborate line of *Fortes d'arret,* through which the armies of Germany would have to break if they sought to reach France by the direct route, but which they would turn by following the northwest route.

This second method had its disadvantages. The neutral territory of Luxemburg would have to be

crossed. But this dukedom is only forty miles wide, it being smaller than the state of Delaware, and not much larger than that of Rhode Island. To attempt to send the large army mobilized by Germany for the invasion of France over this narrow territory in the quick time needed would have been a serious military blunder. To gain the advantage of rapidity Belgium as well as Luxemburg would have to be crossed. Here, too, was the barrier of a neutrality, long before pledged by the Powers of Europe, Germany among them. But before this "scrap of paper," as Kaiser William designated it, the Prussian war lord did not hesitate. Here was an open course by which the barrier of the Ardennes and the middle Meuse, also the French fortifications, might be turned and the vast German army hurled like an avalanche upon France, and this road was taken without regard to the rights or consent of the Belgians.

On August 3 the German government asked permission from Belgium to march across that country to the French frontier, promising to guarantee its independence at the end of the war. If refused it would be obliged to regard Belgium as an enemy. The Belgian government took no time in refusing, saying that its independence and neutrality had already been guaranteed. A stronger than Belgium stood behind the little kingdom. No sooner had the foot of German soldiers trodden upon Belgian soil than Great Britain declared war, saying that its duty to Belgium forced it to this measure.

In the Reichstag, convened in special session on August 4, the Imperial Chancellor said: "We are

now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law. We were compelled to override the just protests of the Luxemburg and Belgian governments. The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached. Anybody who is threatened as we are threatened, and is fighting for his highest possessions, can have only one thought—how he is to hack his way through."

Such were the preliminary steps towards the invasion of Belgium. But Germany was not to find it the easy road to the frontier of France hoped for. King Albert of Belgium did not hesitate to defy the Kaiser and his army and was quick to meet their advance. The border was crossed at a point near Vise on the night of August 4, the invaders finding themselves in the face of a Belgian force, prepared to defend its country. They suffered severely from machine gun fire until reinforced, when the Belgians fell back upon Liège. Here, on the 6th, King Albert took command of his army, prepared to contest every inch of the way through his kingdom. He had the advantage of having here one of the most strongly fortified towns in Europe, one capable of holding back the advance of the German army long enough to enable France to get its forces in the field.

The city of Liège was soon occupied by the Germans, but the strong circle of forts around it held out sturdily. These were of the most modern character, and the invaders found there a stubborn obstacle in their path. The first engagement important enough to be designated a battle was fought

on the 12th at Haelen, a town near Diest. It continued all day and ended in the repulse of the Germans, with heavy loss.

It was the unexpected and sturdy resistance at Liège, however, that attracted the world's attention, from its stubbornness and its hindrance to the German plans. Its thirty thousand inhabitants had fled, the first contingent of the homeless millions which the people of Belgium afterwards became. But for several weeks the forts held out, not yielding until the invaders had brought up some of the mighty modern guns, against which concrete and steel are of little avail. When finally the invaders left Liège it was in great measure a hopeless ruin, its forts blown up, its dwellings wrecked. But it had served the important purpose of seriously checking the German advance.

By this time the German forces had spread widely through Belgium, sharp engagements taking place at various points. Namur, a strongly fortified city on the Meuse, to the southeast of Brussels, was expected to emulate Liège in its defence, but it was surrendered on the 23d, two days after the siege began, the great German howitzers being too powerful for its defences. As for Brussels, no attempt was made to hold it, it being in no sense a stronghold. It was given up without a blow being struck, the government having withdrawn to Antwerp.

To this important mercantile capital the Belgian army had retreated, hoping to be able to hold its own against attack behind that city's strong works of defence. Hopes were entertained that the Germans would avoid trying conclusions with that

powerful stronghold in favor of bringing all their forces to bear upon the invasion of France. But these hopes vanished as a besieging army marched upon the town, bringing with it a number of those ultra-powerful guns before which it was expected to prove that no forts yet built by the hands of man could stand. These were of 11-, 12-, and even 16-inch calibre, some of them capable of flinging their huge balls over a range of more than eight miles, their power of destruction being enormous.

The siege began on the 28th of September, 1914, the seat of government being again moved on October 5, this time to Ostend. Antwerp was strongly fortified, with a circle of forts several miles from the city limits and about one and a quarter miles apart. Each fort had a front of 700 feet, 120 guns, 15 mortars, and a garrison of 1,000 men. Supporting batteries could be thrown up between them in case of attack, and it would have been a very difficult matter to pass this line of defence with the old style of siege guns. But the enormous guns brought up by the Germans, and mounted on solid concrete bases, soon made havoc in the circle of forts. These ponderous 42-centimetre howitzers had a great destructive range, and the rain of monster shells they poured upon the forts was evidence to military men that the existing system of fortifications had become antiquated.

A few days of this terrible fire sufficed to reduce several of the outer line of forts, and to enable the German gunners to bring their fire to bear upon the inner defences and begin the work of destruction within the city itself. With huge shells exploding

in the streets and converting buildings into craters of ruins the city became a field of horror, and every avenue leading from it was soon a seething mass of fleeing humanity. Behind them could be seen vast volumes of smoke arising from burning buildings. Those who could not flee hid in cellars and basements, and a wave of terror spread over the entire city.

The bombardment was of such tremendous violence that towns twenty miles away were shaken by the report, and the sky was red with the flames of the burning city. The Palace of Justice was reached by the bursting shells and the famous cathedral was in danger of destruction. Further resistance under such circumstances was hopeless and on September 9, after ten days of bombardment, the city surrendered. It was the only means of saving it from annihilation.

Several forts still held out, while King Albert and his troops withdrew and made their way toward Ostend, the main body reaching this city in safety. A small section, cut off by the German pursuit, succeeded in reaching Holland, a harbor of refuge in which they would be interned for the remainder of the war.

Despite the injury done to this fine city, it escaped with little damage as compared with various other cities and towns in Belgium. The German authorities had adopted the inhuman theory that every place in which citizens attempted defence by firing at their troops should be burned to the ground, and this was carried out mercilessly, the whole population of thriving cities being made to suffer from the

acts of irresponsible individuals. Here is a story told by a prominent French engineer:

"Orchies, a small town of 4,000 to 5,000 inhabitants, was destroyed by fire on Thursday by Germans, who burned it even to the last house. This was done methodically and scientifically by about twenty men in the course of a few hours and in the following manner. A first detachment arrived and smashed all windows on the ground floors of houses with the butts of their rifles. The second detachment followed and poured petroleum through the broken windows by means of compressed air apparatus. Then the third batch came upon the scene, throwing into the houses incendiary disks about the size of ordinary plates, which, being ignited, moved about rapidly in the same way as do, on a small scale, certain fireworks used by children. It is a savage crime, premeditated and prepared with all the resources of science and human ingenuity.

"Why was it done? Because last Thursday a German officer, bearing a Red Cross badge, was allowed to pass a French sentry and then killed the sentry, at which French soldiers on guard killed the German officer, and three men who accompanied him in a car."

Whatever the provocation, this system of punishing thousands of innocents for the acts of a few guilty cannot be held justifiable, and similar cases were reported from various parts of Belgium. The one among them all that attracted special attention was the destruction in this way of Louvain, one of the beautiful old cities of Belgium that had at one

time 200,000 population, and retained 40,000 or 50,000 in our day. It was the seat of a celebrated university, and had a town hall of remarkable beauty.

We speak in the past tense, for Louvain is no more. Some firing was done here on German soldiers, which, observers say, was done by other Germans by mistake. Whatever its source, no justification can be offered for the deliberate destruction by fire of this beautiful and thriving city, for the acts of irresponsible individuals, its university sharing its fate, the town hall being the principal public building that escaped.

This act of vandalism, though but one among many, especially aroused the indignation of the world. It was justified by no military exigency or sufficient provocation, being without any warrant commensurate with the enormity of the crime. In fact, in this war, with the inception or purposes of which Belgium had nothing to do, that unhappy land was made the chief victim, its millions of thriving artisans and farmers being converted into a horde of starving fugitives. Their state was one that called for the benevolent aid of the world, a demand promptly and magnificently met by the United States, from which country many shiploads of provisions and clothing were sent to feed and clothe the hapless population.

With this picture of a starving Belgium from causes with which its people had no concern, and of a thriving Holland, which happily lay outside the tidal waters of the war, we may conclude our story of the Netherlands.

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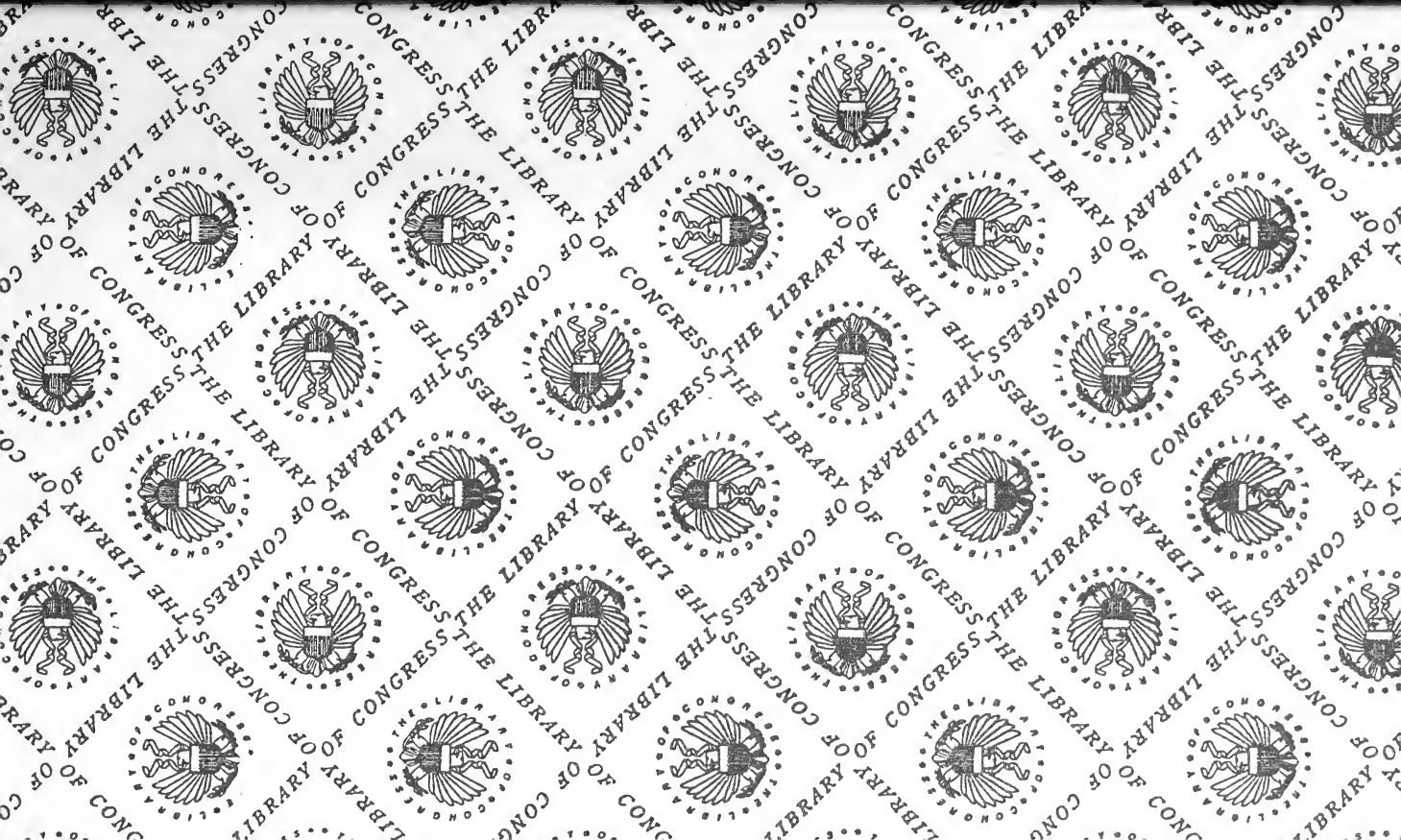
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